

THE
MOTHERS' FRIEND
EDITED
by
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will add the numbers of the coming year greater blessings than any which have preceded them?

But while we earnestly pursue our work, we must again have the assistance of mothers and Sabbath-school teachers. We are that our issue might be doubled; if all those who take an interest in our pages, and look for comfort and direction from them, would but recommend it in their circle, and really and earnestly seek to obtain subscribers.

Indeed, those who thus value it are under a moral obligation to see that others enjoy the same blessings; and having themselves tasted that the Lord is gracious, they must—they will be anxious to bring others acquainted with the same Saviour; thus we shall be fellow-workers, and sharers in the great reward.

THE

MOTHERS' FRIEND.

WHAT SHALL HAPPEN THIS YEAR?

“ Last night died its day; and the de _____ s judge
To-day is thy watch, O sentinel! to-day thy reprieve, O captive!
What more?—to-day is the golden chance wherewith to snatch
fruition.”

WHEN we commenced our seventh volume, how little did we imagine that many who were treading life's pathway with us, would now be living in that world of which we had often talked with them, and tried to realise its happiness; but so it is. The common diseases incident to all have taken some away; and the direful pestilence has made many homes desolate, leaving parents and children weeping over the dead. And now, alas! thousands of our countrymen are in the sanguinary battle-field. Who among them will return to tell the tales of horror enacted there, none can say. Mothers! do you pray for our soldiers and sailors?—Do you!

We lately attended a Maternal Meeting where many a soldier's wife and mother assembled with us. One young mother, with a countenance full of deep anxiety, sat there, with an infant in her arms, who seemed to partake of its mother's gloom. She asked us, with great earnestness,

"Do you think the war will soon end?" "Have you some friends at the seat of war?" we asked. With a look of anguish she replied, "Oh yes, ma'am, my beloved husband is there, and I fear he will never return to me and this dear boy. The only hope we have is, that the prayers of those at home will be heard for him." What British mother's heart does not beat more quickly when she hears the words, "Intelligence from the seat of war?" •

We commence our volume this year with unusual solemnity. The ordinary quiet of our native land is suspended. On every side resounds the disturbances arising from "horrid war." Fearful scenes are enacting, in which our countrymen are compelled to take a prominent part. Hearths and homes, once so peaceful, are scenes of woe and desolation. The widow and the fatherless sit mourning over their sad deprivations, while multitudes watch with intense agony the published missives from the battle-field. Can the "Mothers' Friend" remain unmoved? Our great concern is to help the anxious mother, and to minister to minds diseased. We humbly hope the volume we now commence may, beneath the Divine blessing, tend to soothe and guide the minds of those so deeply concerned in the present struggle. While the flower of our countrymen are standing before the cruel enemy and many of them falling like the leaves of autumn, is it not a time to send up petitions to the God of battles, that our fathers, brothers, and sons may be shielded by Him? Yes; and that those who are daily falling may be meetened for heaven. Mothers! fellow-teachers! with renewed determination let us train the young spirits committed to our care, to serve under the banner of the Cross, telling them often of Him who would that men should live and love as brethren, learning war no more, but doing the will of Him who is in truth the Prince of Peace. So let us commence the New Year.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

“The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the knell of my departed hours.
 Where are they?”

“Come to this seat, dear Lucy, at my right hand; and Edward, my boy, come opposite to your mother.” As the speaker waved his hand, a tall, slender figure advanced, clad in the sable robes of a widow. She tried to look cheerful, but as she took her seat at the right hand of her father-in-law, a venerable man with silver locks and a melancholy countenance, a close observer might have discovered a tear streaming down the widow’s cheek.

Lucy Angus had not been accustomed to fill the seat now assigned to her at the dinner-table on New Year’s Days. It had been filled for ten years by her husband, the eldest son of this large family, who was now in a world where time is not measured. Lucy felt the kindness of Mr. Angus in requesting her to fill his seat to-day, and her little son to fill the one she had been wont to have. She knew it was that she might not see another in the chair her husband called his own; and that she might remember, while looking on the face of her boy, that she had still something to live for. Every little delicate attention is felt by a widow’s desolate heart. The dinner passed in comparative silence; all that group were sorrowful in the recollection of the events of the past year. One member of the family had been suddenly removed to an eternal world, and two others had gone to distant lands.

As soon as possible, poor Lucy made her escape to her little dressing-room, for she found it very difficult to keep up a conversation with a heart swelling up almost into her throat. She threw herself into an arm-chair by the cheerful fire, and bursting into a flood of tears she exclaimed—

"A widow, and desolate!" The soft hand of a fair young sister was gently pressed on her shoulder. Lucy started—she had imagined herself alone. "She is gone to her room, to weep there," said her father, as she left the room, and Emily hastily followed her, entering the room in time to hear her bitter exclamation. "No—no, Lucy dear, not so desolate as many, after all." "Yes—yes, very—*very* desolate!" "Well, dear, let us look at our mercies," rejoined the young Christian, drawing a chair close to her widowed sister. "You have two lovely boys—a comfortable home—the means of keeping it—good health, kind friends, and above all, a good hope of a mansion in a better and a purer world." "Oh, yes! I know and feel all this; but when I think of the loss I have sustained, and the sad way in which my poor Edward met his death, I am utterly overwhelmed. Only think, to be thrown from his horse, *coming from such a place*, and never to speak again—not even to utter the publican's prayer. Oh, while I read, 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord,' and remember all the past, I am afraid my reason will give way." "Well, dear, we all feel this deeply. Indeed, I fear, dear papa will never recover the shock. But you have the satisfaction of remembering that you did all you could to reclaim him from early habits." "Yes—yes, dear," interrupted Lucy; "but don't you see that I made a mistake from the beginning. I trusted too much to what his love for me would incline him to do; and he used to tell me, religion could not be of so very much importance as I seemed to make it, or I should not have consented to marry one whose views were so different to my own. Oh! I cannot breathe, even to you, dear Emily, the oppressive burden of my heart. I am, at times, almost distracted—my poor, dear Edward!" "Yet, dear Lucy, for the sake of your dear children, for the honour of religion, and for your own sake, you must try to rest your troubled spirit upon Him who careth for you, and who has

left so many precious promises for your encouragement and support, which none but the widow can claim. Let me read you some of them." "Not now, not now, dear, let me weep." "Well, but, my dear sister, if you cry yourself dead, you cannot alter circumstances; better take the comfort our heavenly Father has written for you." "True, true, dear; but to-day, the recollections of the many happy New Year's Days spent here, amidst such a happy family group, and the thought that earth never can restore the lost—it never can be, again, just as it has been; no, never! Oh! the desolateness of the widow's heart none can understand, but she who has experienced it; the widow's sorrows are peculiarly her own—none else can share them; she painfully realizes the declaration, 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness.'" "Now, do listen, dear Lucy, to this verse—

'Come, ye disconsolate! where'er ye languish,
Come to the throne of God; fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.'"

"Thank you, dear Emily, I will try to leave my burden at the foot of the cross; but, oh! how much one has to remember and to mourn over, on the return of each New Year's Day."

THE BATTLE OF ALMA.

"Victory sounded o'er height, dell, and plain,
Bitterly echoed the walls o'er the slain."

There was joy throughout the land;
From tower and turret to the sky,
Burst forth the peal of victory—
A triumph high and grand
From Albion's cottage son,
To her loftiest nobles proud,
The nation's heart beat high and loud,
For the Alma's heights were won.

In the temples of our God,
 That day had thousands bent,
 Blessing the hand that, far and free,
 Had plenteous blessings sent ;
 Had filled with golden sheaves the plain,
 And garnered well the precious grain.

There is wailing in the air !
 Blent with that shout of victory,
 Came low deep tones of misery,
 Of anguish and despair.

And ghastly sights and sounds
 Are mingled with the widow's tale—
 The maiden's tear—the orphan's wail—
 And blood, and deathly wounds.

On the Alma's heights that day
 Sank, of our isle the pride and flower,
 The dearly loved in cot and bower,
 In that fierce and deadly fray.

Now, Britain's daughters, rise !
 Be yours the task to cheer and save
 The soldier from a foreign grave ;
 Or tend him where he lies,
 On bed of pain, in Stamboul's towers,
 Counting the long and weary hours.

A graceful, grateful task
 Is yours, to soothe the bed of pain,
 To check of dire disease the reign ;
 And boldly may we ask
 From you, what woman's heart and hand,
 Should give the brave ones of our land.

BUSY FATHERS.

THERE goes John Stone, with his basket of tools on his back, and yet the day is but dawning ;—let us walk on and get a word with him. “ You are up betimes, John ; are you always as early leaving your home ? ” “ Yes,

generally, and see it no more till evening; this time of year, mine is a busy life in this busy world." "You seldom see your children, I suppose?" "No, not I—the wife sets the fire ready, and the coffee-pot on the hob, with the breakfast matters all ready over-night; so I have only to put a match to the dry sticks, and there I am, prepared for the day." "And how do you get on these long evenings?" "Oh, as to the matter of that, I take my supper, and then I'm off, out of the way of the children's noise—that kind of music I'm not over fond of, you see." "Yes, I 'see;' but when do you get time to understand your children's characters, and take your part in training them?" "Oh, as to that, I leave that to my missus, for I hardly know Jack from Tom—the women folks are the best trainers, I guess. 'Like mother, like son,' they say, and my young ones have a main good mother." "But, John, what will you have to plead as an excuse for your neglecting the children at the last great day, if they should be found at the left hand of the Judge, having taken the wrong road in life?" "Oh, well, I never think much about that—I don't happen to be a scholar; my way lies down this lane,—good morning."

Now let us step into John Stone's cottage in the evening. The room is clean, the fire bright, the supper smelling very savory; the younger children in bed; the wife, pale and careworn, meets her husband with a smile, but it is easy enough to see the heart is withering. "Won't you stay at home with us this evening, John?" "No, I can't—I have an engagement; we are going to form ourselves into a kind of society, up at the Nag's Head." "Oh, do stay at home this evening, father," urges Mary—a tall, thin girl, with large glassy eyes—"Our poor mother is so tired, and has such a pain in her head; and Harry is very sick upstairs, and baby is not well; and Ally wants somebody to tell him about his lesson for school; and Annie wants some work set; and grandmother says mother is

killing herself." "Oh, indeed! then you can help her. Come, wife, give me another mug of beer, and then I am off—these are busy times."

And "off" he was; but before the end of the year, John found he had matters to attend to that would cause him to be still more busy,—matters that had been attended to by an anxious heart and ready hand, now at rest in the grave. This father was too busy to help his wife or care for his children; but now he finds, too late, that it is a difficult matter to perform the duties of father and mother for the souls and bodies of children. Ah, John, you should have taken your share of the many duties while you had a good help-meat.

ENCOURAGEMENT FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD FOR MOTHERS AND TEACHERS.

WE have read with deep interest many letters from our young men from the seat of war to their mothers at home, and we have asked where did these young soldiers learn so much of God, and who told them of the efficacy of prayer? Doubtless they learnt it all at their mother's knee—their father's side—or in the Sabbath school. One son tells his mother to cheer her heart with the thought that if he falls on the battle-plain, the blood of Christ will avail for him there. Another tells his mother of words of hope and piety from a brother's dying lips, and of receiving from him a last kiss for her, as he passed away smiling in death. Another tells us (after he had been slightly wounded), that as he ascended the heights of Alma, the thoughts of a mis-spent life, a peaceful home, and recollections of his mother, caused him to pray to the "God of Heaven, and that he now believes his mother's God has heard and answered, for he is only wounded in the hand." Another tells us that he always feels well and in spirits, and amidst the thousand dangers around him he has ever been preserved—

adding, "I attribute all this to the prayers of my dear wife and children at home!" Another tells us of words and counsels and warnings coming back to his recollection, once heard, years since, in the Sabbath school. But we must not write a long paper. Come with us to a scene where angels might linger. By a deep ravine an officer has tied his war-charger to a bush; his attention was arrested, as he was reconnoitring, by the sound of melody—he stepped gently down—at the bottom stood a number of soldiers,

"With eyes raised to heaven in meek resignation,
They sing a loud song to the God of salvation."

When the singing was over, the soldier who had given out the hymn, read a tract aloud to his comrades; then they all knelt down, and another soldier poured out his heart to God in fervent prayer—for those present—for every soldier in the camp—for his Queen—for his own dear country—for all their relatives and friends at home—and then! oh, mark it, mother! with faltering voice and deep emotion, he asked for mercies and blessings on his ENEMIES! "O lovely religion of Him who said, "Father, forgive them." Where did these warriors learn to act and pray thus? How many of them came from our Sabbath schools? How many from the homes of pious, praying mothers? Who shall say? Let us take encouragement and press onward; ere long the battles of life will be over, and we shall shout "VICTORY!"

HOME DUTIES.—No. III.

"Have mothers more than their share in the duties of domestic life?"

WE left our young mother, last month, fairly and fully engaged in the duties of domestic life. When she became a mother, what a host of new cares and anxieties crowded upon her anxious mind! None can tell their amount or

pressure but those who have experienced them. Her husband—her house—her money matters, all in the hands of strangers, and she unable to see after them; and, when she is able to get about, her hands are full—indeed, things have got sadly into confusion. The neatness and order, so essential to her comfort and that of her husband, all gone. The sight is so sickening as almost to paralyze her efforts, but by a mental resolve she drives away the demon, girds up her energies, and by labour and perseverance restores the order which had been broken.

It now appears very apparent that nothing but the most patient, persevering efforts will suffice to preserve that order upon which the peace and happiness of her family depend. She must rise early, take every duty by the right handle and at the right time, and on no account allow her work to get behind, but do one thing at a time, and keep every thing in its place. She labours and she succeeds, the blessing of heaven rests upon her every effort; but as she proceeds, her cares and her duties multiply—fresh and new they come thickening around her. The little one has become a lot of romping boys and girls; order must be maintained—discipline enforced—mind as well as body must be taxed to the uttermost; not only must they be fed and clothed, but the immortal mind must be directed and instructed, wisdom and knowledge must be poured forth, for from her lips they expect it. She it is who must listen to their complaints—solve their difficulties—curb their tempers—all, all is brought to a mother's ear. She must see that they are ready and tidy, fit for school—she must provide the pence—she must watch over their improvement, and all this in connexion with her other duties; none must be neglected, and all done in their proper time and place. Surely her hands are full, her time completely occupied, nor need we be surprised, after such a press as this into a well-regulated family, at the wretchedness, the confusion, and the disorder which reigns in many families,

and that so few mothers are equal to their duties ; but, in the midst of all this, we are glad to bear testimony to the large amount of good proceeding even from this confusion, yet we must be permitted to wonder where the many excellent domestic servants come from.

But we must not lose sight of our proposed object, which was, to inquire whether mothers have not more than their share of domestic duties ? We have stated our conviction to be that they have, and we think we have fully shown it. The father comes home at stated periods, and things must be sad indeed, if he is seriously annoyed or vexed ; but does he adequately sustain his overburdened wife ?—is he always near to succour and uphold ?—can she always confide in his judgment, and trust him at all times ? Let us see. We will suppose him to have that confidence in the wife of his bosom which she so well deserves, to be fully alive to all those solemn responsibilities which press so heavily upon her, and to have a real desire to share them with her ; if so, he will always meet her with a smile, his cheerful voice will be music to the ears of the delighted little ones, and, as they cluster around his knees, their speaking eyes will say, “We are so glad you are come home, father.” He takes the little girl in his arms and receives the hearty kiss, then says with loving looks, “Has Polly been a good girl to-day ? been very kind to mother ? Mother is the best friend Polly has got, or ever will have. Oh ! my child, none will ever love you like your mother ; be always good to her, never grieve her. Charles, my boy, do you hear your mother speaking to you ?—never let her have to speak to you twice. If you know she wants you to do a thing, do it without being told, and help her in all things that you can ; if she sends you on an errand, go immediately, go cheerfully, and never stop by the way ; we must all strive to make mother happy, for we are all very much beholden to her. See what she has done for me ; look at the warm water and the towel, that I may wash before tea and put on

my clean things and be comfortable; see the nice bread-and-butter and smoking tea. I wonder how she manages to keep the house so tidy with all you romping little ones."

We really think we had better now let this happy family sit down to a comfortable tea, and reserve all we have got further to say till next month. M. B.

A TRUE STORY FOR OUR LITTLE FRIENDS.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS.

Some of you have been asking me for a little book I wrote for Mr. Kennedy's Series some time ago, and as I cannot obtain it, either in Scotland or England, I will tell you the tale in "The Mothers' Friend;" and you will like it all the better when I assure you it IS ALL QUITE TRUE.

Your affectionate and faithful friend,

ANN JANE.

A LAMB OF THE FOLD.

"Come in—come in, Harry," said Mrs. L., to a sweet little boy of four years of age, whose appearance had very much interested her. "So you are come to see my pretty squirrel, are you, little man?" "Yes; and to drink tea with you, if you will have me. I told mamma I should like to stay to tea, but mamma said you might not want me; but you do, don't you?" "I have not the least objection for you to remain if mamma likes it, as I have no engagement, and we can have a nice chat." "Take off my hat then, Sally, and tell mamma I am to stay."

The little fellow was soon perfectly at home with his new friend, and with a keen eye he surveyed all the furniture of the room, from the carpet to the ceiling. "I like your stools and pictures very much," said he, after a careful examination of them. "Who is that little boy up there, in that picture?" "That is little Samuel, who lived in the Temple with old Eli; have you not heard of him? He was a good little boy, and his mother made him a pretty little coat, and brought it to him every year." "A good little boy! then,

I suppose, he did not swear—for Sally says, good little boys never do.” “Sally is quite right; only very wicked men swear—those who do not love God. It would be quite shocking to hear a little boy swear.” “Oh! but papa does not say so; he tells me to swear at the dogs and servants, and sometimes he gives me sixpence, and tells me I am a fine fellow.” Mrs. L. was deeply grieved to hear this from the lips of the sweet little child, and she resolved to try to lead his young mind to Him who said, “Suffer little children to come unto me.”

Tea was brought in, and little Harry behaved very orderly, chatting away without any fear or restraint. “I have some nuts in my pocket for your squirrel; mamma told me he would crack them, and I want to see him do it. Has he any hands?” “No; we cannot exactly say he has hands, Harry, but he uses his fore-feet instead. You shall see how he manages as soon as tea is over.”

We hope to go into another parlour with little Harry next month.

THE INFANT.

“A man looketh on his little one as a being of better hope;
A resting-place for innocence on earth; a link between angels and men.”

Who does not love little children? “Beware,” says Lavater, “of him who hates the laugh of a child.” The man of the world pauses in his absorbing career and claps his hands to gain an infant’s smile; the victim of vice gazes wishfully on the pure open forehead of childhood, and retraces those blissful years that were free from guile; the man of piety loves that docility and singleness of heart which drew from his Saviour’s lips the blessed words, “Of such is the kingdom of heaven.” Yes; and even the iron-hearted sons of battle can be softened into tenderness by the smile of an infant. Listen to an extract from a letter from the English camp:—

"Recently, in a house to which some Cossacks had set fire, we found in a room, and on the point of being suffocated with the smoke, a child of about eighteen months old, elegantly dressed, and having a gold cross suspended from its neck. The poor infant smiled on our grenadiers, who removed it, and have adopted it until the family to whom it belongs shall be discovered. It is curious to see the grenadiers fondling the baby, and treating it with as much tenderness as it could receive from its mother."

Thus we wonder and admire tenderness in man called forth to a sweet infant, but the every-day labour of love in woman, with all her toils by day and sleepless nights, as she smiles and watches over helpless infancy, is thought of only as an every-day occurrence of common life; doubtless, because in woman it seems but an element of her nature, given to her by Him who says, with every babe placed in her arms, "Nurse it for me;" and He, too, gives the sustaining power to act, as well as wisdom to guide. Mother! deal gently with the little helpless nursling, and seek help from Heaven to enable you to train it for the skies.

STEP-MOTHERS.

If the difficulties of a mother are great in the bringing up of her children, how much greater are those of the step-mother! She has not the advantage of natural and instinctive love to her offspring, rendering easy the apostolic injunction, "Teach the young women to love their children." (Titus ii. 4.) Neither has she that of the gradual and imperceptible growth of her little ones from infancy, giving her power, almost unlimited, to bend the tender twig at will; but she has to plunge at once into difficulties for which she is often quite unprepared—has to do the best she can to remedy the neglect or mismanagement of those who have gone before her—and at the same time, often must combat with jealousies and antipathies planted in her

young charge's mind against her authority and rule. It is evident that, in such a case, great patience, forbearance, self-denial, and prayerfulness on the part of the step-mother are indispensable.

We are often obliged to exhort mothers to be less indulgent, to exert more discipline, to enforce obedience; but these words would be inefficient, perhaps out of place, if addressed to the young step-mother. Her first and great difficulty is to get the confidence and love of the poor little motherless babes, to whom, for many long months, a mother's kiss and a mother's endearments have been unknown, and who, perhaps, have often cried themselves to sleep with the thought of the cross step-mother who was coming. Your first and great care, in such circumstances, must be to prove to your little ones that you do truly love them, and to be patient and forbearing if you find it long before your love is repaid by confidence.

These thoughts have been suggested to my mind by having lately fallen in with several families in which this relationship is sustained. Having received a note from a little girl to say that her mamma had given her a new little brother, and that they would be pleased to show him to me, I took an opportunity of calling. The mother was an old friend of mine; but, though she had been married a couple of years, I had not before entered the house. When I had sufficiently admired the baby, I begged to see five or six little ones who were with their governess. All cheerfully obeyed the summons, and pleasantly conversed with me (for they had visited me before, though I had not been to see them), and at a word returned to the school-room.

"Do you find them all pleasant and affectionate?" I asked my friend. "Oh, yes!" she replied, with a smile. "And they seem very tractable," I said. "Oh, yes! they are very obedient, good children." "They seem never to have imbibed any prejudices against you from the first?" I inquired. "No, poor little things, they called me mamma

from the first, and I do not think that any of them understand that I am not really their mother. The elder ones sometimes say something about their other mamma, but I don't think they have any clear ideas about her, and I am sure they are quite as happy as when she was alive."

A DAY WITH THE COTTAGER'S WIFE AND HER BIBLE.—No. VI.

MENDING CLOTHES.

A PATCH is wanted to some worn garment; the mother takes down her bag of pieces to search for the one that will most nearly match it. Does her Bible stoop to so mean and trifling a matter? Oh, yes; and with a lesson of special tenderness. She knows what guides her in choosing her patch; she picks out a piece suitable to the strength of the old garment. If she mended it with new and coarse cloth, the rent would thereby only be made worse. "No man putteth a piece of new cloth into an old garment, for that which is put in to fill it up, taketh from the garment, and the rent is made worse."—Matt. ix. 16. Our Lord spake these words when the disciples of John were reproaching Him for not laying heavier duties on His feeble disciples. It was as if He would have said—"You will not strain an old garment if it has but little strength: shall I strain my disciples? Shall I lay heavy burdens on them, when I know their strength to be so small?" Many a mother's heart is sorrowful when her fingers are busily employed mending clothes. Oh! that these sorrowful hearts would learn a lesson from the clothes they are mending, and say to themselves, "My duties are, indeed, difficult, but Jesus appoints them; He knows exactly how much strain I can bear; He knows how worn-out my heart feels; He will not lay too much upon me; if He has given me the duty, I know He will also give all necessary strength to fulfil it."

SIGHTS SEEN DURING THE PAST YEAR.

“ What has thine eye beheld ?—and
Where has thy foot been wandering ?”

I SAW an infant in its robe of white,
The admiring mother's most dear delight ;
It clapped its hands when tones of mirth went by,
And Nature's gladness danced in its bright eye.
A dark-winged angel from yonder sky
Laid the precious babe in its cot to die.

Oh, I have seen sad sights, I ween,
Flowers and buds in decay are seen.
In a dark and a dreary curtained room,
I have seen a mother robed for the tomb ;
Bleeding hearts were there—and red streaming eyes—
And prayers, in anguish, reaching the skies.

I saw a sweet young girl, in healthful glee,
Danced on her happy, proud mother's knee ;
Gladness beamed from her beautiful eye,
As she said,—“ We must train her for the sky.”
But now a sad empty crib is seen there,
By a little coffin she kneels in prayer.

I saw a lad full of gladness and joy,
And a father admiring his manly boy ;
But as I looked a sad blight rushed by,
Which dimmed the lustre of his laughing eye.
Down in a dark, narrow, and grassy bed,
Midst tears, they have covered that bright young head.

I saw a fair maiden, by love caressed,
Amidst her household her name was blessed ;
Her bright shining hair in ringlets glowed,
And her words like magical music flowed ;
But the spoiler came—in a single day
The beautiful flower was in decay.
They have strewn the dust on the maiden's brow ;
Oh, where are those cherished ones living now ?

A MOTHER'S SOLILOQUY.

'Tis mine!—bound to me by a tie that death itself cannot sever. That little heart shall never thrill with pleasure, nor throb with pain, without a quick response from mine. I am the centre of its little world; its very life depends upon my faithful care. It is my sweet duty to deck those dimpled limbs, to poise that tiny, trembling foot.

Yet stay,—my duty ends not here! A soul looks forth from those blue eyes—an undying spirit, that shall plume its wing for a ceaseless flight, guided by my erring hand. The hot blood of anger may not poison the fount whence it draws its life, or the nasty word escape my lip in that pure presence. Wayward, passionate, impulsive, how shall I approach it, but with a hush upon my spirit and a silent prayer! O careless sentinel! slumber not at thy post over its trusting innocence! O reckless “sower of the seed,” let not “the tares” spring up! O unskilful helmsman! how shalt thou pilot that little bark o’er life’s tempestuous sea, safely to the eternal shore? “’Tis ours!” A father bends proudly over the cradle! A father’s love how strong, how true! But, oh! not so warm, not so tender as hers whose heart that babe hath lain beneath! Fit me for the holy trust, O good Shepherd! or fold it early to thy loving bosom!—*Fanny Fern.*

HAVE YOU ANY DEAR ONES IN HEAVEN?

AND so death closed those little eyes—shrouded their bright glances. Oh! that the sun would not come streaming in on his wasted form, as if there were no grief in the world. How sweetly he sleeps, that precious little one! How lightly curl the flaxen locks on his white forehead! You could weep your very soul away to think those cherub lips will never uncloset—never again be heard to utter, in

soft and sweet tones, the name of father, mother, brother, or sister ! Vainly you clasp and unclasp that passive, darling hand, that wandered so often over your cheek. Vainly your anguished glance strives to read the dim story of love in those faded orbs. The voice, sweet as zephyrs breathing through wreathed shells, slumbers for ever. And still the busy world knocks at your door, and will let you have no peace. It shouts in your ear ; its chariots rumble by ; it smiles broadly in your care-worn face ; it mocks you as you gaze on the attenuated and loved body ; it meets you at the coffin—at the grave ; and its heavy footsteps tramp up and down in the empty rooms from whence you have borne your dead. But it never comes in the hush of the night to wipe away your tears. Your loved, your idolized boy, is in heaven ! Can you look up ? Can you hear the splendour of that sight ? Ten thousand celestial beings, and your own radiant child-angel in the midst !

“ In his eyes a glory light,
On his brow a glory crown.”

Oh ! cling not too closely to your beautiful treasures,
children of earth !

LINES ADDRESSED TO A MOTHER.

BY T. MOORE.

THEY tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt the boughs to wander free,
And shoot and blossom wide and high,
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth
From which the life, that fills and warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.
'Tis thus, though wooed by flattering friends,
And fed with fame (if fame it be),
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
With love's true instinct, back to thee.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

REASONING OVER A MATTER.

"MAMMA," said a very little-girl, "you always punish me when you threaten to do it; but cousin Mary says, 'Oh, never mind what mamma says; she won't do it, unless she happens to be out of temper—so I shall risk it.'" "And should you like me to act thus?" "I should not like you to tell stories, mamma; but is it not kind of my aunt not to punish, except just when she is out of temper?" "I should think myself very unkind, if I only taught you to obey me when I was myself committing sin by being out of temper."

THE LITTLE GIRL'S "STILL."

A dear little child, belonging to a Quaker family, was on a visit to a friend of her mother, where the servant who attended on her had no objection to retire without prayer. When the little girl was ready to go into bed, instead of doing so she sat down quietly in the chair, closed her eyes, clasped her hands, and remained a few moments in mental prayer. "Do get into bed, miss," said Sally; "why do you sit there so mopish?" The dear child burst into tears, saying, "Naughty Sally, not to let me have my still before I go to sleep. I may die in the night, Sally; and if I do, I want God to take me to heaven." Mother! do you teach your little ones the importance of committing themselves to God ere they retire to rest? Would you find yourself in heaven, think you, if you should die in your sleep this night?

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Manse of Sunny Side. Edinburgh: Shepherd.

An instructive and amusing tale for family reading.

Band of Hope Almanack for 1855. London: Partridge and Oakey.

A picture almanack, with something in it for every day in the year—suitable for cottage walls.

THE CHEQUERED STORY OF A LIFE.

"She is marked as a child of want, and the world hateth poverty ;
But pain and chastisement here often show the wise Father's love."

"MAMMA, I could not help thinking, when you were talking to Miss Montgomery, that if I met her in the street, without hearing her conversation, I should think her some common person." "There are very often mistakes made in that way, Edith ; persons look at the outward appearance, and judge hastily of the mind by that." "But, mamma, her bonnet is so old-fashioned, it looks as if it came out of Noah's ark ; and her dress must be a dozen years old. Then, her gloves were so dark between the fingers, I am sure they must have been cleaned, for I looked at them all round while I stood at her knee, as you were talking ; and yet you seem to think so much of her, and papa said it was a treat to listen to her conversation. Did she not look queer and common in her dress, mamma ? Jessie Merry says she must be very poor or very mean—is she, mamma ? And how odd it is that her name is the same as mine ; I am sure, Edith is not a common name either. Why does she not dress better, mamma ?" "Really, my daughter, I saw nothing in Edith Montgomery's dress unbecoming a neat young lady ; she is not too old-fashioned to look particular, nor too fashionable to court observation, and none can find fault with her for lack of neatness. If you will take your work and sit down, I will tell you a story of my early days, Edith." "Will you, mamma ? Oh ! that will be nice ! I like to hear of the things you did when you were a little girl like me."

"Well, dear, when I was a little girl at school, I found there a very dear friend in a young lady who was some years older than myself. She took a fancy to love me—why, I never could tell, for I was too young to make my companionship desirable, and too ignorant to enter into her

studies ; but so it was, and she won so large a portion of my heart as to keep a warm corner in it even now." "Is she living, then, mamma ? Oh, I should like to see her ! Please go on." "Well, she helped me to understand my difficult lessons, particularly three—French, Latin, and Italian, for she was exceedingly clever. After she left school, I felt very lonely ; and every week I wrote to tell her all my little troubles, and my feelings of love for her ; and many a kind letter I received from her, which cheered me on in the pursuit of knowledge, and, every year, I either visited her at her home, or she came to mine. At length, a very rich merchant took her away as his bride, and I did not see her for many years. During this interval she had many sorrows, but I always found from her letters that they only led her to think more of heaven and less of earth. She had three little sons, who were all laid in one grave in three weeks, and she was herself greatly afflicted by the same fever that brought her dear ones to the grave ; she had only one daughter left, and it pleased our Heavenly Father to spare her to her bereaved parents, and she grew up a beautiful, amiable, and clever girl. One day my friend's husband came home looking pale and excited, and after a few hours he told her that she would have to leave her beautiful mansion, give up her carriage, and go to live in a cottage, for he had risked almost all his property in a mine, and the speculation had failed. She told me, in one of her letters at this time, that the loss of her beautiful home was nothing to the loss of her precious children ; so she passed from luxury to privations without a murmur. Some little time after this, her beloved husband was riding from the City on horseback, when the creature took fright and became unmanageable ; some men attempted to stop it ; but just as he reached the cottage door he was thrown off, in the presence of his wife and daughter, and never spoke to them again."

"Oh, mamma, what sorrows she had !"

"From this time my friend became the subject of a very painful nervous disease, and was quite dependant on her daughter's exertion for daily bread; but this dear young lady, by self-denial and the exercise of those gifts and accomplishments which she acquired in her parents' prosperous days, was enabled to meet all necessary demands in her mother's humble home—the only trial they seemed to feel was the absence of the daughter for many hours in the day, when she was engaged in teaching various languages (for she was a first-rate linguist), and music and drawing."

"Oh! mamma, what a dear, good girl she must be—how I should like to see her! I am sure I should love her; do tell me her name, and where she lives." "I think, dear, it is probable you will know both mother and daughter soon, for I expect they will come to reside in our neighbourhood." "Oh, ma, I am so glad!" "Stop, Edith; perhaps you may see her wearing a bonnet two or three years old, and a dress not just arrived from Paris, and gloves that she has cleaned, for you must remember they have a struggle for life—what will you say then?" "Oh! I am sure I shall love her, mamma, if she comes in a sack and a black bonnet; I shall love her for her 'goodness.'"

"Do you think so, dear?—well, then, you must learn to love Edith Montgomery; she is the daughter of that beloved friend, and is called after your own mother." "Oh! mamma, why did you not tell me all this before?" "Because, dear, I hoped you would have discerned Edith's character, and loved her for her real worth; it is always dangerous to judge of persons by their outward appearance—there are many noble hearts beating under rough coats and unfashionable dresses—try to remember this lesson, my dear, in your future life." "I think, ma, I shall remember it always."

Brave actions are the substance of life, and good sayings the ornament of it.

THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH.

Who can look unmoved upon the sable dress and the desolate grief of a widow? And who but a widow can tell the depth of that sorrow, when death has severed the nearest and dearest of earthly ties, and left the heart alone in the world? This subject comes peculiarly home to us now that it hath pleased God, by the scourge of war—a war unparalleled in its carnage and heart-sickening details—to multiply such mourners around us. In the halls of our noblest, and in the cottages of our lowliest, may be seen the mother weeping for her son, and the widowed mother bowed to the earth, having lost husband and child. Yea, the young bride of a few months has shudderingly laid aside her fresh bridal garments for the widow's weeds. Ah! it is bitter enough when the bright young head we have nursed and watched up to early manhood fades in our sight, and we lay him in an English grave. How far beyond this is the agony of his death in the battle-field! Beloved sisters, we weep with you, and gladly point you to that rich stream of mercy and comfort in the Bible to all believers in Christ. If you never drank before, come now! Listen to Him who is the "Father of the fatherless, and the God of the widow." Are you a soldier's widow?—your means of subsistence gone with him who died in bloody fight? Have you one or more ties left in your little ones, who cling around you, and for whom your bitterest tears are shed? Come with me, and learn a lesson of faith from the widow of Zarephath.

"Arise," said the Lord to his prophet Elijah, "get thee to Zarephath, which belongeth to Sidon; behold, I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee." The famine which had, at the word of the Lord by Elijah, for some time been a sore judgment on the guilty land of Israel, evidently affected the country on its northern border, for there was Sidon situated, in the dominions of Ethbaal, the

idolatrous father of Jezebel, the wife of Ahab. The prophet obeyed ; but no home of plenty awaited his famished lips and wayworn limbs. He found his intended hostess "gathering sticks wherewith to dress" her last remaining morsel for herself and only child. It is evident that this poor widow was a believer in Jehovah. Ah ! the Lord has many such hidden jewels, unknown to man, but all known and watched over and loved by the great Shepherd, and destined to adorn His crown at His appearing and His kingdom. A secret impulse from on high must have taught the widow that a prophet of God stood before her ; for she expressed herself in words which, while they told her depth of misery, acknowledged her belief that the Lord was his God. Sweet and precious was the promise given to her ; nor does she seem to have doubted its truth : she received it in faith, and acted in faith upon it. Ah ! would that we all did this ; that we took God at His word and for His word !

THE IRISH WIDOW'S LAMENT.

THE Christmas light is burning bright
 In many a village pane,
 And many a cottage rings to-night
 With many a merry strain.
 Young boys and girls run laughing by
 Their hearts and eyes elate ;
 I can but think on mine and sigh,
 For I am desolate !

There's none to watch in our old cot
 Beside the holy light ;
 No tongue to bless the silent spot
 Against the parting night.
 I've closed the door, and hither come,
 To mourn my lonely fate ;
 I cannot bear my own old home,
 It is so desolate !

I saw my father's eye grow dim,
 And clasped my mother's knee;
 I saw my mother follow him,
 My husband wept with me.
 My husband did not long remain,
 His child was left me yet;
 But now my heart's last love is slain,
 And I am desolate!

G. G.

A TRUE STORY FOR OUR LITTLE FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 13.)

A LAMB OF THE FOLD.—NO. II.

AFTER tea, Mrs. L. and her youthful companion went into another parlour, where the squirrel was frisking about in high glee. "Oh, what a beautiful long tail he has! and how far he jumps! Now, do give the pretty fellow a nut, that I may see him crack it." Mrs. L. held one to the little animal, and in a moment the two little fore-feet were put up to grasp it, and being demolished, the squirrel waited for another from its mistress. Harry was delighted, and greatly admired the movements of the amusing little animal, sitting up so stately, with his fine brush-tail hanging over his forehead. "Where did you get it?" "It was given me by a friend, who got it from the wood." "Can I get one from the wood?" "Perhaps you may, some day; I will try what I can do for you." "Who gives it nuts in the wood?" "It gathers them there for itself." "But they are not always on the trees, are they?" "No; but the squirrel has been taught to gather a great many nuts in the autumn, as well as the pretty little acorns which some little boys call 'cups and saucers;' and then he buries them in the ground, or among the fallen leaves, or in the hollow of an old tree, till winter, so that he may find them again when the

trees are all bare, without a leaf or nut upon them." "Does he find them all again?" "No, not always; sometimes he buries an acorn in the ground, and forgets it; so there it remains some time, till it grows up to a fine large oak tree, and in this way, you see, he may be called a little planter."

"Did you teach him to crack the nuts?"

"No, dear little Harry, the great and kind Being who made him taught him; do you know who that is?"

"No, I am sure I do not; but I should like Him to make me one." "Do you not know who made those little useful hands of yours, and those fat rosy cheeks, my little man? and who gives you everything you possess?"

"Why, nobody ever told me, so I do not know." "Did you never hear anything about gentle Jesus, Harry?"

"No, never; who is He?" "He is the kind friend of little children. He lives in heaven; but He can always see you, and He hears all you say; and although He is the kind friend of little children, He is also the great God, who made the world, and everything in it." "Is He?—then I never knew that. Does He hear papa swear, then?" "Yes, He hears everything; He sees everything; He made everything; and He loves those who are good and holy."

Just then Sally, the nursemaid, came for little Harry; and as he bade his friend good night, he asked if he should come again to-morrow? "To-morrow," replied Mrs. L., "I am engaged; but if mamma will allow you to come again on Thursday, I shall be happy to see you." "Oh, yes, I may come, I know; and mamma will let me, because she likes me to do anything I wish. Good night. Don't forget to get me a pretty squirrel."

More about little Harry next month.

All the men who have done things well in life have been remarkable for decision of character.

THE MOTHER'S FIRST LESSON.

"Where art thou, storehouse of the mind, garner of facts and fancies? In what strange firmament are laid the beams of thine airy chambers?"

"WILL you please teach me my verse, mamma, and kiss me, and bid me good night?" asked a little boy, as he opened the door, and peeped cautiously into the chamber of his sick mother. "I am very sleepy," he continued, "but no one has heard me say my prayers." Poor little anxious one, thy mother's warm heart will soon be cold! Thy mother is very ill, and supposed to be dying. As the child entered, he saw his fond mother propped up with pillows, and struggling for breath; her eyes were growing dull and glazed, as this her only child drew near her side.

Mrs. L. was a widow, and every night this dear boy was in the habit of coming into her room, and sitting in her lap, or kneeling by her side, while she repeated passages from God's word, or related to him stories of the wise and good spoken of in its pages. "Hush, hush!" said a lady, who was watching by the dying mother's couch. "Your dear mother is too ill to hear you to-night!" As she said this, she came forward, and laid her hand gently upon the child's arm, as if she would lead him from the room. He began to sob as if his little heart would break. "I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers; indeed I cannot!" The ear of the dying mother caught the sound; although she had been nearly insensible to everything transpiring around her, the sobs of her darling aroused her from her stupor, and, turning to a friend, she desired her to bring her little son, and place him in her bosom. Her request was granted, and the child's rosy cheek and golden hair nestled beside the pale cold face of the dying mother.

"My son—my darling child!" said the dying woman, "repeat this verse after me, and never—never forget it—
'When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord

will take me up.'” The child repeated it two or three times distinctly, and said his little prayer; then he kissed the cold, almost rigid features, and went quietly to his little couch. The next morning he sought, as usual, his mother, but he found her stiff and cold. This was her last lesson! He has never forgotten it. He has grown to be a man—a *good* man; and few who know his history can look on him without thinking of the faith so beautifully exhibited by his dying mother. Mother! what are your lessons tending to now? What will be the tendency of your *last* lesson?

STEP-MOTHERS.—No. II.

MRS. GRAHAM was another happy step-mother. She married a gentleman who had six children by a former wife; and in course of time she had a family of her own. But she never permitted herself to show any partiality for her own little ones; on the contrary, (though, of course, she loved her own best,) she always gave the preference to her husband's children. *They* were always admitted into the dining-room and drawing-room after dinner, when there was company, while her own remained in the nursery; and the same conduct she pursued in other matters.

These children loved her as if she had been their own mother. The eldest boy, when growing up, would sometimes displease his father; but a word or look from his mother was sufficient to turn him. The second daughter was an invalid, and seldom either left home or was visible to strangers; but her life and happiness seemed to hang on her mother's presence and smile, and on one occasion, when she was obliged to leave home for a week or two, the child pined away, and would not be comforted by any one till she saw her mother again.

How very happy must Mrs. Graham have been; and if she acted on Christian principle, and did all to the Lord,

how great will be her reward in another life! To comfort the orphan is a peculiarly blessed office—one ascribed to the Spirit of God himself by the Lord Jesus,—and one in which, the apostle James declares, is displayed “pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father.” (James i. 27.)

SCOTTISH PEASANTRY.

HOME INFLUENCE.

IN a beautiful and extensive valley, midway between two lofty mountains, on an eminence, near three limpid streams, which at no great distance flowed into one, surrounded by broad plantations, stood a neat but humble cottage, having 1810 inscribed upon the lintel of the door—the date of its erection. In this cottage lived a pious, happy family, whose members—including the parents—were increased, by the year 1829, to the goodly number of twelve, two of whom were deaf and dumb. The eldest son, who was the fourth in succession, has a pleasing and grateful recollection of the period from 1823 to 1829. Since the expiration of this period a quarter of a century has passed away, bearing with its revolving years many changes. The honoured parents still live in the same cottage, having with them the two deaf mutes, and another daughter, who has for many years been a severe but patient Christian sufferer—three have gone to the “better land”—and the rest are widely spread, and, with one exception, connected with families of their own; notwithstanding, the above period of seven years has not been effaced from the memory nor the heart.

Then, the father was engaged in a flax manufactory, from early morn till late at even; consequently, the training of the family, and the conducting of a small farm, devolved upon an affectionate and intelligent mother. By the younger members of the family the father was seldom

seen during the week, save at meal-times—it being a privilege, rarely enjoyed, to sit up to greet his return home for the night. But the mother faithfully attended to the reading and the teaching of God's word—enforcing the duty of acknowledging the wise Disposer of all events in every thing. Meal-times were always sanctified with the word of God and prayer; and the domestic altar was never left without its morning and evening sacrifice. The Saturday evening, and the Sabbath day, were especially seasons of enjoyment. In short, this humble dwelling was a Bethel, where the word of God was the infallible guide, and the presence of Jesus the source of consolation.

Early rising, especially on Sabbath morning, was encouraged. Although this family had four miles to walk to a place of worship, by well-arranged plans there was abundance of time for devotional exercises at home. All these exercises seemed so natural, that they were never felt to be irksome. The members of the family visited, in their turn, with great delight, the house of prayer—and, in keeping with the Divine promise made to the Jews, no evil befel those who were left at home. On Sabbath afternoon, the cottage became the lively scene of a Sabbath school—and the affectionate parent was generally the only devoted teacher. But to the family itself, the last part of this holy day was the best. In a summer evening, favoured with the mild rays of the declining sun—or in the winter season, surrounding a clean hearth with a blazing fire—this interesting family group is to be seen, clothed in their best attire, neat and clean, with bright countenances and glowing hearts, singing some favourite psalm, reading verse by verse some appropriate chapter, exchanging thoughts as to the meaning of what has been read—the children repeating those portions of Scripture learned during the preceding week, and receiving counsel as each case requires—after which, all, in solemn awe, join in fervent supplications to the hearer and answerer of prayer.

With a kind "good night," and a hearty shaking of the hands, this family retires to rest.

The eldest son has never forgotten such scenes as those ; and he felt their influence when he passed through the trials of an apprenticeship—underwent the discipline of a college course—bore the burden of a short missionary career in a foreign land—engaged in pastoral work near his native cottage and elsewhere—and passed through scenes of personal affliction.

This short paper has been written to encourage pious, consistent parents—to show what power and influence they possess—and to aid the "Mothers' Friend" in her holy and peculiar walk of usefulness.

BOAZ.

A DAY WITH THE COTTAGER'S WIFE AND HER BIBLE.—No. VII.

THE WORN-OUT GARMENT.

THE most careful mending will not make garments last for ever. As the cottage mother lays aside one that is worn out, does she ever think how the Bible makes it a picture of the passing away of all things here? "Of old hast thou laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thine hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure ; yea, all of them shall wax old as doth a garment ; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed." (Ps. cii. 25, 26.)

The blue sky, with the bright white clouds that rest upon its bosom, seems ever new and fresh. The trees put on fresh foliage every spring, the grass springs up anew, with the sweet and many-coloured flowers of the meadow ; yet all these, fresh, bright, and new as they seem, must perish, wax old, as a garment. Shall we then fix our heart's fond affections on so passing a world ? Shall not each thing that perishes

in our hands recall our Saviour's words, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." (Matt. vi. 19, 20.)

HOME DUTIES.—No. IV.

"Have mothers more than their share in the duties of domestic life?"

WE last month left our happy family sitting down to a comfortable tea. The husband had just given utterance to his feelings before his children, in words intended to convey to them the high opinion he entertained of their mother (and it was well deserved). The children sat and stood around the table without noise or clamour; each one waited his turn to be served, and received what was given him with thankfulness and in silence. There was order and comfort in the whole affair. The mother moved with quiet activity, and seemed to anticipate the wants of all; the father looked around with pleasure, and so led the conversation as to interest and amuse the whole group. The tea-things were soon washed, and put in their places; the table wiped down, and made clean and neat, whilst the mother took up her work, and assumed her place at the right hand of the fire-place, her husband sitting opposite.

As the children stood around, one who appeared more animated than the rest, said, with a smiling face and inquisitive eye, "Father, will you tell us a story to-night?" No sooner were the words out of his mouth than joy started into every countenance, and every voice exclaimed, "Do, father, do! O yes, do!" "A story, boys, eh! why, we had a story last night, hadn't we?" "No, father, we read to you out of the 'Old Sea Captain,' and then you heard us say our lessons." "Well, I believe it

was so; but I don't know what story to tell you. I cannot recollect one now; can't we read a bit?" "No, father; you said you would tell us a story, because we said our lessons so well; did he not, mother?" said a lively little girl. "Well, I must say, I think he did," responded the mother. "There, mother says so, and therefore you will." "Ah, you sly chaps," answered the father; "you have got mother on your side, so you think you are sure to succeed. Well, what does mother say about your conduct to-day? Have you been good children? have you been all kind to her—done whatever she told you—helped her as far as you were able? You see your mother has a great deal to do; she has to look after you all when I am away, working to maintain you; she has to get you all ready for school, and when you are away she has to tidy up, and get a nice warm dinner against we come back—and it is always punctually on the table, because she knows I have no time to wait. She has then to look after you till school-time; and when we come back in the evening, we not only find our tea ready for us, but everything clean and comfortable. Now, who do you think does all this?—and it is not done without great labour and toil; only your mother does it all, and she does it out of love, to you and me; and, I am sure, the least we can do is to love her in return, and give her all the help we can. What say you, mother, do they deserve a story?" "Well, dear, I think they do; and as few children have so kind a father, I am sure they will not only listen attentively to your story, but try to improve by it." "Well, then, come, let us see; there is a part of my own history which just now comes to my recollection, and perhaps it will be instructive as well as amusing."

THE FATHER'S STORY.

"You have heard me say that your grandmother was left a young widow, in rather straitened circumstances, and, as a consequence, I was sent to a cheap but good school,

more than one hundred and fifty miles away, which, sixty years ago, was a formidable adventure; and I remember being pointed out as the little boy who had been to London, —rather a wonderful thing at that time. Now, I lodged and boarded with an old nurse of the family, and she and her husband, having no children of their own, took a great liking to me, and, but that I bore another name, might have been taken for their own son; indeed, I recollect him once telling me, that a respectable ironmonger in the place wanted me as an apprentice, but he was told that I was an apple from another tree. Whilst I remained here, during holiday time, one of my schoolfellows, with whom I was intimate, invited me to spend a few days with him. This I was permitted to do, and was greatly delighted with the thought. I had twelve miles to ride in a market cart, and this was a treat of no common order to a boy like me.

“The parents of my schoolfellow received me very kindly, and the days passed merrily, rambling in the fields, and on the sea-sands gathering cockles. But whilst I was there Sunday came, and I went with my friends to church in the morning. In the afternoon another boy joined us, who was also a schoolfellow, and, as there was no church in the afternoon, it was proposed that we should play at pitch-and-toss. Now I was sadly troubled at the proposal, because I knew it to be wrong; yet I had not courage to say ‘No,’ so I joined in the game, my conscience accusing me all the time we played, which was by the side of a long barn; and as we went backwards and forwards, I kept looking at a large black cloud which hung over us, and expected every moment to see fire come out, or some awful token of the displeasure of God; but He was pleased to leave me to the reproaches of my conscience, and the inward workings of the Holy Spirit, against whom I was striving.

“Oh! my children, remember to keep holy the Sabbath day. Your father forced his conscience, more than fifty

years ago, and he has never forgotten it to the present time. Always bear in mind the Scripture which says, 'If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.' But it is high time you were all in bed, and don't forget to pray for a tender Conscience!" Fathers and mothers, behold the picture—is it like? M. B.

SOMETHING FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

DEAR MADAM,—Having just followed to the grave the remains of a beloved infant, who has been removed under most painful circumstances, and being told by our medical man that numbers of children have shared the same fate, may I ask that you will allow me, through your pages, to warn other mothers of one of the many dangers to which their children are exposed?

Not quite two months since, my health being delicate, I was ordered to wean my baby, nine months of age, a remarkably fine, healthy boy. I was reluctant to do so, as he then coughed, and I feared whooping, but was told my own health demanded it. During the first three weeks there was no apparent change, except that the bowels became relaxed, and he had very restless nights; this I attributed to the change in weaning, and cutting his teeth. The following week he began to waste, and although the cough was slight, and had never been very violent, there was great languor. The weather at the time being mild, I kept him in the open air nearly all the day, thinking it desirable for whooping cough, and called in our medical man, but he continued to sink, although taking a great amount of nourishment.

About ten days previous to his death, I discovered, to my great alarm, that my servants had been systematically administering a decoction of poppy to cause sleep in the day—they were never entrusted with him at night; and he at last died in a convulsive fit, which, if this discovery had not been made, would have been attributed to other causes. I requested that the body should be examined after death, although I knew the poison could not be found; and it was then made plain that

the coats of the stomach were leaving him when I observed the alteration in the bowels.

I leave you to insert this melancholy case in whatever way you think best.

Yours truly,

A BEREAVED MOTHER.

BUSY FATHERS.—No. II.

“MOTHER! look how the sun is shining; won’t we be able to take father’s dinner? I like to take father’s dinner to the field; we all sit down, and father talks so nicely while he is eating it, like he does in the evenings when he has done the horses up.” “Yes, Patty, you have a good father; many little children, whose fathers are as busy as yours always is, and who work as hard, never think they can find time to talk to their little children.” “No, mother, that they don’t, for Sally Lovelass said one day she wished her father was like ours, for he never cares about his children, but when he comes home he goes almost directly up to the ‘Black Bear.’” “Poor child! I am sorry for her, dear, but she should never tell strangers of her parent’s faults.”

The children were soon sent on with their father’s dinner, and as they approached the place where he was working, one of them exclaimed,—“Look, look, Teddy, father has made a nice little seat for us by the hedge—he thought we should come to-day with his dinner. “Oh, so he has; won’t it be cosy?” “Ah, here you are, my little chicks; have you got father’s dinner? Ah, I thought so; all nice, as mother always sends it; a good mother you have, my little hearties.” “Oh, how funny for you to say that, father, mother said just now we had a good father.” “Ah, you have a very busy one, my dears; he wishes he had more time to help your mother in the care of you all; hers is hard and busy work for this world and the next.” “Father, what is the matter with your hand? you have your hand-

kerchief round it." "Oh, only a little matter, as it happened; one of the horses kicked up, but I am not much hurt, thank Providence." "Well, father, then maybe that is because mother always prays for gentle Jesus to take care of you." "Maybe 'tis, my boy," the rough man replied, while he wiped away a tear with the sleeve of his coat. "Father, don't you wish 'twas always Sunday? I do, 'tis so nice to hear you read and talk to us." "Ah, well, my dear children, the rough work of this busy world will soon be over, and then, I hope, we shall all live together in a better world for ever, where it will be always like Sunday." "And, father, we shall see dear baby up there, too, among the angels."

TEACH YOUR LITTLE ONES THESE SWEET LINES,
MOTHER.

I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lovely and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word,
That ever heard Him speak.

I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain top,
He met his Father there.

I want to be like Jesus,
For I never—never find,
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good;
That of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

Alas! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see.
Oh! gentle Saviour, send thy grace,
And make me like to thee.

A WORD FOR YOUNG MEN.

PERSEVERANCE.

PERSEVERANCE makes a man valuable to himself, to society, to the world. It encourages the faint-hearted to almost superhuman efforts. If he droop for a moment, he is up and on his feet again, to the glory of some, and the disappointment of others; he does not mind stumbling-blocks, but with impediments he beats back misfortunes. Take away every support but a good conscience, and he will battle on. Burn his house over his head, he will build it up again. Sink his ships in the ocean, he will sail others over their wrecks. Try to injure his good name, he will stem the tide of oppression, and swim on till he gains the dry land. All this is far from easy work—it cannot be done when you are half-asleep! More, you will need help to press on from an unseen arm, and a voice unheard by others, saying, “Go forward.” You must have a prize in view beyond the ken of the mere worldly man, or the end of your journey will be disappointment.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

“I call to remembrance my song in the night.”—Psalm lxxvii. 6.”

Who, in this wilderness of woe,
Can lay the hand upon the heart,
And say, “I’ve ne’er experienced grief,
Nor felt the briny tear-drop start?”

All have their trials, more or less;
That night of sorrow all must see:
Then, humble follower of the Lamb,
Tell me, how has it been with thee?

Thy night of sorrow, perhaps, was this—
To lose for aye a partner dear;
But sad as thy condition proved,
Was there no *song* thy heart to cheer?

“But though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the number of his mercies.”—Lam. iii. 32.

Or, perhaps, thou sore-afflicted maid,
 Thy friend *soon* ceased a friend to be :
 But midst the hours of loneliness,
 I ween there was a song for thee.

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." —Prov. xviii 24.

And thou, pale youth, who long hast been
 Upon the couch of sickness thrown ;
 But was there no sweet song for thee ?
 And bowed no ear to hear thy groan ?

"The Lord shall strengthen him upon the bed of languishing thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness"—Psalm xli 3.

And 'thou, poor soul, whom the arch-fiend
 Perplexed, and tried, and tempted long ;
 But failing still to do thee harm,
 Say what was *thy* triumphant song ?

"My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness"—1 Cor. xii. 9.

Christians, whate'er your sufferings here—
 Innumerable though they be—
 There is a song each heart to cheer ;
 There is a brighter day to see.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul ? and why art thou disquieted within me ? Hope thou in God . for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."—Psalm xlii. 11.

By the Author of "Poems for the Domestic Hearth."

THE BROKEN BRIDGE.

He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Church Scholar's Magazine for 1854. London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

A very interesting little volume, and nicely illustrated.

THE FATAL MISTAKE.

"I was going to heaven, but she hindered me."

THE FATIGUING SABBATH.

"COME, my little Patty, eat your bread and butter—you are not getting on this morning," said John Armstrong, the painter, to his little girl of five summers. "No, father," replied the child, "I am so tired, and my leg aches so bad, and it has been aching too in the night, it has; and I wish you would not make me walk so far on Sunday, that I do. I would rather be at school, that I would." "

"Ah, you are a little, puny, delicate thing," said the mother, "but the fresh air will do you good." "What is *delicate*, mother? is it to die soon, like Mary Maybank? Teacher said she was always delicate. Shall I die soon, too, mother?" "Die, child! No;—who put such dark thoughts into your head, I wonder!" "Nobody, mother; they came there. But don't you think, mother, heaven is a prettier place than earth? Grandmother told me so one day, before she went there to live; and she said that aunt Sarah and baby were singing up there all the time. I should like to go there!—won't my leg ache when I get there? Grandmother said she should leave all her pains and sorrows here, when she went to live there." "Do eat some breakfast, my child," urged Mrs. Armstrong, while a tear stole unbidden down her cheek at the mention of her good mother.

"Well, Mary, I am something about the same as Patty, for I count I am more tired now, a fit deal, than I was on Saturday night, and I don't feel up to my Monday's work. I think I shall go to Church next Sunday, for the sake of getting a rest; I don't know how I shall stand all day on my job up at the Hall." "Shall I go to Church, too, father, and I, and I?" asked Patty, and Tom, and Annie. "Aye, aye—all of you, if you like," said

be tired, I am thinking, before it is half over." "No, I shall not, 'father; I was never tired when I used to go with poor grandmother," said Patty.

"Now, my dear," said the mother, "jump down, if you don't want any more breakfast. I think your grandmother left her cloak upon you when she died, for you seem to think more about things that she liked than about childish play." "Her *cloak*, mother! What, the nice warm red one,—shall I have it next winter?" "Run away, my dear, I did not just mean a real cloak, but her ways and sayings." "Oh, mother, how very funny! How can ways and sayings be a cloak? Oh, oh! funny mother!" "Come away, Tommy, we shall be late for school." "Aye, aye, run away, children, I am very busy."

"Well," said the father, "I suppose I must run away too; but, depend upon it, I am as tired as a dog; my Sunday pleasure don't agree with me. I could go to sleep this very minute, and no mistake." "Mother, mother! where is my school wrap?" "Well, I declare, John Armstrong, if I don't believe we left that nice wrap upon the bench in the Park. Oh, how very silly we all were!" "Silly, sure enough, wife, in more ways than one, I am thinking, for we shall find our Sunday pleasure cost strength and money too; so Sam Maybank's ways are best after all, for the body and the pocket, and maybe, as he says, better to think about afterwards." "Oh, I don't know about that," replied the wife, tartly; "I have nothing to trouble me about it but the child's wrap." "Well, well, Mary, don't be twisted about the matter. Good morning."

EVERY HEART KNOWS ITS OWN BITTERNESS.

No. II.

ON this heart-subject we have selected a few cases from the sorrowing many, to remind us that we are not alone in

our midnight weeping. The first we shall mention is that of the mother of a glorified infant; she tells us the tale of sorrow with her own pen:—

“When I last wrote,” she says, “I was a joyful, happy mother. My precious babe lay asleep in his cradle. I thought I would compose a little hymn, suitable for an infant’s ear; but, in spite of all my efforts, my thoughts would run upon my little one, and every now and then I could not avoid rising to bend over his cradle and see that he was really sleeping and safe. That day week I was again by the side of my little one. Again do I bend over him,—but he stirs not; the little arm is thrown out no more,—it is placed quietly upon his breast, and there is no movement. His countenance looks even more beautiful than ever; but the cheek wears not its usual flush, and the bright, dark eye is not quite closed. The lips are as red as when he used to raise them to meet mine; but, alas! when I stoop to kiss them, I start, for they are icy cold, and nought that I can do will warm them. Oh, what means it all? These are the arms I have felt twine around my neck; those eyes, how sweetly they gazed upon me, and these little feet followed me. *They tell me he is dead*; but it does not satisfy—it does not convince a *mother’s* yearning heart; she cannot feel he is dead. His image is ever before her—his thousand little ways, which none, perhaps, but herself noted, continually rise up in her heart and memory, and she feels that he *cannot* be dead.

“Then they tried to comfort me with words. They said my boy was in heaven, free for ever from pain and sorrow; but still it would not suffice. I turned away, and again and again asked for my boy. At last, my mother told me of a glorious smile that illuminated his features a moment before he died, as if he saw a vision of bliss and glory no mortal’s eye might ken of, and then closed his eyes for ever, as if his spirit had gone with the heavenly messenger. And now my heart began to feel and realise the blessed truth.

The description of his last moments awoke my slumbering faith. I saw my boy in his glorified state, robed in the garments of the blessed ones, and with a harp in his hand, joining the chorus of infant seraphs around the throne of living light. And would I now have him back again? No, no;—though my home is desolate and my heart is bleeding, I ask thee not again. I could not keep sorrow and pain from thee. Away with the angels flee thou, my son, and join in their songs of praise; and the thought of thy happiness shall give pleasure even to thy mother.”

“Aye,” says a mother, “but this babe died in his easy couch, and *nine* was taken suddenly from me; in a moment, ere I could say farewell, he was deaf to my voice. Every heart knoweth its own bitterness.”

BUSY FATHERS.—No. III

“Run, Martha!—run! Bless me, if there is not master’s bell ringing a good one! you will get a blessing, maybe, if you don’t look sharp. ’Tis very late,—he’s in a hurry to dress, though not to get up.” “Please, Sir, did you ring?” asked Martha, at the dressing-room door. “Ring! Yes, I did ring. Where is your mistress?—Call her! call her!” “Please, Sir, she is with the children in the school-room; this is their reading time.” “Call her! call her!” “Please, Sir, they sing and pray too; and missus says nobody must knock till she comes out.” “Oh, all stuff!—nonsense!—cant! Here, girl, get me another shirt—I have twisted off the button from this bothering thing; it could not have been attended to properly.” “Please, Sir, you have a set all ready, and aired, in the second drawer; missus and I always examine all the buttons, and put them in order.” “Take up the boiling water for me in the breakfast-room; see that all is ready, for I am in a great hurry.” “Please, Sir, everything is ready.”

The mother of this household had to breakfast alone with her children. Mr. Chumley—a professional man—was too late from his club at night to see any of his little ones, and he was too sleepy in the morning to meet them ere the school-time came. At a late hour every morning the wife presides at a second breakfast; for her husband is “too busy” to spare any time for her or for his children.

“What time shall we see you home, love?” Mrs. Chumley meekly asks. “That is a question I cannot answer; I have several cases in Court to-day, and I have promised to go and look at May’s new house and goods; so I am very busy.”

A hurried breakfast, and a hasty “good bye,” and the busy father is gone. As the over-anxious wife watches him from the window, she exclaims, with a heavy heart, “Oh! how I wish my busy husband would contrive to find some little time to spend with me and our children!” How can such fathers know anything of the characters of their children? How will they render in their account of them?

STEP-MOTHERS.—No. III.

In a recent visit to a country town, a lady with whom I became acquainted informed me that she had an uncle who was a widower, with a large half-grown-up family of unruly, ill-managed children. He wished to marry again, but the lady to whom he offered himself refused him on the score of his family. He informed the young people of this, and they all of their own accord went to her, and begged she would marry their father, as they were sure she would be kind to them, and make them happy. At length she consented. They all went to church with her; the girls begged to be her bridesmaids; and she was enabled so to use the influence she had gained on their hearts, that she was the means of effecting an entire reformation in the family, and they became a well-educated, well-behaved family, and turned out a comfort to their parents.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOVING LITTLE EUNICE.

EUNICE LYND was born at Australind, in Western Australia, August 3rd, 1842. She had, as an infant, delicate health; but this did not render her fretful; the most placid, gentle disposition was ever manifested by her, even at this early period. It was a pleasure to nurse her. Her mother will never forget that when only six months old she had ophthalmia, a most painful disease in Australia. There she lay on the little girl's lap who used to nurse her; not a cry was to be heard—so patient, yet not able to open her eyes for ten days. Her mother mentions this as a trait of her character in after-life, knowing as she did that her dear little one was suffering enough to make her sensitive frame quiver in every nerve.

As Eunice grew older, her disposition was so lovely and gentle that it was impossible to know, and not to love her; and thus all or any who nursed her, or who lived in the house or near, were sure, if they left, or she was moved, to come and visit her again, and bring her little presents of such as they had. Often has her mother, when she has missed her, found her sitting by the old Hottentot, servant of the people in whose house her parents resided, and prattling to her, while she would be teaching her to speak the Dutch language; and the old woman's mistress would say, "I am sure every one must love Eunice, for Anige does—and she is the most crabbed old creature living, who loves no one but herself." Thus it was, wherever she came she was sure to make herself dear friends. She would love—she could not help so—but nature was to love. Even at sea, (for this little girl had been two long sea-voyages before she was three years old; the one, from Australia to the Cape—the other, from the Cape to England,) the old rough sailors became so fond of her, they were sure to lay themselves out for her amusement.

With her extreme tenderness and gentleness she was lively, playful, and intelligent; and often would she creep upon the Captain as he was taking his siesta on the sofa, put her little fingers to his eyes, and say, "I want to see the pretty pictures, Captain!" And up he would get, saying only, "Oh! Neeey!" and empty his portfolios and drawings for her; though, naturally of a cross temper, there could be no complaint against her; and many hours every day did she beguile him to forget himself. The Mate, too—for she was a universal favourite—had become so fond of her, that she might, in her childish play, go to his cabin-door and wake him by saying, "Miasar Searp, eight bells!" though, perhaps, he had but just come down from his watch and fallen asleep. Still there were no rebukes for her, so entirely had she entwined herself around them all.

Little children, these are very little things, and they are about a very little girl, but they are worthy of your and my imitation; for Jesus bids us "love our neighbour as ourselves;" and I think if we love every one, as this little girl did, we shall surely be loved in return; for this is the language of the Bible, "We love Him because He first loved us." Often has this little one said, "Mamma, I love everybody and everything; I love the pussy, and the little birds and horses, but I don't love the carriages, because they can't speak or feel." Thus would this little one tell out her heart of universal love, and cause everything to love her. She would talk to the pussy, or the dog, or her little bird, for an hour together, as if they perfectly understood her; and though they did not learn the language of her lips, they soon learnt the language of her heart, and would never run away from her as they do from little boys and girls, who pluck their coat on the them roughly.

When Bunick was at sea, this regard for animals was touchingly exemplified. A lady, one of the passengers, had her lap-dog on board, and all noticed how fond it was

of Eunice; it would follow her up and down the deck, and when she sat down it would lie by her for an hour together while she caressed and prattled to it, though she was not three years old. There were as many as fifteen children on board, and the lady noticed that it always took refuge under her chair from them all, save Eunice. She never cried for toys, or depended on others for amusement, as much as children in general do; and it was pleasing to see what apparent trifles would satisfy and amuse her. Often would she sit and watch a little insect or spider as it crawled on the wall, or try to get it into her hand—not to hurt it, but that she might admire and love it. Her mother was obliged to make her afraid of the spiders, as the tarantulas and spiders of the Cape of Good Hope are very venomous and plentiful.

When she arrived in England it was striking to see how quickly she made friends, though all were strangers. She would jump on the lap of any one who might be visiting her parents the moment she was noticed, and say, "I love you; what is your name?"

(To be continued.)

THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH.—No. II.

Blessed, beyond doubt, would be the sojourn of the prophet in that lowly dwelling. Besides the certain daily supply of her temporal wants, the widow would gather much spiritual instruction from his teaching, and hold with him sweet communion, day by day, in the things of God. Whilst the hand of God was desolating the land, in that quiet home there would be peace, and hope, and holy joy.

But the Lord, who knoweth all hearts, saw that His humble disciple wanted the rod; she had an idol—her only son. Jealous of this rival in her affections, He shook her nest of happiness, and laid her son on a sick-bed.

“Yes, in the simple and touching words of Scripture, ‘his sickness was so sore that there was no breath left in him.’ What an hour of agony to the beloved parent! ‘Should there be any sorrow like hers?’ ‘Yes, and ten times heavier,’ says one mourner, ‘for she watched by his dying bed.’” “Yet heavier, beyond comparison,” says another; “I weep a son dead in trespasses and sins, turned to God and to communion with all but that one mighty feeling—a mother’s hope.”

But we left the widow in the dark hour of sorrow. Faith in *her* sank for an instant under the sudden blow, and her grief broke out in bitter and hasty words. "But thou came to bring my sins to remembrance, and to slay my son?" We think that this is the expression of a conscience awakened to a sense of past sin, and smarting under it; that the fact of her heart-idolatry was brought home to her by the Spirit of God, and the old men rebelled under the imputation. There are hours, in the experience of every child of God, when heart-sins rise as a cloud between the soul and God, and the hand that guides the rod is overlooked as we shrink from the heavy blows. Elijah, with the true spirit of a minister of God, upbraided not the sorrow-stricken mother, but, taking the child in his arms, carried him into his own chamber, and shut the door.

Methinks the very action must have revived the faith of the widow, for she waited patiently to see what the prophet would do. May we not believe that her time of suspense was spent in prayer; that her sin was acknowledged, and pardon sought; and that the light of God's countenance was actually shined to this humble and afflicted handmaid? The Lord heard the prayer of Elijah, and the soul of the child returned into him again. This was the first known instance of the restoration of the dead to life upon the earth. Every word of the words of the prophet's mission, and a full faith in the words of God, which she had often heard and learnt from his voice, were

the instant fruits of the miracle. See how tenderly the Lord deals with His people, even when chastening them for their sins! The rod falls heavily, but no sooner is its work done, than lo! it is removed,—the sorrowing heart is healed, and the word is fulfilled to them, “I will heal their backslidings, I will love them freely.”

Widowed mother! there is no longer an Elijah to bring back to life those you have loved and lost on the battle-field; in the deep ocean—in the quiet churchyard—amidst arctic snows—their bodies must rest till the coming hour of judgment; but the Lord God of Elijah liveth, and as sure as the everlasting hills is His promise, “Leave thy fatherless children, and let thy widows trust in me. The earthly arm of love on which you leaned is gone, but my right arm is ready to support you; the true and faithful love of an earthly spouse is taken away, but my unchanging love remaineth! Come unto me and find rest. My faithfulness and care shall bear you up in your lonely pilgrimage here, and carry you through the pains of death to that place where sorrow and sighing are unknown.”

L. S. T.

A DAY WITH THE COTTAGER'S WIFE AND HER BIBLE.—No. VIII.

BOILING THE POT.

THE pot is put on to boil for dinner. A boiling pot, from which the scum is not removed, is used in the Bible as an image of “unremoved” wickedness. The prophet Ezekiel was charged to set on a pot, and pour water in it, and fill it with the choice bones—the choice of the flock, and make it boil well, but not to remove the scum. Then this pot, so choicely filled, yet so defiled, was made an image of Jerusalem, exalted in privilege, yet so defiled by sin. “Woe to the bloody city, to the pot whose scum is

not gone out of it: "bring it out piece by piece, let no lot fall on it. She hath wearied herself with lies, and her great scum went not forth out of her: her scum shall be in the fire." Ezek. xxiv.

Does not the cottage-mother know that there is much scum in her heart also? Does she not feel sin rising to the top, in whatever circumstances she is placed? If she is much harassed and distracted, (and what mother, who must often attend at once to her children and her work, is not?) then impatience is ready to raise the cross look, the fretful word, the angry snap. If difficulties press close, then fear and unbelief rise up. If prosperity comes, worldliness rises. If neighbours prosper, envy springs up. On what pot is it that the scum does not rise? The all-important question is—*Is it suffered to settle?* Is it returned into the boiling pot till the whole mass is polluted and defiled; or is it carefully removed? Are the impatient thoughts suffered to remain, till an angry, irritable mood has clouded the whole day; or are they checked and prayed against? Are the envious, worldly feelings indulged, or striven against? Above all, is the defilement suffered to rest upon the soul, or is it at once confessed that it may be washed away in the blood of Jesus? The cottage-mother may be sure sin will rise, but she need not let it rest. If through indolence or unbelief she does, let her beware of the solemn warnings which the prophet gives to Israel, Ezek. xxiv. 13. Read them, mother, for yourself.

THE PARTING WORD.

WE are all familiar with Mrs. Hemans's touching verses on "The Graves of a Household." The same church-yard seldom contains the remains of all the members of the same family; and not unfrequently,

"Their graves are severed, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea."

Parting is a word of frequent occurrence in the domestic circle. It has long been in use; but, at present, it may be heard oftener than ever it was before. Who among us has not had to bid a long farewell to a son or a daughter, a brother or a sister, gone to some new continent or distant island of the sea? When transit from one part of the world to another is so speedy, and so comparatively easy, and when scenes of more activity and success present themselves in other climes than in our own, we must lay our account with separation—and with a separation that is likely to be final, as far as time is concerned. All that we can do in such cases is to pray and hope that the separation may be one of time only, and that we may yet meet “to part no more.”

When any of the younger members of a family have marked out for themselves a new home, and are prepared to depart, the most deeply affected of those who remain is the mother. This is natural; and where the strongest emotion—displayed, perhaps, not so much in one case as in another—is not experienced on such an occasion, we do not find a true-hearted mother. Under such circumstances, even a heathen mother feels deeply. In the slave-market, the mother set up for sale along with her child, fears their separation much more than the cruel treatment to which they may be subjected. Taken along with the cruelties her child may suffer, the feeling of separation is more poignant than we can conceive. But we know that in the mother that feeling triumphs over the other, she would bear any amount of suffering before this greatest of them all—separation. Mothers among us, who can still better estimate the value of relationship, and who perhaps, too, know somewhat of the value of the soul that is inestimable, will assuredly be deeply moved at the departure of their children, even although that departure takes place by mutual consent.

It is not enough, however, for a mother at such a time

to sorrow for the loss of those she loves. It is not enough that she be filled with anxiety for their future *temporal* interests and comfort, and that she earnestly advise how these may be best promoted. She has a further and far more important work to do at leave-taking; and surely, amid all the bustle and sorrow of departure, *this* will not be forgotten. She has to attend to their *spiritual* interests—to advise how the growth of those flowers she has laboured to plant in their hearts, may be advanced. This is a labour of love, neither long nor difficult. The hearts of those who are going, as of those who remain, are specially liable to impression at such a moment; and one earnest word, fitly spoken, may fix itself deeply in the hearer's memory, and produce a rich fruitage many days after. The writer knows a mother, whose parting advice to her son, spoken with tearful eye, he has never forgotten—"Seek the grace of God to guide you." And, it is to be hoped, he has acted upon it. Such a word, and at such a time, may be more impressive and lasting in its effects, than all the advice, encouragement, or remonstrance of bygone years. When the memory of the wanderer recurs to his home, his mother's form and voice will be most readily and distinctly recalled; and how precious may then be the recollection of some such *parting word* as,—"*If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.*" "*Seek the Lord while he may be found.*" "*Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.*"

J. S.

A TRUE STORY FOR OUR LITTLE FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 27.)

A LAMB OF THE FOLD.—NO. III.

MANY sad thoughts filled Mrs. L.'s heart as little Harry went away. It seemed so very shocking that his own papa should teach him to swear, and thus instruct him

in the language of hell; and she felt that she should like to tell him something more about gentle Jesus, greatly desiring that this sweet little boy might be one of His lambs.

Little Harry did not forget to make his appearance on the appointed day. He looked very glad as he entered the room where his friend was sitting; and as he presented his rosy cheek for a kiss, he exclaimed, "Here I am, you see; I like to come again." He was soon seated on a little stool, and fixing his eye on the picture which had at first attracted his attention, he asked, "What is that little boy's name up there in the picture?" "Samuel." "O yes, I remember now. I told mamma about the little coat his mother made. But what is he doing? Has he tumbled down?" "No, little Samuel is represented as praying to the great God of heaven; he is kneeling." "Oh! is he? What is he saying then?" "We are not told what words he said, only 'he worshipped;' but I dare say he asked God to take away his naughty heart, and to make him a good and a holy boy." "Oh! did he? Well, I should like to be like little Samuel then; but I must not swear again—must I?" "No, my dear Harry, I hope you will not, for the Bible says, 'Swear not at all;' and the Bible, you know, is God's book, in which He tells us all He wishes us to do, and all we are not to do."

We must finish the conversation next month.

HOME DUTIES.—No. V.

"Have mothers more than their share in the duties of domestic life?"

In a former paper we gave an instance of mutual help in the family, where the husband and wife were of one mind, ruling their household in the fear of the Lord; having faithful children, not accused of riot or unruly conduct, but obeying their parents in all things, knowing it to be well-

pleasing unto the Lord. In this even-handed picture, we think it appeared fully evident that the greater part of the burden fell to the lot of the wife and mother. We now propose to give another view of domestic life, in which the truth will appear more clearly, and shall take the liberty of supposing the wife and mother to be all she ought to be,—devoted to her husband, chaste, keeping at home, no busy-body, but minding well her own house, which is a pattern of neatness and order.

Her husband had pledged his tenderest affections, and for a time they lived happily together, but by degrees there was a hurriedness in his manners,—his answers were short and testy, complaints came freely, and he often spent his evenings from home, and returned sullen, saturated with tobacco smoke. A scowl upon his brow forbade conversation, she could only ask, with a tender look and a gentle voice, if he would not have some supper, which was kindly prepared for him; to which he returned a surly “No,” and walked up stairs. How that gentle heart was then riven! How deeply, how keenly she felt this neglect! And, with trembling hands she cleared the table, looking upon the untouched morsel with suffocating feelings. This was a sleepless night, and her wakeful eyes were often turned on him whom she tenderly loved. What had she done? What could be the cause of all this? she thought, yet thought in vain, till, at last, a flood of tears relieved her bursting heart, and a few hours of restless sleep brought again the morning.

With the day comes its duties. The breakfast must be ready; the children prepared for school, each of whom looked alone to its mother for direction; and visitors to our public schools, by a few questions put to any of the children, like the following, would at once ascertain the extent and responsibility of mothers: “How was it, John; you were not in time this morning?” “Mother wanted me to go out on an errand, Sir.” “Nor did not bring your penne this morning, Mary.” “Please, Sir, mother says she will

send it to-morrow." "And you, Eliza, were not here at all yesterday." "Mother says she is sorry, Sir, but she was obliged to keep me at home to mind the baby." And so universally this is the case, that masters and mistresses of schools decide at once as to the character of the mother from the appearance and habits of the child. The father seldom, indeed, enters into their calculations; and this care and burden of the mother is incessant, from morning to night, week to week, and increasing from year to year. She must bear it alone, too, unhelped, unaided. Food must be found; for the clamorous little group make all their appeals to her; the constant cry is, "Mother, I am so hungry, please may I have a piece of bread and butter."

The husband's linen, as well as the children's clothes, must be kept well-mended and tidy. Then those tiresome shoes, which, alas! must be worn two at a time. "Only think, Sir," said an anxious but clever mother, "twelve pair of shoes going every day. I am hard set to keep the shoemaker out of the house." Now all this is to be done with a scanty and uncertain purse. Oh, yes! mothers, immortal praise be yours who triumph amidst such difficulties! This is heroism—true heroism, a bloodless victory, which mighty conquerors never won. You lay a platform on which the world build all their hopes. Both men and women, as a rule, are what you make them. Courage, then, be patient, persevere, and verily you shall have your reward.

We intend, next month, to say a word to fathers, with a view to show them that, if they wish home to be happy, they must do their part; nor let the devoted wife and mother have all the toil and labour. Everything may be accomplished by united, well-directed efforts; but there is no wisdom like that from above. May the Lord, in His infinite mercy, give you understanding in all things.

M. B.

THE DYING BOY.

' From the world of spirits there descends a bridge of light connecting it with this."

' O man! there are many marvels; yet life is more a mystery than death."

"MOTHER! O mother!" said the dying boy,
 "Mother! O lead me up to share your joy!
 You often told me of the land above,
 The home of joy, of glory, and of love.
 Mother! O mother! come and take me where
 The blessed Jesus lives—oh! lead me there."

The father, blind with tears, turned to the bed,
 "Thy mother sleeps, my son, among the dead;
 Thy mother cannot hear thee, darling boy,
 She lives with angels now, and shares their joy."

The dying boy could hear no mortal voice;
 "Yes, mother dear, I come, rejoice! rejoice!"
 The mortal strife was o'er—the spirit passed
 With these glad joyous words—they were the last.
 The boy has met his mother—a bright band
 Wafts the young victor to the spirit-land.

Father! weep not—thy boy is safe above;
 Safe with his mother now, his early love.
 Wrap the white grave-robe round thy beauteous boy,
 Then tread the upward path to share his joy.

TRUTHS FROM TRIFLES, AND A NEW GAME.

WHILE descending the slope of a mountain, I overtook an old gentleman, who was travelling in the same direction; and having received a cordial invitation to dine with him, as we drew near his house, I thanked him for his hospitality and accepted it. On reaching the abode of my venerable friend, I was struck with its air of comfort, and I found that my host possessed a good share of skill and enterprise. At the house I found; besides the family, a

number of young persons from a neighbouring village. After dinner the company separated, to amuse themselves as best suited their varied fancies. One occupied himself in examining fossil and mineral specimens; another entertained a small circle, reading from "Fanny Forester;" while two others were discussing points of theology and Bible history; and I heard the question, "What was meant by the division of the earth in the days of Peleg?"

But what particularly attracted my notice was the novel way in which a company of young persons were amusing themselves on the lawn in front of the house. The play was this: each one by turns would endeavour, with his eyes bandaged, to walk in a straight line to a certain spot; and it was truly ludicrous to see how very far some, though most earnestly endeavouring to proceed in a straight line, would deviate either to the right or to the left. Among them all, scarcely one, even after a great number of trials, could reach the point for which he aimed. Simple as this sport was, I continued looking on for more than half an hour, and then, warned by the declining sun to pursue my journey, I took my leave of these agreeable people.

As I journeyed on, I thought what a striking resemblance there was in the game I had just witnessed to the manner in which many children are educated. The training they receive diverts them from the straight and narrow path which leads to heaven, as effectually as bandaging their eyes would prevent them from walking in a straight course to a given point. One mother will introduce her daughter to constant scenes of gaiety, where every influence tends to destroy any early religious impressions; where she will be flattered and caressed, until she becomes incapable of forming any correct opinion of her own character; where, perhaps, the Saviour's name is not mentioned, except in jest, and religion is alluded to only in ridicule; where false standards of character are established, and opinions and principles entirely at variance with the Bible are inculcated. And

yet this mother will express surprise among her Christian friends that her daughter gives no indication of being renewed in heart. Mother! if you bandage your daughter's eyes, it is unreasonable to expect her to walk in a straight path. Some parents bandage the eyes of their children by their EXAMPLE, and then wonder they walk out of the right path.

Perhaps the reason why some children are not more profited by the preaching of the Gospel is, because their eyes are bandaged by their parents. After the close of services on the Sabbath, their parents, on their way home, or at the table, by discussing the personal appearance of the minister—his dress, his voice, his style, his gestures, the length of his sermon, the singing, the fulness or thinness of the congregation—destroy any good impression that may have been made in the house of God. If the devil will pluck up the good seed, it is a pity parents should be the instruments! Why not endeavour to impress upon the minds of the dear children the truths to which they have been listening?—their eyes would not then be so often bandaged; they would more easily see the beauty of holiness and the glory of the Saviour.

How often do children walk in crooked paths, because their eyes have been bandaged by their parents! Let mothers and fathers inquire, too, whether the reason why THEY so often stumble themselves may not be because they have bandaged their own eyes! Mother, take off the bandage while you have the opportunity.—*Mother's Journal.*

CAUTION TO YOUNG MOTHERS.

If your child seems very unhappy, young mother, try to ascertain the cause of its sorrow, before you blame the 'little mourner for being cross. A fond young mother, known to us, was grieved to see her only darling restless

and fretful, and both mother and father thought the little creature was fretful from ill-temper. To the mother's deep sorrow she found, when she undressed the dear child, that she had left a large needle in a little new petticoat she had just made, and it had inserted itself far into the little sufferer's side. How very distressing to the fond parents to find they had blamed, where their sympathy was so much needed !

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

When inclined to give an angry answer, lift up the heart in prayer.

If from any cause you feel irritable, keep a strict watch upon yourself.

When others are suffering, drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to their state.

Speak kindly to servants, and praise them for little things when you can.

Always try for "the soft answer that turneth away wrath."

When you have been pained by an unkind word or deed, ask yourself, "Have I not often done the same thing and been forgiven?"

Never judge another, but attribute a good motive when you can.

Compare your manifold blessings with the trifling annoyances of the day.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Band of Hope Review for 1854. London: Partridge and Oakley.

A very attractive, useful, and cheap volume for our young friends

The Teacher's Offering for 1854. London: Ward and Co.

A little volume full of useful truths, nicely written and nicely got up.

THE VILLAGE TEACHER.

GONE—AND MISSED.

“ For a man’s works do follow him : bodily standing in the judgment .
Behold the false accuser ; behold the slandered saint ;
The slave and his bloody driver ; **THE POOR AND HIS GENEROUS
FRIEND.**”

Who among us would like to go out of the world without a tear of regret falling on the cold pale face, as the man of gloomy trade slides the coffin-lid over it, making it ready for the deep and narrow house in the old churchyard ? We sometimes hear it said, “ Miss or Mrs. So-and-so is dead ; but nobody will miss her.” Then, again, we hear the remark, “ Another neighbour is gone to the grave ; but she did good to none beyond her own family.” What a sad misfortune, we say, to have a heart too small to hold love for any save relatives !—too small to give out a feeling for those who are suffering afflictions, bereavements, losses, and disappointments ! How sad ! How unlike our great Exemplar, who was always ready to help and soothe the sorrowing, and instruct the ignorant,—going about doing good ! To die, and not be missed ! Then surely it follows that such persons have lived in vain. There is one class, certainly, who *are* missed, but only by the quiet they leave after their riotous life, and the placidity found in the home they filled with loud words, angry frowns, and grumbling, murmuring spirits ! How melancholy to feel there will be none to grieve that we have departed from earth,—none to rejoice at the thought of meeting us in a world of love beyond the portals of the dark valley. Oh, who would die thus !

‘ I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow’s sigh.’

No, no ! we confess to the weakness—if weakness it is—we *should* like to be missed. Yes ; and we *should like* to leave the world better for having *lived* in it. We *should*

like to meet some in heaven to whom we have been useful, if only one poor mother, and a few Sunday-school children. We must not linger, or our paper will be too long.

The teacher who has just been laid in the village churchyard will be missed, more than many of the mighty and noble of the earth; for she lived to do good to mothers and children, even to the last month of her life, when her brow was silvered by more than seventy winters, and her once-active limbs had long refused to bear up her slender frame.

Miss L. was the daughter of a village medical man; but being early deprived of both parents, she was consigned to the care of an aunt, whom report assures us was one of the excellent of the earth. Her training, with the blessing of Heaven on her efforts, seems to have prepared the niece for the same active and benevolent life she had herself lived; and when she died, the orphan Jane carried on the work she had commenced.

It was her daily occupation to teach the children of the village in all useful work, with reading, writing, and arithmetic, when required; and almost all the present race of young village-mothers owe their knowledge of useful things to this devoted teacher.

The girls were taught to make every article of their clothing, save shoes—even to gloves and stockings; and we believe she could, when she liked, extend her handiwork even to some kind of shoes. The whole wardrobe of a village maiden could be prepared at Miss L.'s school. The boys also were taught to be industrious, and we have seen them knitting stockings and netting cabbage nets with right-glad looks of happiness. There was something about the mode of her teaching the very little ones to read that never failed; so that it became a saying in the village, when a particularly dull child appeared among the youthful group, "Send her to Miss L.'s school; if anyone can teach her anything, she will."

We have sometimes gone in to look at the cheerful teacher

and her scholars, when to us it appeared a perfect Babel ; yet she seemed to peep through the crowd of thirty or forty children with her bright black eyes, and discover what each little urchin was doing or saying ; and our attention was directed to " Billy " or " Sally," who were among the idlers. And if you called to see her when school-hours were over, you were sure to see one or more of the little ones bearing her company in her parlour, or peeping in at the half-open door. Love of children seemed inherent in her very nature, nor do we think she would have been happy without them. And then, in the hay-making season, and when the precious grain lay scattered over the fields, waiting for the active hands of the gleaner, what a blessing was this village teacher to the young mothers ! We have seen her sitting with an infant on her lap, others at her feet, only high enough to " touch baby's fingers ;" a cradle with another babe resting in it, and little ones of various ages sleeping on the carpet of her parlour, while their mothers were busy in the surrounding fields. For many years this devoted teacher was unable to walk, even from one room to the other ; but, sitting in her chair, the elder children were accustomed to move her from the room where she held her school into her parlour, where she enjoyed the latter part of the day, and where she had her " close-up " bed, on which to pass the night during the last few years of her life.

While she enjoyed her usual health, which was never good, she was a true lover of the house of God, and a faithful friend of the ambassadors of the cross. In the Sabbath school she was for a number of years, even to the last day her health would allow, a zealous, constant, and devoted teacher ; and when a Maternal Association was formed in the village, none were more ready to lend a helping hand than Miss L., and she took her seat with a smiling face, at the right hand of the lady who presided, as secretary for the maternal band.

Such is a brief sketch of this village teacher's labours. But what remains to be told? What did she herself receive, think you, for her own share of all the profits from her school? Oh, we are glad that eighteen thousand mothers will read this page—an angel would like to tell the tale. Miss L. charged one penny per week for each child, or two-pence for three of a family; but not one single farthing did she appropriate to her own use. No; she had a scanty sum to provide food and raiment left her by her worthy aunt. Her wants were very few. She therefore gave back half the proceeds of the school to the children in pinafores, frocks, slates, and copy-books, and the other half was treasured in an old-fashioned box, for the LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY. Such was the disinterested devotedness of this active disciple.

We can easily imagine, when the missionary's wife in far-distant lands reads this page to her maternal band—as many will do,—the heathen mothers will bless her memory, and with sorrowing countenances will exclaim, "She worked for us! She helped to send us our teachers—she will be missed!" Yes, the village teacher is missed. We shall miss her tales of antique date, her lively stories of passing events, and her words of encouragement and hope in gloomy days. *The little children* will miss her, for she was ever ready to smile on all the baby-faces in the parish, and soothe all the little sorrows of childhood's days. *The mothers* will miss her, for her school was the resort and refuge for infants, and troublesome, mischievous urchins; for safely landed at her side, and beneath her gaze, the mothers felt they were secure from harm. *The neighbours* will miss her, when in anxiety and perplexity they exclaim, "Who will show us any good?" *The Missionary Society* will miss her; for her contribution to its funds was more than any other in the village from individual effort.

During the last days of her life, when the infirmities of age pressed upon her, many of her friends advised her to

give up her school; but "No, no," she would say, "I cannot see that right." She could not bear the thought of bidding farewell to her youthful charge;—so she worked on till the last short illness came, and then, like the trusting infant we have seen hushed to sleep in her arms, she seemed to rest in the arms of Jesus. In looking back on the past, she felt the blood of Christ was upon it. In looking forward to the future, she felt she was leaning on One mighty to save, who stood waiting to lead her through the dark valley to the bright city beyond. "All is peace and tranquillity," she remarked to a friend, "nothing seems to ruffle my path. Jesus will smooth my dying pillow." At another time, a friend repeated the lines,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

"Yes, yes," she rejoined, "and there are no thorns in that pillow." So calmly and peacefully did the village teacher pass away. The river of death seemed perfectly still; no waves beat back the weary pilgrim from its banks. "So He giveth his beloved sleep."

The friend of mothers and their little ones is gone: gone—and missed. Her record is on high. On earth, she laboured as a humble disciple of Him who went about doing good. She now walks the golden streets of the Celestial City, and ranks with the royal family of heaven.

February 28th, 1855.

REFUGE FOR THE WIDOW AND FATHERLESS.

"Let thy widows trust in me."

I was staying with a friend in one of the northern counties, and was requested to visit a poor woman who lived at some distance and was sick. I traversed the city, making some inquiries, and at length arrived at a little dark alley, where I was directed to a ruined house. I ascended a

flight of stairs that almost sank^k beneath my weight. It was a bitter night, and the wind and snow drove through the broken roof, and might have entered the poor woman's room, were it not that careful hands had stopped the crevices with paper. But, with all this carefulness, the room was bitter cold, even with a few decaying brands upon the hearth, which the sick and sorrowing woman was trying to fan into a flame.

A pale, thin girl, with large bright eyes, was crouching beside her mother. As I entered the room, I heard her cough; and, oh, it seemed to shake her tender frame. I stood to listen to their conversation, not being willing to disturb them. The tender mother was addressing her fading lily. "Mary, my dear," said the mother, "I cannot bear to hear you cough so sadly; keep that shawl close round you, you are cold, I know, my child," and as the poor woman spoke she shivered. "No, mother, I am *not* very cold," replied the child, coughing again, in a deep, hollow tone. "I am very sorry you always, make me wear your shawl, when I know you are so very cold, dear mother; do wear it yourself." "My dear child, you need it most; think how sadly you cough to-night," replied her mother. "I am grieved I do not know how to avoid it, yet I do not think it right to send you out to-night. The wind blows so keenly, and your shoes are so thin. I think I must go myself." "Oh, no, mother," said the sweet child, "you must not expose yourself, so weak as you are; you must stay with poor baby. What if he should have another sad fit in your absence? Do not fear for me; I am used to the cold now, mother."

The conversation was here interrupted by a little voice from a scanty bed in the corner. "Mother dear, I am so cold; may I get up and come to the fire?" "Dear child, it would not warm you. it is very cold here, and I can't make any more fire to-night." "Why not, dear mother? there are four new sticks. Do put them on, and let us

all get warm for once." "No, my dear Henry," said the mother in a soothing voice, "that is all the wood mother has got, and she has no money to get more." And now, as she spoke, the sick baby in the cradle awoke, and mother and daughter were both busy in attempting to supply its little wants.

This poor woman was a widow. Six months before, she had a tender and affectionate husband, in health, and earning a comfortable livelihood for himself, his wife, and family. But affliction and bereavement had come; and, in a crowded city, this lonely woman was in poverty and distress, seeing day by day her precious babes fading before her, and her own health fast sinking, with nothing but a trifle she could get by her needlework, with her sick baby on her lap. But yet that poor woman's face was patient, quite firm. Nay, even peace shone on her countenance. Whence comes it? There was a Bible in that room, not splendidly bound, but faithfully read,—a plain, homely, much-worn book. My heart was so grieved at what I had witnessed, I could not enter the room, but softly descended the stairs to obtain some provision for this suffering family.

The sequel next month.

A DAY WITH THE COTTAGER'S WIFE AND HER BIBLE.—No. IX.

THE BURNT CAKE.

THE cottage-mother was frying some cakes over the fire. She was called off; she left one too long—it is burnt. She reproaches herself for the wasteful carelessness, yet even from this she may derive some benefit. What says the prophet Hosea? "Ephraim is a cake not turned. Strangers have devoured his strength, and he knoweth it not. Yea, grey hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth it

not." (Hoses vii. 8, 9.) What a picture of a careless soul! senseless, helpless as the cake which has just been burned on your hearth, it will lie still and perish, and even while perishing will have no consciousness of its ruin. Dear cottage-mother! what need we have to cry to the Lord not to leave us to ourselves, lest we perish like the unturned cake.

THE SALTED MEAT.

The careful cottage-mother must now look at her salt meat, rub her bacon, see that the salt is well sprinkled over every part. She knows that one spot neglected would become tainted, and then, perhaps, the taint spread over the whole. "Ye are the salt of the earth," said our Lord to his disciples. (Matt. v. 13.) Oh, my cottage friend! what are you doing to stay the spread of the pollution of sin that surrounds you? Your example must have an influence; of what kind is it? Does your quiet, gentle manner and tone of voice rebuke any outbreaks of passion? Does your steady diligence rebuke the idler? Does the peace of your well-ordered house arrest the attention of any negligent mother, and rouse her to do likewise? Has your steadfast observance of the Sabbath awakened any neighbour to their neglect of that sacred day? Many eyes are upon you. What have they seen? Are you the salt of the earth, or has the salt lost its savour?

A WORD TO FATHERS.

FATHERS, we are prepared at once to admit that all mothers are not like those whom we have portrayed in some former papers; they are not always chaste, keepers at home, no busy-bodies, and well ruling in the fear of the Lord. But what then? Is she not the woman of your own free choice—the wife of your bosom? Did you not

solemnly vow, in the presence of Almighty God, that you would love her, comfort her, honour and keep her, in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all others, keep only to her as long as she lives!—and nothing but death can release you from that engagement. It may be true that she turns out to be anything but a helpmeet. But is there no blame due to yourself? Were you circumspect, cautious, prudent? Did you make inquiry as to her character and temper? Now, if you did not, you have no right loudly to complain, and your wisdom is to make the best of your circumstances. Much may yet be done; if your affection is mutual and true, there will be a disposition to bear and forbear. Your duty is plain and clear; it may not be either pleasant or easy, and will demand a constant effort; but it must be made, if you expect to be happy or comfortable. Let us suppose your wife to be neither careful nor managing, come home when you will, you find everything in confusion, your meals never ready, your hard-earned wages frittered away, you know not how; and, to crown all, she is sullen and ill-natured. We have not the case thus strongly, that we may meet it in its worst aspect.

The first thing to be done, is to get a perfect mastery over your own temper; set a guard upon your lips, that you speak not hastily with your tongue. Say not, "This is too provoking!" "I can't stand this!" but resolutely keep silence; yet, by a quiet, steady determination, give her to understand that you intend to be master in your own house. Give advice without complaining, and show her her error without humbling or mortifying her. Do it by way of suggestion, after this fashion—"What do you think, wife? Should you like this or that?" Or, "Don't you think such a course would be best? I should like it, if you do." And, by way of observation as to others, show her what you expect from her; but never let it be in the way of commendation, as that would excite jealousy.

It may be, your home is far from comfortable; don't be so disgusted as to leave it in a pet, and seek refuge in a beer-shop, where all is clean and pleasant, while the hostess smiles upon you, and is attentive to your every want. This would be the first step to real misery. Go in this path, and the end thereof is assuredly death. No; your own house must be your home, and in the company of your wife and children you must find your happiness. Set the example of neatness in your own person; she will soon begin to be ashamed of her dirt and slovenliness, and your constant presence will work wonders upon her habits of regularity and order. Your uniform good nature, coupled with firmness and decision, will quickly manifest itself, and, instead of being a miserable, disappointed man, you will enjoy a comfortable home, and make your wife and children happy.

It is a great mistake, which multitudes make who think that as soon as they are married, they are going to be happy, whereas they are but just stepping over the threshold of all their troubles. The work of a happy life is still to be done. Most likely they have to find out their wife's temper, and then to govern their own; a few vexations, a few jars, and they give up all for lost. They lose confidence in themselves, and have not the tact necessary for the occasion. We would say to such, "Don't be hasty—all may yet be well; you have made your bed, and you must lie in it; and it will be either pleasant or disagreeable according to the way you take." How wonderfully blessed is that man who, under such circumstances, has heavenly wisdom to guide him. Trusting in the Lord, he will not make haste. Believing the promises of God's Word, he will put his whole trust and confidence in Him, and they who put their trust in God shall never be confounded.

THE FATAL MISTAKE.—No. II.

"I was going to heaven, but she hindered me."

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

"MOTHER, please teach me my text; teacher likes me to say it well, and I like to hear her say, 'There is a good little Patty,' that I do." "Well, sit down, child, and read it; let me hear what it is." Patty read from Matt. xvi 26—"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" "La! Patty, what odd texts you have to learn, they make one melancholy! Come, make haste and get over it, child; I cannot be hindered." "Yes, mother. Oh! I do wish grandfather was living! then I should not hinder you, mother, should I? 'What is a man profited'—" "There, there, you can read it over and over till you can say it, and I shall hear you, I dare say, while I am in and out the pantry." "Will you, mother? so I will. 'What is a man profited'—"

Poor little Patty went on and on with her text, till at length her mother said, "There, there, Patty, that will do; your text will be ringing in my head all day, and, I am sure, 'tis melancholy enough." "Ringing, mother! what, like a bell, do you mean?" Oh, how funny, for my text to be a bell!" "There, run away to play, Patty; you are an odd child!"

As little Patty ran out to the back of the house, a young lady knocked at the front door. Greeting Mrs. Armstrong with a pleasant "Good morning," she followed her into the house. "I call, Mrs. Armstrong," said Miss Avery, the Sabbath-school teacher, "to speak to you about little Patty; we think it such a pity she is not allowed to attend school on the afternoon as well as on the morning of the Sabbath day, and the child seems to wish it herself." "Well, ma'am, as to that, I think she would be always in

school if she had her way ; you see, she was taught a good deal by my poor old mother, and I guess she will be very like her if she lives. But you see, ma'am, we like her to go for a long walk with us on Sunday afternoon, but I am glad to get her out of my way while I am cooking a bit of dinner." "And do you think it right to take your own pleasure, and do a part of the six days' work on the Sabbath day ? You and I, Mrs. Armstrong, were better taught than this in our young days. I remember, when a girl, taking some work from mamma to your good mother, Mrs. Pillmore, and she told me, in the course of our conversation, that no blessing would ever follow the labours of those who would not keep holy the Sabbath day ; and I can say, from experience, that God's ways are ways of pleasantness, and His paths are paths of peace." "Well, miss, I am sure I wonder to hear you talk so at your age, why, I should think the world was coming to an end if I felt just like that, and I shouldn't be fit for any of my work." "You make a sad mistake ; none are so fit for work, Mrs. Armstrong, as those who can look forward to a rest in heaven. And then, you know, the world with us will soon be at an end ; and then you will have to meet all your children at the judgment-seat of Christ, to give an account of the way you have trained them ; and we, as Sabbath-school teachers, must meet our classes there. This is one reason why we are so anxious that the parents of our children should work with us, that we may all live in heaven together. Did you ever think of a mother's responsibility, and that she will be the means of leading her children to heaven or hell ?" "Well, ma'am, I can't say that I ever thought much about that ; but as little Patty is weakly, and tires of our Sunday walks, she may go to the Sunday school if she likes, and then stay at her aunt's till we call for her." "Thank you ; I shall be glad of this, for Patty is a sweet little girl. Good morning."

Mrs. Armstrong's domestic work went on rather heavily

after this interview, but she tried to banish the remembrance of her early teaching, and her good mother, as much as possible.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOVING LITTLE EUNICE

(Continued from page 48.)

As Eunice grew older, the strength of her affection deepened, and if a gentle rebuke was necessary from papa, she would steal away like a sensitive plant, and perhaps, a quarter of an hour after, would be found, with a big tear stealing down her cheek, not a sob to be heard. If her sister, who was older, was going out with her mother, and it was not convenient to take her, she had only to explain it to her, and say, "Mamma will be back again soon," and away she would go, singing, "Mamma will be back again soon." And the first thing to be heard on her return was, "Mamma's come back again," and her sister would surely be asked what she had seen or heard, but not the slightest chagrin could be seen on her happy countenance because she had not been allowed to go.

Eunice was always a favourite with the servants, and the sweet spirit of humility and gentleness which ever pervaded all her little words and ways, always made her a welcome guest among them. They were sure to love her; and one bought her a little chair, that she might sit down and make her visit as long as she liked. She seldom addressed any one without attaching the epithet "dear" to their name, which, in her case, was purely original. Thus it would be, "Anna dear," "Papa dear," "Mamma dear," and if it was a servant, it would be "Mary dear;" and so beautifully and courteously would it be always said, that where it might have sounded like a superfluity, it seemed but natural in her. Her large and full dark eyes were so expressive of the deeply-seated affection of her heart, that you could not mistake that she meant what she said when

she declared, "I love everybody." She was always happy and playful, and little would the beholder have imagined, either from her sweet countenance or her temper, which was naturally buoyant, that she was a frequent sufferer, and always had delicate health. So patient was she in suffering, that she would be frequently ailing without its being discovered.

Though so amiable and loving, the parents of little Eunice did not think, at this time, that the dear child was really renewed in heart, for she would not sit still to hear the Word of God and prayer, but would be restless and say, 'But you do pray so long, papa;' and sometimes, when she got up from her knees, she would say, "Neecy didn't pray!" and she would look through her fingers at dinner-time, when papa asked a blessing, instead of attending to what was said. But there came a time when Eunice did love God's Word, and prayer and praise too; and I will now tell you about it.

Many of her mother's friends did not think she would live to grow up. There was a precocity in all her thoughts and ways, as well as her delicate health, which gave rise to these feelings respecting her; while many observed, "She will be a sweet character if she lives to grow up." When she was about four years old, her parents removed to Devonshire, and she rejoiced at the thought of being allowed to run about the fields and lanes, as she used to do at the Cape of Good Hope, for she seemed, young as she was, to know that she needed more air than she had in London, where her strength would only admit of two short walks a-day, so that she often used to say, "I do want more air in my b'est!" (breast) Accordingly, when she got into the country, she grew fast, and was more healthy; and it was beautiful to see her bounding like an antelope upon the garden path, or up and down the fields, gathering her lapful of wild flowers, and then she would come and leap upon her papa's knees,

and say, "I am so happy!" She was very fond of her papa's company; and when he was in the house she would hang about him, and kiss him, and tell him how much she loved him.

In the winter of the same year in which she went into Devonshire, her papa was taken very ill, at a distance from home; and when she saw her mother and her sister kneel before the Lord, to entreat Him to make papa well, she would kneel too, and put up her little hands, and sigh very heavily; and once she said to her mother, "You must not cry so when you pray to the Lord, mamma!" Whether she said this because she felt moved to see her mother weep, or because she thought it was wrong, is not known; but from this time she manifested an entirely new set of feelings and ideas, and her sister Anna said to her mother, on the return of her parents, "Mamma, I'm so glad you and papa are come home; Eunice used to be so sad when you were away."

Many weeks her papa was shut up in the house after he came home, during which time he had much opportunity to mark the change which had taken place in her mind with respect to the things of God. Instead of saying, "You do pray so long, papa," as before, she would say, "Shall we have a meeting, papa, and pray and read?" and then she would sit so quietly, and be so attentive,

THE PARTING WORD.—No. II.

THE temptations to which young men are exposed, when they have left their homes, are numerous and sore: They differ, of course, in number and strength, according to the sphere in which the person is placed; but whatever be his new position, temptation will exert itself far more powerfully, and be much more ready to overcome, than

when he was at home. The reason is, simply, that the influences of the pious family-hearth are not now breathing around him. Love and fear act upon him now only indirectly; for those whom he respects, and loves and fears, are far away. Instruction, too, failing to be repeated, begins to die. Former good example is readily put aside; and a youth may be far on his way to ruin, ere a thought of his former advantages crosses his mind. But we believe, if any of the sweet words he ever heard at home will be remembered, and made the subject of reflection, they are *the parting words*. He is hurried back to the moment when he stood on the threshold of his childhood's home, about to leave it, and perhaps for ever;—to the moment when his own soul was in great bitterness, and when that of his mother yearned over him in a sea of contending emotions; when *she* gave him, as her best of keep-sakes, one little expression, and implored him, as he loved her or his own soul, never to part with it. He remembers that word; he muses upon it; he bethinks him how little use he has made of it—nay, he feels that, to all intents and purposes, it has been forgotten. His first thought then, perhaps, is, how he can answer his mother for her keep-sake; but his next may be, how he can answer God, for all his former privileges. These privileges will be recalled and recounted, and, under the blessing of the Spirit of all grace, the remembrance may work within him a “conviction of sin, and apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ.”

Mothers, who have the eternal interests of your children at heart, send along with them, when they leave you, one *parting word*. Short and simple soever, if it be earnest and impressive, it may become to them a priceless treasure. That Spirit, who “takes of the things of Christ, and shows them to the soul,” may make the recollection of it the era from which your child may date his spiritual birth.

J. S.

A TRUE STORY FOR OUR LITTLE FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 54.)

A LAMB OF THE FOLD.—NO. IV.

"ARE there any hymns in the Bible?" said little Henry, in continuation of the conversation last month. "No; are you fond of hymns?" "Yes; I like Sally to say them to me when she puts me to bed." "Can you repeat any to me?" "No; but I should like you to say some to me." "Well, here is a very pretty one I will teach you, if you like, and you can say it as a prayer to gentle Jesus." "Please to read it to me."

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

"Fain I would to thee be brought;
Gracious God, forbid it not
In the kingdom of thy grace,
Give a little child a place.

"Oh, supply my every want,
Feed the young and tender plant;
Day and night my keeper be,
Every moment watch round me."

"Do you like this hymn, Harry?" "Yes; very much. Can you sing it?" "Yes; I have the music of it; and when you can repeat it to me, we will sing it together." "Well, I shall like that; and I will sing it to papa. I told him he would not go to heaven if he did not leave off swearing. He laughed at me; but I should like to go to live with gentle Jesus, so I shall not swear any more, not even when papa tells me to do so; for I shall say, God says, 'Swear not.' Where is little Samuel now?" "He is in heaven, dear; he lives with gentle Jesus now, where good angels are, and all the holy people who have lived and

died ever since God made this wonderful world of ours ; but if you really wish to go there, you must love the Saviour who died for us, and you must pray to Him."

"Well, I wish I could see Him; I would ask Him to make me like little Samuel." "Oh, but He will hear you, ask Him now. Although you cannot see Him, He sees and hears you." "Does He? Then I will tell Him I want to go to heaven. Will He let me, do you think?"

"Yes, I have no doubt He will. If you are sorry for your sins, He will forgive you; and if you ask Him to teach you to love Him, He will send His Holy Spirit into your heart to help you. He came down from heaven once to die for us; and while He was here, He took little children like you in His arms, and blessed them. And after He had died to save us from the misery which our sins deserved, He came up from the grave and told His ministers to attend to the little ones, and called them His lambs."

"Did He? But I suppose He knows I used to swear?"

"Yes; He knows all things; but He has said, that if you are sorry for your sins, He will blot out all the naughty things that are written against you in His book. Now, let me try to make you understand this, my little Harry. Observe me. As you cannot read my writing, I will print something on this paper with my pen for you to read. There, now read those words." "I can now read that,

'Harry used to swear.' But why did you print those naughty words?" "Well, I will tell you presently. Would you like me to put this over the chimney-piece, that I might always remember it?" "Oh, no; don't, don't, don't do that, because I am not going to swear any more for ever."

"Well, I thought you would not like me to do so. Now look at me. I will take the feather-end of my pen, and put it in the ink, and blot out the words. There, can you read it now, Harry?" "No; to be sure, I can't; 'tis all black."

"Well, just so gentle Jesus will ask God to blot out all the naughty things written in His book against you; all

that you have ever said or done, if you are sorry, and love Him and pray to Him." "Then I will tell Him I want to be like good little Samuel, and go to heaven to live with Him. Now shall I see the squirrel?"

STEP-MOTHERS.—No. IV.

ALL step-mothers are not so wise, nor are all step-children so tractable, as some of those we have mentioned. I am slightly acquainted with a lady who married a widower with one little boy. The poor child had had the misfortune so common to motherless babes, of being left to ignorant people. He was a very clever, witty boy, but he had very delicate health, and he was very naughty. His new mamma had a great idea of discipline, but, unfortunately, she did not begin with self-discipline. The child was naughty from morning to night, and from morning to night was she correcting, as she called it,—scolding, whipping, boxing his ears, and putting him in the corner. But the child grew no better, and I fear he never will under such a discipline; and unless either he should be transferred into other hands, or unless she should learn wisdom, it is not to be expected she will ever acquire any power over him for good.

GOD IN EVERY THING.

He refreshes the fevered brow, and colours the pale face with the soft south wind. He braces with new vigour the exhausted frame. He spreads the glory of opening day over the mountain tops, and draws the curtains of darkness around us. He creates the colours of the rainbow, and sends rain to water the earth. Sickmess and health are His to give, and He holds the key of the dark valley. And this great God "so loved" us, as to give His Son to redeem us. Who would not love Him?

THE SEA-BOY'S TOKEN.

"MOTHER, the dark and seething waves
 Soon will bear me from thy side,
 And I know thou'rt sad, dear mother,
 Though your tears from me you hide.
 But let not tears bedew thine eyes,—
 Look for my return with joy;
 For He that rules both wind and wave
 Will from danger save thy boy.

"Come, then, cheer thee, mother mine;
 Though I leave thee, do not pine.
 Come tell me—from those distant isles,
 Where beauteous summer ever smiles—
 What thou wouldst have me bring to thee '
 Say, aught of air, or earth, or sea '
 Shall I bring thee, mother mine,
 Pearls in thy dark hair to shine ?
 Fair gems from distant ocean caves,
 Or treasures from beneath the waves ,
 Sapphire blue, or wild bird's wing,
 Which unto thee shall I bring ?"

"There's but *one* token I'd have thee bring,
 From o'er distant lands to me;
 And that is, thy young and guiltless heart
 From sin's dread thralldom free !
 When back thou comest to me, my boy,
 Oh ' that fair token with thee bring ,
 And I'll prize it more than ocean's gem,
 Or the hues of the wild bird's wing "

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J. P

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Grace All-sufficient London Nisbet.

A deeply interesting memoir of no common sufferer.

Abraham and his Children By EMILY GOSER. London Nisbet.

A useful book for parents, with much scriptural information and example.

Julamark. By Mrs. WEBB. London Clarke.

An instructive tale of the Nestorians. We cordially recommend it to our young friends.

A MOTHER'S REGRET COMING TOO LATE.

Character is mainly moulded by the cast of the minds that surround it."

"Good morning, Mrs. Varley; how is your poor Sally this morning?" "Thank you, she is no better, or eve will be, in this world, Mrs. Manly, worse luck! Can you lend me a drop of milk? She wants a little arrow-root poor soul, and 'tis not much more she will ask me for here that's certain!"

The cottage-mother who asked this little favour was tall, thin, pale woman, with a very anxious expression of countenance, and looked, as she stood in the door-way with unwashed cap and unlaced boots, the very picture of misery and no marvel, for she had been sitting all night watching a daughter's sick-bed.

"There, Mrs. Varley," said the kind Mrs. Manly, handing a bright tin kettle; "take all, for I shall be able to get some more by tea-time; and I am sure you are kindly welcome to anything I have in my house, for I feel very much for you, and a fit deal about the poor dying Sally." "Yes, yes, I am sure enough of that; and now I see, too late, that those I thought my children's friends were their enemies, and those I thought enemies were real friends."

Saying this, the poor night-watching, heart-stricken mother staggered towards the door, and would have fallen but for the helping hand of Mrs. Manly. "Oh, dear, dear, what shall I do? I am so weak, and my head is so giddy, I think I shall die, too, over this trouble!" "There, there; sit down, poor thing, do. I dare say, if the truth were known, you have not had bit or sup this morning. Draw near the fire while I get you a cup of coffee." "Oh! you are very good, Mrs. Manly, and you make me feel ashamed, as if I had wronged you like; for you see, when you warned me about Sally and Charlotte, I thought you a

finé talker, but too particular; and I did not believe in anything you said. Oh! if I had, my poor Sally would not be where she is; that's very certain. Oh, Mrs. Manly, I feel sometimes as if my very heart would burst right in two, and Thomas is not much better; for, you see, Sally was always his favourite, and she was, to be sure, poor soul, a nice-looking lass, though I, her mother, say it! But, there, maybe 'twould have been better now if she had been as ugly as old Martha the rag-woman!" "Well, as to beauty, Mrs. Varley, I always tell my children, handsome is he that handsome does; and the beauty of piety is far better than the beauty of a poor body that may be spoiled by death any day; and good-looking maidens in our day more often fall into snares than plain ones." "Ah! that is as true as St. John's writings; for I have found it to my cost! Maybe you will look in by-and-by, and say a word to Sally. I am sure I am uncommonly obliged to you for my nice cup of warm coffee; it has done me a power of good. I must go now to my melancholy work again. Good morning, for the present."

THE DYING YOUTH AND HIS FRIEND

WE often hear mothers expressing very deep anxiety about their sons who are gone forth into the world without manifesting the character and piety that their early training might lead their parents to expect. Doubtless there are many reasons why this is so frequently seen; perhaps over-indulgence, lack of firmness and consistency in the parents, may be among the causes for this state of things; but, we think, our heavenly Father sometimes allows the parent's faith to be thus tried, even when He has approved of the early training, and we have known several instances where the mother's death has been the means of leading the son to his mother's God. The following narrative,

sent to us, may encourage mothers to hope that a friend may be found to carry on their work when the grave has closed over them :—

“The young man of whom I am about to write,” says our friend, “I knew for many years. In his early training he had many advantages, but he did not appreciate them until he was laid on a sick-bed; then he felt his past folly. I had not seen or heard anything of him for many months, when suddenly I became very anxious about his welfare. This continued for several days, when I determined to ask about his state at his father’s house; on my way thither I met his sister coming to fetch me. She told me her brother was very ill, and wished to see me. I felt this was a singular coincidence, and caused me to feel the importance of observing the leadings of Divine Providence. The friends of the young man deemed it advisable to remove him to the Hospital for Consumption, and there I visited him. I found him in an agony of mind as to his safety for eternity. When I found this, I felt my responsibility was very great. It was, indeed, a very solemn place; to stand by the bed of a young man, not yet twenty-one, about to depart to the world of spirits, and anxiously asking if there could be hope for him. Yet I felt I stood there by a special providence of God, and was led to hope for Divine aid, and with an anxious heart I hoped to lead him to the Rock of Ages.

“This young man had a pious mother in heaven, and I now felt that I must put off the friend and ACT THE MOTHER’S PART. Oh! who can describe the yearnings of a mother’s heart for the salvation of her beloved children! I now requested my young friend to be very explicit, and tell me the whole feelings and state of his heart, and particularly why he was thus troubled. He replied, ‘I longed to see you, because you can talk to me. Do not read; I am so very weak and near my end. I know I am a great sinner—IS THERE PARDON FOR ME?’

“I spoke to him of a pardoning God, who was full of mercy; and he then said—‘I have lived a life of sin; can I be forgiven?’ ‘I fear I am too wicked.’ I directed him to the cross, and urged him to put up the publican’s prayer in the name of Jesus. He was fully aware of his approaching dissolution; nature was fast exhausting, and this increased his deep anxiety as to the future. He repeatedly complained of the want of power to pray, and his mind appeared, all through this interview, to be greatly distressed and harassed lest he should not obtain pardon. I, of course, led him to those passages of Scripture likely to aid and direct him, as well as to understand the character of a holy God and the work of the Saviour. After committing him to our God I took leave, while his words rang in my ears, ‘Come again—come again!’ which he uttered with great earnestness.

“On my next visit I found my young friend much weaker; but although his mind was still very anxious, I was gratified to see he was more calm and resigned. I said to him, ‘Now, dear John, I must be very plain; you are brought into dying circumstances, and I want to know how you feel in the prospect of eternity; what think you of going into another world?’ He replied cheerfully, ‘I am not afraid to die now. I do not wish to live.’ Finding this was the prevailing state of his mind, I said, ‘Then you think it better to depart and be with Christ?’ To this he assented. I asked if I should pray with him? He readily replied, ‘Oh, do—oh, do!’ and immediately clasped his poor emaciated hands together with intensity of feeling, and cast his eyes upwards, anxious to hear every word.

“When prayer closed, he looked affectionately at me, and said, ‘Oh, those sweet—sweet words! I have followed you in all you said.’ He deeply mourned over his inability to pray, and incapability to collect his thoughts. I spoke to him of God’s tenderness; of our great High Priest, Jesus, and of the Holy Spirit’s help, leading him

particularly to the cross, and the blood that cleanseth from all sin. His eyes beamed with satisfaction, and he began to entertain a good hope. He then said, 'I pray very differently to what I could when you were here before.' He was deeply humbled, and continually lamented having lived so neglectful of his soul and eternal things. After talking to him of the willingness of our heavenly Father to receive the true penitent, the offers of mercy to such, and His gracious promises, his countenance brightened up with a heavenly smile; he evidently became more tranquil and happy, and hoped and believed he had obtained pardon. Being much exhausted, I begged he would compose himself to sleep. After a few moments he awoke, and looking up, said, 'I feel very differently now to what I did when you first visited me. Do not leave me—*do not leave me!* Do stay with me, if you can, till I die! Now, talk to me again.'

"After another conversation I found he was quite happy and composed in looking forward to the hour of his departure, hoping and relying on Christ alone for salvation, and although he lamented and mourned over his past neglect, and his inability to pray as he desired, to the last, yet was he in an enviable state of mind, thanking and praising God for his prospects of happiness, attributing all to grace alone. His mind had become much more clear to discern spiritual things, and he rested his hopes for pardon of sin and salvation on the right foundation—Jesus Christ. He was now drawing near the end of his earthly career, but he was not afraid to die. I was obliged to leave him in charge of a beloved sister, and I saw him no more, but I trust ere long to meet him in a better country. He died in peace, leaving a pleasing testimony behind that he is gone to be with Jesus, being washed in the blood of the Lamb.

"H. D."

Thus did the dead mother's God find a friend for her prodigal boy in life's last hours, leading him back to the cross from which he had departed.

THE FATAL MISTAKE,—No. III.

"I was going to heaven, but she hindered me."

NEW VIEWS.

"WHY, John, where have you been? My Sunday dinner will be overdone, I am quite sure. Why, bless the man, if he doesn't look as cold as an icicle." "Do I, wife? well, I am *not* cold, then; so you must not take me by my looks now, if you did once long ago. I have been to church to hear Sam Maybanks' parson, and just about he has given us a good sermon, and what do you think his text was?" "Why, how can I tell?" "Well, it was in Isaiah lvi., and the last two verses; all about keeping holy the Sabbath day. I do think, if you had been there, Polly, you would have said somebody had been telling him all about what I have been thinking and doing." "Well, maybe they have, for there are pretty many folks like to talk about their neighbours—what did he say, then?" "Why, he said that many a Sabbath-day's pleasure made a man more tired than his every-day work, and that half the sorrows brought upon families were begun by breaking God's laws, and particularly God's day; and I must own to the truth of what the good man said, for I was ready to say every minute—Yes, Sir, that's true again, I know." "Bless me, John, how your memory is grown, to be sure! Why, you will be as bad as Sam Maybanks soon, and then we may as well be all parsons together; for my part, I don't know what a fine preaching world we shall have, if the likes of you begin just like that indeed." "I tell you what, Polly, I wish I was like Sam Maybanks; for I can see with half an eye he is the happier man of the two." "HAPPIER? well, John, I am sure you need not say that, for you have as good a home as Sam has, and better cared for; too, if I am not mistaken." "Well, well, wife, don't be put out by what I have said. I meant happier as to a *future* life; and that is no little matter towards

making a man happy in *this*, you see, Polly; for, as the good clergyman said, this life, at the longest, will be but short, compared with the life beyond the grave." "Well, I suppose everybody knows that as well as the parson; but you don't mean to go out of this world just yet, I suppose, do you?" "Well, as to that, you see, wife, it all depends upon the will of another, as you shall see after dinner." "See! what do you mean?" "Let us eat our dinner, Mary, and then we will go on with the subject."

In the middle of the dinner little Patty put down her spoon and fork, and looking up, she asked, "Who is dead, father, did you say to Mr. Maybank?" "Dead, child!" exclaimed the father, looking anxious and uncomfortable. "Yes, father—in that letter, I mean, with all black round it." "What—have you had a letter then, John?" "Why, to tell the truth, I have, Mary; only I intended you should eat your morsel in comfort before I told you." "What is the matter, then? who is the letter from?" "Well, dear Polly, it is from a friend of your brother's; in fact, from his young master." "Dear me, oh! what has happened?" "It is a melancholy tale, wife. Poor Charles was painting a top window in a high house, and fell down." "And is he dead then?" quickly interrupted the alarmed woman. "Why, yes, Polly, I am sorry to tell you he is; so, you see, our stay in this world, as I was saying but now, don't depend upon our will." "Well, don't preach to me, John, but tell me about my poor brother." "Well, poor dear fellow, the letter says he fell, and never spoke any more; so this is an awful warning, I am sure. I could not take any pleasure to-day for ever so."

Mrs. Armstrong wept bitterly, and murmured something about "very hard to be sent out of the world that way, and so young too,"—but no reply was heard. The evening found John Armstrong again in the Temple; but on his return he found his home comfortless, the fire gone

out, and his wife and children in bed. He hastily took a bit of supper, and then retired, wondering which *could* be the best path for comfort and happiness, here and hereafter, his wife's, or the good clergyman's.

A HOUSE FULL OF FURNITURE.

"My mother was a wise woman," said old Mrs. Biscoombe to me one evening, as we sat together by the light of the fire; "and she used to say, 'if you had a house, empty when it came into your possession, and if you were permitted to put what furniture you pleased into it, but were not allowed to take anything out of it, would you not be very careful how you filled it with useless lumber?' Now," said Mrs. Biscoombe, "what my mother said to me, I say to *you*. Take care what you put into your child's mind; you may put in almost anything; but no power short of the Almighty's can take anything out."

Mrs. Biscoombe's mother had acted on the plan she had recommended to others, and had stored her child's mind with God's word, and with a number of beautiful hymns. Mrs. Biscoombe is now an old woman, and sometimes bed-ridden, but she still remembers beautiful and striking passages leaped in her youth. Days of pain and sleepless nights are thus beguiled. When friendly neighbours come in, she can entertain and instruct them from these old stores; and when those in a rank above her own come to pray with and comfort her, their spirits are often refreshed by the sweet and appropriate quotations with which she enlivens their conversation. Thus did Lois, and thus did Eunice instruct the youthful Timothy; and thus, dear young mothers, should you fill the minds of your little ones with good words, and comfortable words, which they will remember, long after your voice has ceased to be heard in the scene of your present trials and duties.

THE DYING SAINT

"WELL, Mr. Burns, how do you do? These are solemn times in which we live." "Indeed they are, Sir; I have just been reading in the *Times* one of the longest lists of deaths I think I ever saw, and the mortality has been especially great among the aged. A very old friend of mine is gone, and I seem like a sparrow alone on the house-top." "But, pray, how is the Rector?" "Ah! Sir, he also is gone to his rest and reward." "Indeed! I heard he was very ill, but had no idea he was so near his end." "Yes, Sir, this morning, at ten o'clock, his happy spirit entered into all the joys of a blissful eternity, for at that hour he died; and the Scriptures say, 'that to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord,' and such a death-bed scene, Sir, I never witnessed. Our dear friend was mercifully free from pain, and his mind was calm and composed; and gathering up his little remaining strength, seemingly quite sensible that the time was come when he should go unto his fathers, he, in the most solemn and tender manner, addressed us in nearly the following words, for they made such an impression on my mind, that I am not likely soon to forget them.

"I am going up to heaven; and I long to be gone, to be where my Saviour is; *why are his chariot wheels so long in coming?*' Then, with both arms stretched up to heaven, 'I desire to be with God; I hope I am a sincere Christian, but the meanest and the most unworthy. I know I am a great sinner, but did not Christ come to save the chief of sinners? I hope I shall find acceptance in Christ Jesus. I have trusted in Him, and I have strong consolation. I have been looking into mine own heart, what are my evidences for heaven? Has not the Scripture said, 'He that believeth shall not perish, but shall have everlasting life?' Now, according to the best knowledge I have of what faith is, I do believe in Christ, and I shall

have life everlasting. Do not the Scriptures say, "He that hungereth and thirsteth after righteousness shall be satisfied?" Surely I hunger and thirst after it, I desire to be holy; I long to be conformed to God, and to be made more like Him—shall I not then be satisfied? I love God; I love Christ; I desire to love Him more, to be more like Him, and to serve Him in heaven without sin. I have faith; I have love; I have repentance; yet I boast not, for I have nothing of myself; I speak it all to the honour of the grace of God—it is all grace. I say, then, I have repentance, and faith, and love, but faith and repentance are nothing without Christ; it is He who makes them acceptable to the Father, and I trust in Him. My friends, I have built on this foundation—Jesus Christ, He is the only foundation; as my last request, let me entreat you to build on Him, and you will be safe for eternity!

"Here, with a look of ineffable delight, he lay gently down upon his pillow, he spoke no more, and in about half-an-hour his spirit stood before the Throne. Thus died our good and excellent Rector. Indeed, Sir, it is deeply and solemnly affecting—may our last end be like his!" "Amen, Mr. Burns, Amen—Farewell."

M. B.

A TRUE STORY FOR OUR LITTLE FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 79.)

A BAME OF THE FOLD.—NO. V.

"Now shall I see the squirrel?" was the question Harry had just asked when we left him. "Alas! my little Harry," said Mrs. L., "I have a sad tale to tell you about the squirrel. You shall see him, but he will never crack a nut again; he cannot jump, nor eat, nor see you, nor breathe now." "Oh! what is the matter with him then?"

"He is dead, poor little fellow; but I would not have him buried, because I thought you would like to see him when you came." "Yes, I should." "Well, come into the other room. There he is, my pretty squirrel, quite cold and dead." "Oh! dear, I wish he had not died. Is he gone to heaven?" "No, he had not a spirit formed to live for ever, as you have; he was only intended to live a short time in this world, and then return to the dust, to live no more; but this little body of yours will be raised from the grave, and be joined to your spirit again, when gentle Jesus tells the angel to sound the great trumpet at the last day."

"Well, but my *head* will go to heaven with my spirit, I suppose?" "No; your little body will all return to dust, and remain there until the great God gathers it together again; but the part that thinks will go away to live in a beautiful place with the Saviour, if you love Him." "Well, I do love Him, for he is very kind. Now come away, I don't like to look at the poor squirrel now he can't play with me. Did Jesus love little squirry?" "Yes, He loves everything that He has made, and He provides for everything, as you will understand when you are old enough to read your Bible, and think about what you read; but here is tea going up, so we will follow. Do you like cake, Harry?" "Yes, and sugar too; but look, there is a fly on the sugar." "It is a little ant, Harry—a very busy, industrious, little creature. Who made it, Harry?" "Oh! I know now; to be sure, gentle Jesus." "And who taught it to gather its food, and make its little storehouse to receive it, Harry?" "Why, gentle Jesus, who taught the squirrel to hide the nuts—I have not forgotten that." "Right, my little man; and do you know that if one has a heavy load, too much for it to carry home, some of its companions will come to its aid? They are very clever insects, and seem to understand one another very well. I will tell you a story about them when I see you again."

REFUGE FOR THE WIDOW AND FATHERLESS

No. II.

"Let thy widows trust in me."

ON returning to the room, after having obtained some provisions for the suffering inmates, my attention was again arrested; the poor woman had her babe in her lap, her little boy at her feet, and her precious girl beside her. She was reading to them; yes, from the Bible!

"'Let not your heart be troubled; in my Father's house are many mansions.' So you see, my children," said this pious mother, "we shall not always live in this little, cold room—Jesus has promised to take us to a better home." "Shall we be warm there, and have enough to eat?" said the shivering boy. "Yes, dear," said the mother, "listen to what God's Word says 'They shall hunger no more, nor thirst any more, for the Lamb in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.''" "I am glad of that," said little Mary, "for, mother dear, I cannot bear to see your eyes so full of tears. But mother," she continued, "won't God send us something to eat by to-morrow?" "See, my dear, what the Bible says, 'Seek not what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; your Father in heaven knoweth that ye have need of these things.''" "But, mother," asked little Mary, "if God loves us, why does He let us be so poor?" "My child," said the mother, "Jesus Christ, God's well-beloved Son, when He was on earth 'had not where to lay His head;' cold, hunger, and weariness He knew; and shall we who are so sinful murmur at His will? In His own time He will help us, for His own Word declares that those who 'wait upon the Lord' shall not be sent empty away. Though the blessing tarry, we must wait in hope, believing." "Oh! mother dear!" exclaimed the children, "what should we do without the

Bible? It speaks comfort to us, even though we are cold and poor."

Gladly I entered the chamber, and administered to this godly, suffering family, who humbly knelt with me, to pour out praise and thanksgiving to Him who had thus sent them help in time of need.

A DAY WITH THE COTTAGER'S WIFE AND HER BIBLE.—No. X.

LEAVENING BREAD.

MANY texts may be brought to mind when the leaven is put into the bread. (Matt. xiii. 33.) "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." (Mark viii. 15.) "Take heed, beware of the leaven of the Pharisees." (1 Cor. v. 6—8.) "Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump? Purge out therefore the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump, as ye are unleavened. For even Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us; therefore let us keep the feast, not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth." *

A small portion of sour or fermenting leaven is put in the midst of a large kneading trough; it spreads through every part, even to the farthest corner. What an image of malicious, wicked thoughts! Once admitted into the soul, how they spread, affecting its every power. The attention is fixed on the evil object; the memory feeds the evil with recollections from the past; the fancy trims it in false, deceitful colours; the judgment can no longer decide aright—the affections love where they should hate, and hate where they ought to love;—the leaven of evil has spread through the whole. A woman can easily pour the leaven into her kneading trough; but by what power,

when it has spread, ~~and~~ ^{we} purge it out? We can easily, alas! how easily, admit the evil thought, but if we would purge out this old heaven, we must look for almighty help.

' BUSY FATHERS.—No. IV.

"Oh! mamma, you are looking at your watch!—is it near dear papa's time to come home?" "Yes, dear; papa will soon be here." Away bounded a number of little feet to the window, and a cluster of merry faces watched from the corner of the window for "dear papa." "Oh, here he comes. I am so glad. And such a nice blazing fire!—pa says he likes to look at our faces by fire-light. There is his rap—and now, let us all run and get behind the parlour door, and jump out." "Ah, papa! you *did* start," said Albert, "we *did* frighten you!" "How are you all, darlings?—and dear mamma, too?" said the merchant prince, as he took his seat in the centre of his merry, happy group.

Very soon the busy father had one little child on each knee, and two others sitting at his feet, listening to "papa's evening chat," and recounting to him all the school-room business and incidents of the day. The baby, too, is brought down, crowing and cooing, to greet the kind father, and receive his evening blessing. Before the little party are sleepy and weary, mamma plays a tune, Willie gives out a hymn, and they all sing together. The good father then commits his lambs to the care of the Great Shepherd, and happily each dear one rests on the pillow without a thorn. Angela must delight to hover around such families. The father has, indeed, been "very busy" all day amidst the world's bustle; but morning and evening found him helping the anxious mother in training the precious little group for a useful life here, and a gloriously happy life hereafter.

FUNERAL LINES.

"She is not dead."

"She is not dead," for she liveth on high,
In light too great for the mortal eye,
And where earthly pinions can never soar;
The tears that we shed o'er the part that is dead,
Are but for the sake of the part that is fled—
We honour the shrine for the treasure it bore.

"She is not dead," for she liveth below,
Her example emits a most heavenly glow,
And she "speaketh" in tones of resistless might
As the flower that hath perished its fragrance retains,
As the sun although set in its image remains,
Her memory long will be blessed and bright.

"She is not dead," for her body will rise,
Its destined home is in Paradise,
In the grave it will make but a transient stay.
Thus the seed corrupts to revive and bloom,
Thus the worm for a time in its chrysalis tomb
Prepares for a beauteous display.

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

THAT ROCK WAS CHRIST.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

Do you know a flower called the myrtle? I love it for its beautiful white blossoms and dark green leaves, but also for another reason,—because I have read that in warm countries it grows wild in clefts or holes in the rocks, and there is a hymn which says:—

"A rock is cleft for me,
More sure than shelters thee
The Rock of Ages."

My letter to-day will be about this Rock, and when you have read it, I think you will understand why I love the myrtle. Have you seen a rock? Did you ever stand on the sea-shore and watch the waves dashing against some tall, strong rock, bursting as if in fury, and only wetting its foot with their beautiful white spray? When I was a child, there was one rock at Weymouth which pleased me very much, because it had several clefts or caves into which I could creep, and which reminded me of David hiding from Saul. There are many texts in the Bible which compare God to a rock; I should like you to make a list of all you can find. In this letter, however, I am only going to write about one passage, and I will leave you to find it out.

Moses (that holy man, with whom "God spake face to face, as a man speaketh to his friend,") once asked of Him a strange, a wondrous request. "I beseech Thee, show me *Thy Glory*." God told him, that mortal man could not see it and live—(no, it was far too bright)—but that He would put him into a cleft or hole in a rock, and would cover him with His hand while His Glory passed by; and then He would permit him to see something of it—just, as it were, a faint glimmer of that before which angels veil their faces. Yea, this he might see, and also he should hear the voice of God himself proclaiming His own most holy name. Now, dear children, picture this scene in your minds. We have talked of many Bible scenes, but is not this as wonderful as any of them? Moses—safe in the cleft of the rock—covered by the hand of God—listening to His voice—seeing something of His Glory, and feeling that he was near what he could not see and live. Yet he was safe, and why? Because God himself had said that he should hide in the cleft of the rock, and God himself had put him there. Thus, my dear children, all those are safe (from God's anger, from Satan's power, from all that can really hurt them), who are hidden in "The Rock of Ages."

Many times in the Bible is Christ compared to a rock, and if you look in the margin of your Bibles, Isaiah xxvi. 4, you will find the words "Rock of Ages." Yes—age after age—that is, one hundred years after another passes away, and Jesus never changes, never gets weary of listening to prayer, never gets tired of saving sinners. Ah! and never loses His power to save. He is truly a rock. His way is perfect, and He is as strong to save, and as kind to love you, my little ones, as He

was more than one thousand eight hundred years ago, when He took little children up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them. Well may He be called 'The Rock of Ages.'

I have written as in a parable, 'can you understand me' To be hidden in the cleft of the rock is just the same as to become a child of God; to believe in Him, to trust Him, to be washed, pardoned, accepted. God grant that you may indeed know, for yourselves, what these blessings mean. Amen, and Amen!

Oxford.

MARY.

THE FIRM MOTHER.

A MARINER's wife, whilst her husband was at sea, lost a child, leaving her with only one son. The husband returned home only to die, and was laid in the same grave. The poor widow gladly availed herself of the opportunity of sending the child to the grandmother, who was very partial to him. The mother, in her loneliness, soon became anxious to have her boy under her own eye, and at last fetched him home.

One evening, returning from her work, she bought a picture for Willie; it was placed upon the table, and Willie was to see it after tea. But not satisfied with it on the table, he must needs have it on the chair; this was contrary to orders, but Willie was inclined to be obstinate. His mother took the picture, and put it away in her drawer. Master Willie, mightily offended, and determined to show that he was angry, got his little stool, and sat with his back to his mother, so sulky that not a word would the generally chatterbox utter. As soon as the tea was finished, Willie's sharp eyes detected his mother arranging his bed-clothes. Instantly the little tongue was loosed; "Willie don't want to go to bed yet, mamma." "Yes, but Willie has been acting very naughtily to mamma, and must now go to bed."

The poor widow yearned over her child, yet was firm. In the morning, when Willie awoke, his mother was busy about breakfast, and he begged to be taken up. "No," was the reply; "Willie must be punished for being a naughty boy." "But Willie not a naughty boy now. I will be good, mamma." But again the mother was firm, and not until after breakfast was Master Willie allowed to rise.

A MATERNAL ASSOCIATION IN A DISTANT COUNTRY.

WE insert this note from a far-distant land, hoping some friend may be willing to aid the interesting undertaking.

"Cape Town.

"MADAM,—A friend having lent my wife several numbers of *The Mothers' Friend*, I had the curiosity to peruse them, and derived so much satisfaction from reading the excellent publication, that I have determined to call a public meeting for the purpose of establishing a Maternal Association in Cape Town, on the plan proposed at p. 17, vol. iii. Any information that you might be willing to impart will greatly oblige; and should any Christian friends of your acquaintance feel an interest in this part of the world, a donation of *Tracts and Mothers' Friends* would doubtless greatly assist in furtherance of the proposed object.

"Your obedient servant,

"W. J. IRONS,

"Hon. Sec. of Cape Town Mechanics' Institute.

"Copy of the bill I have ordered through our bookseller, near Britain, whose Agent's address is, 'M. H. Donkin, at Ward and Co.'s, 27, Paternoster Row,' to whom any parcel can be sent, to be forwarded in his monthly case:—

"MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

"A public meeting will be held at the Assembly-room of the Town-hall, on Monday afternoon, to take into consideration the propriety of establishing an association of females for

the purpose of mutual improvement, on Christian union, of mothers and Sabbath-school teachers. Chair will be taken at three o'clock. The meeting will be addressed by several ministers and gentlemen of various denominations.—W. J. IRONS.'

"*Tracts and Books desirable.*—'Invitation to the Maternal Meetings,' 'Mother's Monitor,' 'Mother's Hymn Book,' and 'The Mothers' Friend.'"

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

SAYINGS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

Tommy, the Sunday-school Boy, and his Mother.—One Sunday morning a little boy, named Thomas, returned home from the Sunday school; he found his mother busy preparing dinner, and being in a hurry, as soon as Tommy entered, she said, "Make haste, Tommy, and fetch me some wood, that I may make the pot boil." The little fellow, only six years old, stood looking in astonishment at his mother, who repeated the command. As soon as his tongue could find utterance, he said, "Not only wicked yourself, but want to make me wicked too." The mother respected the feelings of her child, and instantly fetched the wood herself, thankful that the lessons of the Sabbath school had been so well understood. There is reason to believe that the mother has endeavoured to do without working on a Sunday ever since.

Tommy and the Launch.—The same little boy witnessed the launch of one of our largest steamers. As the vessel glided off the stocks, crushing any timber in the way, the chain cable, not being sufficiently slackened, snapped asunder, amidst the shouting of one party and the fears of the other. Tommy held his father's hand, and, though trembling, said, "Father, do you know what that puts me in mind of?" "No. What, my boy?" "Of the earthquake in the prison where Paul and Silas were, when the chains fell off them."

Tommy and the Empty Sepulchre.—Some weeks after, the stays on each side (where the vessel had been reared, and from which she glided) being left standing, the empty space seemed very large. The boy, looking on again, asked if they knew what *that* reminded him of?—"The empty sepulchre where Jesus had lain."

MAKING OTHERS HAPPY.

A mother who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done during the day to make others happy, found a young twin-daughter silent. The elder ones spoke of deeds and dispositions founded on the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Still the bright face was bowed down in silence. The question was repeated, and the dear little child said timidly, "A little girl, who sat near me on the bench at school, had lost a baby brother. All the time she studied her lesson she hid her face, and cried. I felt so sorry that I laid my face in the same book, and cried too. Then she looked up, and put her arms around my neck, but I did not know why she said I had done her so much good."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Infants Asleep in Jesus. By REV. A. CUTHBERT. London: Hamilton.

Pages of comfort for bereaved parents.

True Greatness. By JANE BOWRING CROUCH. London: W & F G. Cash.

A poem to introduce a very worthy and useful poor man.

Zenon the Martyr. London: Clarke.

A tale of the suffering and triumph of religion.

The Children's Huzamah. London: Jarrold.

A book full of hymns, worth six times its price.

British Workman. London: Partridge and Co

A cheap, illustrated monthly paper, full of good hints.

A MOTHER'S REGRET COMING TOO LATE.

(Continued from page 82.)

In the small bed-room of a cottage sat a sorrowful mother; with her head resting on her hands, and the tears falling through her fingers, silently she wept, for she was afraid to lift the corner of her apron to wipe her cheek, lest the pale sleeper before her should be disturbed. A young woman, who had evidently been very good-looking, lay on a small low pallet, panting away her life; disease had blighted her youthful bloom, and was now drinking up her life-blood. She was the eldest daughter of an industrious mechanic, and, after living in service for a year, she had returned to her childhood's home to die. She had been sadly neglected and indulged in her early days, and allowed to leave her home at twilight every evening, to ramble with idle companions in the streets and lanes of the town. Very soon Sally Varley was drawn into the vortex of folly, among the lawless and worthless, who are ever found disturbing the quiet of respectable people, when the shades of evening shield them from the eye of man,—if a mother wishes for the destruction of her daughter or son, she can take no more effectual means of accomplishing it, than by allowing them to join the rambling, ill-disposed youths found abroad in the evening hours. Sally soon became a favourite with the reckless company, and entered into all their plans with delight, the love of dress soon took possession of her heart, and as her father could only afford to give her plain clothing, she went to service, at the suggestion of her mother, in order, as she said, “to pick up a few new things, and come home to wear them.” Poor Sally found, too late, that Satan is a hard master, and often, like the world, ‘hugs the thing he hates,’ till sudden destruction falls upon his victim. Sally's love of going out in the evening, and standing at the open doors, did not leave her when she lived amongst strangers, and the exposure to the

night air, with the consequent circumstances, soon brought her to a premature grave,

We now return to her sick-bed, where her mother, who had winked at all her youthful follies, now sat, a mournful, sorrowing, and heart-reproved woman "Mother! mother!" cried the sick girl, opening her bright, glassy eyes, "has Charlotte begun my blue dress yet?" "Dress, my child! Have you been dreaming about a new dress?" "No, mother; don't you know the pretty one I brought home? I want to see how it will look made up, and, maybe, mother, I may wear it yet. You cry, mother; don't cry; I shall get better I dare say yet, and then it will be ready, you know, for me to wear." "My dear Sally, you must not think about such things now." "Why not, mother? I can't think about anything else." "Why, my dear, because the doctor says—Oh, here comes your father, I hear him below; I must step down to see all things are ready for him." "Stop, mother, tell me what does the doctor say?" "Why, he says, my dear, you are very ill, and that he cannot cure you; and that he hopes you will—but I will come up again in a minute or two,"—saying this, the agitated mother left the room.

EARLY LESSONS FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

"Yet is it a talent of trust—a loan to be rendered back with interest"

THE effects of the training which children receive for the first year, indeed for the first six weeks of their lives, can scarcely be appreciated, unless one has made it the subject of special study.

For the first three months, it is well to keep an infant dressed in a plain, loose night-slip; and the more it is kept in bed, and the more it sleeps, the better. The frail tenure of a child's life may be compared to a cutting from a shrubbery, which you wish to take root—this will require

considerable precaution and skill in its management. If you do not understand the process, you will not save one in ten—if you do understand it, you may succeed in almost every case. And the same particularity as to *heat, light, air,* and *feeding,* must be observed in the management of the infant as the plant.

The first child in a family is often injured by the treatment it receives, its advent is, indeed, a matter of congratulation to its parents, but its little eyes are too often closed; it must be admired oftener. Perhaps a friend or neighbour comes in, just as the tiny thing has commenced its nap after the fatigues of washing and dressing; we have seen it taken up, rudely shaken, talked to, and, if possible, made to open its bright blue eyes to be admired. Such cruel experiments will soon induce in the child a habit of restlessness and wakefulness, injuring both child and mother. An infant should be kept sleeping and eating, at proper intervals, with great uniformity for six weeks. This, more than anything, enables the mother to regain her usual strength, and attend to other home-duties. A child that is not managed rightly at first, will worry and cry from mere restlessness—the young mother, to quiet it for the moment, will feed it—the infant over-eats, and the foundation of disease is often thus laid in life's first days.

More thoughts for you, young mother, next month.

THE FATAL MISTAKE.—No. IV.

"I was going to heaven, but she hindered me."

THE RESOLVE.

Months passed on over this divided family—John Armstrong continuing to attend the house of God on the Sabbath, and refusing to take his usual walks with his wife and children, often reasoning over the matter with his wife, and mentioning to her from time to time what he

heard on the subject of Sabbath-keeping from the good minister he had chosen to attend.

One Sabbath, as the family took their seats around the table, John said, in a kind, loving way, "I do wish, wife, you would give up your hard work on the Sunday, and let us all go to church; I am sure you would like Mr. Hargrove; and we could do very well without hot dinners, with a little cold meat and a bit of your nice pickle. Really, your face looks heated and tired, and Sunday does not give you any rest." "Oh do, mother! let us *all* go,—oh, how nice it will be!" said Patty, "and my teacher will be so glad," she said, "How nice it was to see father in a place of worship!" "Oh, I dare say!" replied Mrs. Armstrong. "We shall be marked people soon, and talked of with all the cant heard among those who pretend to be better than their neighbours! No, indeed, I shall not have cold meat while I can get hot; and as to going to church, why we can go where we like, I suppose, in a free country; so, if you choose to alter your plans, John Armstrong, and your way of living, you had better get a new home too, for this one won't suit you, while I have to see to it, I can tell you."

"No, no, wife!" said John; "I am hard to believe that religion makes people unhappy, just like that, I have no fault to find with my home nor my good wife, only I want you to have more rest and more leisure to think about another world; for, since poor Charles died, somehow I don't feel the same as I did, and the Bible seems a new book to me." "I tell you what, John Armstrong," said Mary, raising her voice, and looking very angry, "if you intend turning round like that, you may mind your own comfort, for I shall neither care for husband nor home." "Stop, stop, Polly!" rejoined John, struggling to keep down the rising temper; "if this is *your* purpose, why then you will alter *mine*; so, if you will take all the responsibility, I will stay at home instead of going

to church, and let things go on as they ~~went~~ to go. Only mind, you shall take the blame of turning me back from a good and happy way; and here I resolve," added he, striking the table with his hand, "to give up the narrow way, which the good man has taken some pains to tell me of, and to walk with my wife in the broad road, where the multitude are found!" Saying these awful words, John took his hat, and walked out into the open air, to cool his excited head and heart.

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S PAGE.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it, for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name"—Rev. iii. 8

DEAR CHRISTIAN MOTHERS,

Permit me to send you a few simple thoughts about these sacred words, trusting that, by God's blessing, they may help you in your journey through this world. If we look at the other passages in the Word of God which speak of an open door, we shall find that they refer to preaching the Gospel without interruption, in other words, to *doing God's work without hindrance*. Now, is not this just what our hearts desire? What is our work as Christian mothers? Surely, one most essential part must be to train our children for God. We are permitted and commanded to do *everything* to God's glory, but it is of the training of our children which I would more especially write, as being very near our hearts. Before whom does God say He has set this open door? Before those "who had a little strength, and had kept His word, and had not denied His name." Let this be a word of warning as well as encouragement. Let us see to it that these three descriptions apply to us, if we desire from God power and opportunity with our children. The stronger our faith is—the deeper our love—the closer our communion with our risen Lord—the more blessing shall we have in our endeavours to bring up our children for God.

Do we not sometimes feel discouraged that we cannot do great things for Christ? Let us remember, He has set before us

(If we are faithful) an open door, and all we have to do is to go in thereat. It is set before us, but let us earnestly entreat the Lord to *show* it us. Have you never felt disheartened because you could not regularly find the time and quiet for instructing your children in God's Word that you wished? Be of good courage; lay it before the Lord, and watch for an open door. Perhaps it is very difficult to find opportunities when all your children are together, excepting at morning and, perhaps, evening prayer, or at stated times on the Lord's day. Well, but sometimes one child is with you, and sometimes another. Seize opportunities, and they will surprise you by their number. Oh, do not neglect the open door which is before you, because it is not quite easy or pleasant, or because you know of others which are more to your mind.

Christian mother! it may be that some passage of Scripture, or some words of earnest warning, read or spoken to the dear child, who (you thought) *happened* to be alone with you that evening when you were wearied and less busy than usual—it may be, that those words will return to him again and yet again, keep him from the paths of the destroyer, and guide him to the Shepherd's fold. "*Whatever* thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Oxford.

MARY.

A TRUE STORY FOR OUR LITTLE FRIENDS.

(Concluded from page 91.)

A LAMB OF THE FOLD.—NO. VI.

"WHY you tell me the story about the little ants that you promised me?" asked little Harry, as he again entered Mrs. L.'s drawing-room. Mrs. L. willingly assented, and told him the following anecdote.

"One day a gentleman was sitting very quietly at breakfast, when he observed a number of ants very busy with his sugar-glass. He drove them away several times, but they did not mind—they returned again, and were as busy as ever, going from lump to lump. so he thought he should like to watch what they would do if he put the sugar-glass a little out of their reach, and he suspended it by a string from the ceiling, at a short distance from the table. For

some time they seemed to run about in great concert to find out how to reach it, and at length they got upon each other's shoulders, and reached upwards; but all in vain: it was too far for the topmost of them to jump into the glass, and they fell down as fast as they got up. When all their labours seemed useless they went away, and the gentleman thought they had given up the matter; but, not long after, he saw several of them coming down the string from the top of the ceiling, and jumping into the sugar-glass, while several others, who seemed to understand all about it, were creeping up the walls, intending to cross the ceiling, and follow their example."

"What a pretty story!" said Harry. "Did gentle Jesus teach them all that?" "Yes, He gives wisdom to every insect, and everybody." "Does He? but He didn't teach my papa to swear, did He?" "Oh no! God gave him his speech, but he makes a bad use of it." "Yes, I'll tell him not to swear any more. I should like to live with you." "Well, dear Harry, we live very near to each other, so you can come often to see me; and I hope, when we are called away from earth, we shall live together,

'In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare,
'For all who are washed and forgiven.'

There we shall be for ever happy, for sin cannot enter that holy place; and we shall be very wise, for we shall know as we are known."

This dear little boy continued to visit his friend, who had become greatly attached to him, for several weeks. At length he did not pay his accustomed visit for three or four days, and Mrs. L. was about to inquire after the sweet little fellow, when one of his papa's servants came running in breathless haste to tell her little Harry was dying, and had been anxiously wishing to see her for many hours. She quickly obeyed the summons. As she entered the hall of the house, little Harry's papa

rushed by her, covering his face with his handkerchief, and crying in bitterness, "My boy! my boy!"

Mrs. L. stepped quietly into the sick-room, and found the lovely child had just passed away from earth. She mingled her tears with those of the bereaved mother, who was still hanging over him, unwilling to believe she should hear his voice no more. But his happy little spirit had winged its way to a better land, to rest in the bosom of the great and good Shepherd. On inquiring about this little lamb of the fold, Mrs. L. found that he had very often begged them to call her to him, but they refused to do so till too late. A few moments before he departed he looked at his father, exclaiming, "Papa! I shall never swear any more. Jesus loves me, and I am going now to live with Him in heaven."

He is holy and happy now,
His crown is on his brow;
He sees his Jesus, face to face,
And sings of His redeeming grace.

I WISH I KNEW WHAT WAS THE WILL OF GOD.

"I AM in a great deal of trouble this morning, Mr. Brown, how fortunate it is that you should just give us a call." "Well, if I can be of any use to you, Mrs. Parker, I shall be glad; but we sometimes think we see the land of God where it is not, and where it really is we fail to see it. Thus, when things go well with us, we are ready enough to acknowledge the hand of God, and sometimes lift up the heart in grateful praise; but in the dark and cloudy day our faith gives way, and we see anything rather than the goodness and mercy of our God. But what is this trouble about which you speak?" "Why, Sir, we have received this morning by post a letter from

a gentleman in London, offering to take our William, and it has put me into such a flurry, I don't know what to do." "Why so? I thought you were looking out for a situation for him?" "So we have been; and we are very anxious about him." "And now the door is opened you are afraid to go in?" "Why, you know, Sir, there are so many things to consider, and it is come upon me, as it were, all at once." "That is, you have been looking at it some time from a distance, but now that it comes near, and you are called upon to decide, and do something, you are quite at a loss how to act?" "Well, really, Sir, that is just it; but then, you know, it is a very serious thing to part with our dear boy. He never left us before. I am afraid it will almost break his heart to leave us, and everybody says London is such a dangerous place." "No doubt about it; but what does Mr. Parker say?" "Oh, dear! he is quite as bad as myself, and doesn't seem able to make up his mind. I wish I knew what was the will of God."

"Well," rejoined Mr. Brown, "what are you looking for? The Israelites, you know, had the pillar of cloud to guide them in all their wanderings; perhaps you are thinking if you could have something like that you should be happy indeed. But they were not. They were often sadly anxious to be gone, to leave the dreary waste and the barren wilderness, but the cloud still rested; and whilst they dared not move, many a wicked and rebellious thought rustled within. They were far from being at peace with God, and in a state of perfect acquiescence in His will. They submitted, because they could not help it; but they never said from the heart, which alone is acceptable to God, 'Not my will but thine be done.' The truth is, Mrs. Parker, we are always wanting something we have not got. Nor is this spirit confined to earth, it was the same in hell—and I am afraid it is more akin to hell than many of us think. The rich man, you know, said, 'Nay, father Abraham, but if one went unto them

from the dead, they will repent ;' and he said unto him, ' If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead ' "

Next month, should life and health be given us, we will tell what Mrs. Parker was looking for.

M. B

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOVING LITTLE EUNICE

(Continued from page 75.)

EUNICE's mother now noticed that at night, when she went to bed, and when she got up, her prayers, which before seemed to be only because she heard her sister pray, became very earnest and intelligent for so young a child. Thus she would say, "O Lord! give me a new heart and right spirit, and make me one of thy children. *Do, Lord!*" The emphasis on the "*Do, Lord!*" was most expressive of an earnest and humble beggar. She generally prayed for all her friends by name, but not always, for she had a long list, and she did not forget the old ones as the number increased. And then she would so simply enumerate and praise the Lord for all the mercies of the day—any love that had been shown her, or any little present that had been given her—thus it would sometimes be her doll, or her new shoes, and things of much less moment than these. And when her sister, who thought these were too trifling for the Lord to notice, and that it would grieve Him, said, "Eunice, you must not talk to the Lord about your dolls; the Lord does not think about dolls," she replied, in the most gentle manner, "But, Annie, the Lord does give me my doll, and my new shoes, and all my things, and kind f'ends" (friends.)

We must here observe, that her sister, who had really loved Jesus for some time, had been in a great measure Eunice's teacher in the Lord. When only seven years old, she (Anna) always took her little Testament and Hymn

Book to bed with her, and put them under her pillow. Early in the morning, often before any one was up in the house, her parents would hear her read a chapter and hymn to Eunice; and then she would tell her what it meant, and talk to her most solemnly about heaven, and the "naughty place," and that Eunice must ask the Lord to give her a new heart, or she could not go to heaven when she died.

Eunice would often at that time say, "But I don't want to die and to go to heaven, Annie; I wish to stay with my mamma and papa." But the time came when she did wish to go to heaven, and often within the last month of her life did she express this wish while in usual health. The last week that she was about the house, her sister noticed that she used to find a picture in a very old edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," every day, and after looking at it, she would say, "I should like to go to heaven, Annie, and be with all those little children; they are so happy there." The picture was the representation of the Cherubim over the river as the pilgrims are passing through. Her papa also heard her say, "I should like to go to heaven;" and once she said, "I do love Jesus!" This was all within the last month or six weeks of her life.

The week before she was taken ill her papa observed, that Eunice's whole mind and character, with respect to heavenly things, seemed entirely changed. Her mother, upon hearing this, said, "Surely the Lord is not going to take her to himself." Her mother knew that her little one needed a change of heart, and the same precious blood to cleanse her from sin which all sinners need; but she had often thought the work would not be a long one, as Eunice had so seldom manifested anything like a will of her own; and those who showed much love to her had always been so deeply loved by her, that she felt she would soon be swallowed up by the love of Him who loves us

first that we may love Him in return; and gracious it was of the Lord thus to manifest the light before the days of darkness and sorrow came—thus to comfort her sorrowing and bereaved parents, and to prepare this loved one for His presence.

Her sickness was only for six days (from the Lord's day, at four P.M., when she was taken ill, to the Saturday following, about the same time), when she quietly breathed out her precious soul into the hands of her Saviour, just five years and a half old. Her malady was scarlet fever, which put on a most malignant form. Her sufferings were very great. She was insensible nearly the whole time, but so patient that not a murmur was to be heard; and when for a little time she became sensible, she would try to assist her mother in raising her up in bed, and do her best to gargle her own mouth and throat, which were so deeply ulcerated and swollen that for the last three days of her life she could scarcely pass a drop without fear of suffocation. Once, when her mother was raising her up, she turned round to see if there were any tears on her face, and when she thought she discovered some, she said, "Don't cry, mamma." She looked so gentle and placid, even in the midst of her intense suffering, when the fever was burning out her feeble frame, that a person looking on her said, "It is Neece still."

When she breathed her last, her little sister, who stood by weeping, said, "I wish I was with Eunice, for she is happy now, and this is such a wicked world." She rests with Jesus now, who loved her and gave himself for her, and now realises the desire which on one occasion she expressed on earth, when asking her mother to teach her a little hymn, she said, "Must I learn to sing in heaven, mamma?"—and in far better strains than when moving about she sang, "Canaa, sweet Canaa! will you go to the land of Canaa?"

There was one striking circumstance we forgot to men-

tion. Her parents do not remember that they ever heard her say that she dreamt anything; but about a fortnight before her death she awoke her little sister, saying, "Annie, I d'eamed a d'eam" (dream); and in her simple way she told it to her sister. "I did d'eam that I had got no papa, and no mamma, and that two ladies had got me up stairs, and they sent Annie for water and washed me, and put me on a white frock, and they said, 'You p'etty dear.'" The week after she awoke Annie, and said she had dreamed the same dream that night, repeating it word for word, and about which her papa interrogated her. This last dream was the day before she sickened, and a week before she departed. She is now indeed washed and dressed in white, and has no papa and mamma.

"And she being dead yet speaketh."

SAMUEL'S FIRST LETTER.

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

SAMUEL has reached his ninth year, when his parents resolve to send him from home to receive his education. He is placed in the family of a minister, who had been their esteemed pastor for a period of seven years. The change is great from a populous town to a secluded, romantic village—from a happy home to the bosom of a strange family—forty miles distant from his mother's care and his mother's eye. He at once settles down, and is quite content and happy. His manners are somewhat rough, but his disposition is mild and gentle. He often talks of home, of his father, of his sisters, and of his friends—but especially of his mother.

The first Saturday he is from home comes round, and on this day it is customary for all the young people who can write to prepare letters for their friends. As Samuel had

never written an epistle, he has many objections and difficulties to overcome. But resistance is vain, and his first letter is most cheerfully dedicated to his mother. New emotions now throb in his bosom. Every post he anxiously looks for an answer, but seven long days pass away before it arrives. All are at dinner when Samuel receives, with great joy, a letter addressed to himself. It is speedily deposited into the very bottom of his pocket. But ere long it is brought out and opened, and the discovery is made that it is a letter from his mother. Now a new difficulty arises; Samuel cannot read his epistle. He is, however, promptly and kindly assisted by the minister's wife, in whose bosom maternal feelings and sympathies are strong. Eager attention is given to the reading of it, and Samuel does not rest satisfied until he can peruse it for himself. So frequently does he read it, that the next week he sends word to his mother that he has got off her first letter.

Such is a mother's influence. Distance of time and place cannot quench it; no kind of occupation can uproot it; no company can remove its peculiar power. Even death itself cannot destroy it. That person cannot be under the control of Divine truth who denies the existence of such an influence, or who mocks the individual who owns its sway. But such being the influence of mothers, they require sound knowledge, deep piety, and great consistency. Our God pour out His Spirit upon them, and assist their "FRIEND" to speak a word in season!

BOAZ.

A MOTHER'S PEACEFUL DEATH.

At early dawn we stood by the dying bed of the young mother. It was the Sabbath morning. The noisy world was hushed and still. Life was ebbing fast. It was a solemn hour. It is a solemn thing to die. The mysterious messenger had betokened his approach—had hung out

the pale insignia of his coming. He was near at hand—
 was at the door to sunder life's enfeebled strings, and set
 the panting spirit free from its frail tenement, for its final
 flight to the spirit-land. The closing scene was sudden,
 and unexpected. The first knell of life was struck on the
 bell of time but a week before. The sound fell heavily on
 the hearts of family and friends. Some crimson vessels, of
 delicate construction, had burst near the seat of life, which
 no medical skill could reach or remedy. Nature struggled
 to repair the breach, but in vain. Her hour had come. It
 was a summons to her heavenly home.

The sufferer was calm, composed, and trustful in her
 Redeemer's strength, grace, and atoning blood. She knew
 in whom she had believed. He was near and precious in
 that dying hour. Her piety was retiring and unobtrusive;
 but it bore the trial, and held fast within the veil, like an
 anchor in the storm. Her last feeble utterances of maternal
 love were, that her children might find a refuge and safety in
 the bosom of her Redeemer. "Choose Him, choose Him,
 for your friend and portion!" breathed faintly from her
 faltering lips, as her dying eyes of fond affection looked out
 feebly, for the last time on earth, upon the children of her
 love. This mother was enabled, by Divine grace, to look
 the pale messenger in the face, to meet the last dread
 enemy with entire composure, and go down into the dark
 valley with a good hope of heaven.

THE DEATH-BED.

WE watched her breathing through the night,
 Her breathing soft and low,
 As in her breast the wave of life
 Kept heaving to and fro.
 So silently we seemed to speak,
 So slowly moved about,
 As we had lent her half our powers
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,—
 Our fears our hopes belied ;
 We thought her dying when she slept,
 And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
 And chill with early showers,
 Her quiet eyelids closed ; she had
 Another morn than ours!

H.

THE WIDOW AND HER SONS; OR, WHERE ARE THE BOYS?

“Aye, where are they, indeed!” I fancy some poor mother answering, “Gone out, there’s no keeping them in” A reasonable thing it seems to be, that boys, after they have been to school, as perhaps yours have, should go out to play. But then, I would ask, “With whom are they?” Their first lesson at school, perhaps, was, “Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain,” and what is the lesson they are learning now? May they not be at this moment with evil companions, who, by their example, are teaching them to swear, aye, and teaching them the dreadful curse, so common but so awful! “Well,” I fancy the well-meaning mother saying, “but what can I do? I do not like it, but how can I prevent it?” It is, indeed, a difficult question, but my own mind refers to one, who did keep her two boys from joining any bad acquaintances, and when I think of her, her gentle manners, her bodily weakness, I fancy that other mothers could do what she did; aye, and so they could, with her powerful motives, for she loved her children with an ardent love, and she was very much afraid of sin; she looked upon it as a deadly plague. But let me give my few remembrances of poor A. H.

When I first saw her, she was a happy wife and mother, and lived in a pleasant cottage, surrounded by a garden

with bright flowers." Some years passed away without further intercourse, and one day, while walking in another part of the village, I met and scarcely recognised, in the altered and faded form, clad in widow's weeds, my former acquaintance. She had left her happy home, and, after many attempts (defeated by failing health) to gain a livelihood, had taken a small room at the other end of the village; and there I became better acquainted with her, visited her often, and watched the gentle, patient sufferer fade away from earth, so calm, so humble, and, oh! such a loving mother to her two boys.

Weak as she was, a look, a word from her was enough. "From children," she would say, "I made them obey me, and now, for boys, they are really very good. Only this morning," she added, "Herbert, finding how ill I was, thoughtfully asked me if I could not take a cup of tea, and got up, though it was quite dark, and made it for me. You should have seen him, too, when he had been working in your garden, how delighted he was to bring in his first earnings—he thought he could not run fast enough." "But," I said one day, when she was talking of them, "how can you manage to keep them in, surely, they must want to play with the boys in the village?" "No," she said, "never having been used to it, they do not look for it now; a walk together to their grandmother's is the treat they look for."

During one of my visits, the youngest, who was playing in the garden, asked if they might not be off for school. "No," she said, "wait a quarter of an hour." And then she added to me, "if they are a quarter of an hour too soon they might get playing, and then some mischief might arise." Mothers, do these seem little things, scarcely worth relating? Depend on it, these little every-day occurrences are what so influence children; it is not the hasty blow, or, perhaps, not so much the solemn lecture,—children are angry at the one, and too often tired of the

other; it is the every-day thought, the firm and gentle bearing, that will influence your boy. But my poor friend was soon called away from her mother's task; the last advice was given, the last tears flowed at the thought of leaving them orphans; and trusting in Christ, the blessed Redeemer, the loving mother sank to rest. Her boys found a home at their grandmother's, and, I believe, retained an excellent character; the last time I saw the eldest, he was hastening to put a letter into the post, and could scarcely stop to tell me that he was now in a gentleman's service.

And now, what result will spring from my imperfect recollections of my poor friend? Will any mother strive to follow her example? Mother! a treasure beyond all price was given when your infant was laid in your arms; a body most wonderfully formed by Almighty God; a soul, to live after the stars have fallen from their places; and you are the one to influence this infant. Oh! let me entreat you to pray every day for grace to perform your momentous duties.

A DAY WITH THE COTTAGER'S WIFE AND HER BIBLE.—No. XI.

THE HEATED OVEN.

As you look through the narrow mouth of your oven, and see the raging flame and smoke beaten back by the low roof, has it not sometimes seemed to you a terrible picture of the fire of God's wrath? Mal. iv. 1. "For behold the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly shall be as stubble, and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it leave them neither root nor branch." Oh! cottage-mother, dwell a moment on these solemn words, then look into your raging oven, and on your precious babes, and say, can you, will you bring them up in ways of

ungodliness? Will you prepare them, these beloved ones of your heart, to be as the stubble for such a flame? If you have no pity on your own soul, have pity on theirs, and for their sakes turn to the Lord.

THE BROKEN CUP.

The cottage-mother has let a cup or plate fall, it is dashed to pieces. This vexatious accident may recall the words of the Psalm, "Thou shalt dash them in pieces as a potter's vessel." Ps. ii. 9. How helpless was the cup—how soon broken in pieces—how utterly worthless when broken! Such will be every enemy of God. Now they may rage proudly against the Lord, and take counsel together against Him. Now they may scorn all control, break His bands asunder, and cast His cords from them; but vain will be all their puny strength. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision." "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron, and dash them in pieces as a potter's vessel."

"IT WAS MY CHILD."

A poor African mother was seen holding a dead infant in her arms. She was asked—"Is that *your* child?" The mourning mother replied—"It *was* my child; but it is the Lord's now."

Why clasp that little faded form
In such a fond embrace,
And to thy heart so tenderly
The lifeless infant press?
E'en now, on pallid lip and brow,
Like dew thy tear-drops shine;
And by thy bitter grief I know,
Sad mother, it is thine.
Yes, it *was* mine; but yesterday
I watched its fleeting breath,
And mournfully, with breaking heart
I closed its eyes in death.

Mine 'twas the treasure of my heart,
 The light within my home ;
 The only star amid the gloom
 Of anxious years to come.

Now as a pure and spotless gem
 Upon the Saviour's crown,
 It decks His royal diadem,
 And it is His alone.

A few short years, all lonely now,
 I tread the weary road,
 Until my willing feet shall stand
 Upon the mount of God.

Then to my arms my precious one
 Shall yet again be given,
 And told to its mother's heart
 Shall welcome me to heaven.

HINTS ON EDUCATION.—BY DYMOND.

AFTER speaking of society, book-learning, and other influences that act upon the minds of youth, he says, "The most important division of moral education is, *the supply of motives to adhere to what is right* Our great deficiency is not in knowledge, but in obedience Of the offences which an individual commits against the moral law, the great majority are committed in the consciousness that he is doing wrong Moral education, therefore, should be directed, not so much to informing the young what they ought to do, as to inducing those moral dispositions and principles which will make them adhere to what they know to be right."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Eleanor Dunn. By CATHERINE CECIL London Book Society, 19, Paternoster-row

An interesting little memoir of one who was poor, yet rich and grateful.

The Library of Biblical Literature. Vol. II. London Freeman :

A book full of information, beautifully written.

The Living Epistle London : Wertheim.

A memoir of one who was useful in life, patient in suffering, and happy in death.

NO MOTHER.

"How melancholy those dear children look !
No marvel—they have no mother !"

No mother ! what is the import of these two words ! No mother ! to guide the young travellers over life's thorny pathway to the home of the righteous. No mother ! to soothe childhood's sorrows, and hush its griefs to rest in her caressing arms. No mother ! to guide that frail young girl, just bursting into womanhood ; giving the needful counsel, and checking the wayward fancies. No mother ! to warn that young man stealing forth to his midnight companions, and lead him to the Friend of sinful men. What a volume of sorrowful truth is comprised in that single sentence—No mother ! We must go far down the hard rough paths of life, and become inured to care and sorrow in their sternest forms, before we can fully understand the meaning of those sad words—*No mother !*

Look at that gentle boy, he has no mother ; she went to the grave in his life's first years—he is in the home of strangers now, of those who have never known the love of a parent's heart ; they do not understand the child. The poor little fellow has disease of the heart, and a mother could tell by the purple lips and bright red spot on the cheek, that he could not do his lesson to-day—he feels too ill—but he is told to "go on, and keep up with his class, and not to be naughty nor obstinate." He tries, but the little heart beats fearfully—he fails—he is scolded—he cries himself to sleep with the name of "mother" on his dark parched lips.

No mother ! look again ; there stands a tall, thin, pale girl, her eyes are dim with weeping, she is tying on her bonnet, to walk to the cemetery, to read a dear name on a marble there. Sarah's father is in a far-distant land ; his calling is to do business in the great waters ; when he left his happy home, a loving wife and fair daughter were there,

but a fatal disease came and laid the wife in the arms of death. Sarah was taken to the home of relatives who had a house full of spoiled, petted children, and she is expected to approve of all their hateful ways and manners; the world deals hardly with her, and she is saying in the bitterness of her soul, "Would that I could fly away to my mother."

Come with us to yonder white house—there sits Nena May, clad in sable robes, with a letter on her lap, her face looks very anxious; listen, she speaks: "Yes, he has told me often that he would give me a happy home once more; perhaps he would, but then——" "What then, Nena?" "Well, George Arnott does not think with me in matters relating to eternity. Oh! I wish my mother could speak to me. Yet I think she would say, 'Do not be rash and hasty, Nena.' Yes, I think she would tremble for me, for George does not believe in my dead mother's God. How I miss her *now*." Allow us, Nena, to take that mother's place a moment, while we say, with all earnestness, read your mother's Bible and seek your mother's God before you answer that letter, lest you miss your mother's pathway and her present happy home. Remember, she lives and loves in HEAVEN.

Mothers! Teachers! bear with the errors and failings of the motherless children cast in your path; deal gently with them; remember they have no mothers; and that young girl, with downcast eye and languid step, chide her not, for a great sorrow comes down upon her soul like a heavy burden when she sees a mother's loving ways with other dear children—let not the cup of her sorrow be made to run over by the harshness of your bearing or your unsympathising coldness. Is she heedless or careless? Remember, oh remember, she has *no mother*—try to gain her confidence, to win her love. You may leave children motherless some day; with the measure ye mete it may be measured to them—deal gently, deal kindly deal lovingly with the dear children who are written MOTHERLESS.

EARLY LESSONS FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.—No. II.

AN infant should by no means be kept in perpetual motion; instead of being excited, it needs more than any thing at this early period to be tranquillised. Quite contrary to this, some mothers accustom a child of a few days old to be carried about, rocked, and trotted, and how very soon will such a child acquire a habit of uneasiness and crying, as there is any deviation from the way in which it has been previously managed. If you accustom it to a light during the night, and for any reason the light is extinguished, it will set up a loud cry as if it were in pain; if it is nursed at irregular periods, it will insist on having food whenever it demands, as if it were already determined to rule. A child under six weeks of age should be nursed as often as once in two or three hours; after that period, once in four hours. If this method of *perfect regularity*, in sleeping and nursing be *insisted on*, it will save an untold amount of time and trouble in the end to the mother and child, even down to old age it will be the better for it.

If for any reason the babe's regular nap has been broken in upon, no pains the following day should be spared to keep it asleep. If it is resolved to wake up, the mother should be the more resolute that it should be kept asleep. The question is often asked, how early the discipline of a child should begin?—precisely *here*, in the matter of eating and drinking. The mother must always show that she has the strongest will, and show that she has authority and intends to exercise it on all proper occasions—we give one example how this may be done.

When a child first begins to nestle and worry, and throw up its little arms when it ought to sleep on, the mother should lay her hand upon them gently but firmly, and with a soothing lullaby entice it to sleep on; this course, perseveringly pursued, will almost invariably induce long

naps. Some mothers and nurses will, the moment a child begins to nestle in the cradle, take it up instantly; it should be allowed to wake up of itself, and lie for a little time, whilst you play and laugh with it. This will promote a cheerful, happy disposition.

BABY'S COMPLAINT TO MOTHER.

Oh! mother, dear mother, no wonder I cry,
More wonder by far that your baby don't die.
No matter what ails me—no matter who's here—
No matter how hungry the "poor little dear"—
No matter if full, or all out of breath—
She *trots* me, and *trots* me, and *trots* me to death!
I love my dear nurse, but I dread that great knee;
I like all her talk, but, woe unto me!
She can't be contented with talking so pretty,
And washing, and dressing, and doing her duty.
And that's all very well— I can beat soap and water;
But, mother, she is an *amerciful trotter*!

Pretty ladies, I want to look at your faces;
Pretty cap, pretty fire—let me see how it blazes!
How can I, my head going liberty-bob?
And she *trots* me the harder the harder I sob.
Oh! mother, do stop her, I'm *inwardly sore*!
I hiccup and cry, and she *trots* me the more,
And talks about "wind" when 'tis *she* makes me ache!
Wish 'twould blow her away for poor baby's sake!
Thank goodness, I'm still, oh, blessed, be *quiet*!
I'm glad my dear mother is willing to try it.
Of foolish old customs my mother's no lover;
And the wisdom of this she can never discover.

I'll rest me awhile, and just look about,
And laugh up at *aunt*y, who peeps in and out;
And pick up some notions as soon as I can,
To fill my small noddle before I'm a man.
Oh, dear! is that *she*? Is *he* coming so soon?
She's bringing my dinner, with tea-cup and spoon;

She'll hold me with one hand, in t'other the cup,
 And as fast as it's down she'll just shake it up.
 And thumpety-thump, with the greatest delight,
 Her heel is still going from morning to night;
 All over the house you may hear it, I'm sure,
Trot trotting. Just think what I'm doomed to endure!

BABY.

A PAPER FOR OUR FRIENDS WHO CONDUCT MATERNAL MEETINGS.

DID YOU EVER PRAY FOR OUR MEDICAL STUDENTS?

A young medical man one day asked a mother—"Did you ever know any one who prayed for our medical students?" The lady replied, "I have known many mothers who have prayed in private, and at our Maternal Associations, for our young men." This answer would not satisfy. He repeated—"Do you know one person who prays particularly for medical students?" The friend was utterly unable to answer in the affirmative, and replied, "You have given me a new thought, and one thing I will promise—that I will try to interest some excellent women who will not easily forget to pray for your fraternity."

Mothers! allow us to ask, "Do they not need prayer?" How constantly are these young men exposed to the influence of those who have embraced infidelity and materialism? who, by a train of plausible reasoning, will endeavour to make them believe that the known laws of nature and organisation are sufficient to account for the whole phenomena of human nature without requiring the aid of revelation, and, in many instances, in direct contradiction to it? How many of these young men are unacquainted with the triumphant answers that may be given to the sophistries of these wise scoffers? Men are still willing, yea, more willing (notwithstanding all we hear of inherent good in human nature) to gather evil

fruit instead of good from the tree of knowledge. But is it not important—*very* important—that the class of men who are ever found in all our home circles should be not only moral, but believing and religious men? When we meet them in the chambers of the sick and dying, do we not feel the immense influence they have? How does the suffering being the physician is called to relieve, hang with avidity on the words which fall from his lips! And do we not all crowd around him to observe the look, or hear the word, that will cause the whole family to hope or despair! As a messenger of joy or death he exercises, in the domestic circle, an almost unbounded power.

Does the medical man fulfil his mission assigned him by Providence, who limits himself to the mere exercise of his profession, and gives no thought to the immortal soul, ready, perhaps, to depart out of the body? And when death has accomplished its terrible work, what has the sceptical or materialist physician to say to those who weep for their dead, and have, perhaps, up to the last hour, been blinded by common-place words of encouragement? Surely the medical man who approaches the couch of suffering without hope or belief in a life to come, can fulfil but half his work; even his science, however enlightened, will sometimes fail him; for there are sufferings which can be cured only by sympathy of soul. Too often physical suffering is caused by secret anguish of mind—a rending of the heart which science cannot probe nor cure. And where, in such cases, the learned practitioner is in the dark, or sees only physical or moral phenomena which attract his observation without touching his conscience or his heart, the CHRISTIAN physician at once understands the feeling, and often, by a few words of gentle advice or of sympathy, does more good than all the resources of science could accomplish, and thus he aids the minister of Jesus. Possessing the secret of the wonderful resources of nature, he can soften the first intimation of danger with expres-

sions of lingering hope, and thus prepare the way for him who comes, in the name of his Master, with the blessed words of faith, that death has no sting for the soul found washed in the blood of the Lamb. And when the sufferer is returning to health again, how does the pious physician talk to the convalescent of Him who alone has power to speak the healing word, and who holds the keys of death and the grave. What a blessing to the household is *such* a friend, who can soothe bodily suffering, and help the spiritual progress of the mind; a friend whose influence reaches all periods of life; a comfort to the aged tottering towards the grave, and to the child and the youth smiling in life. Mothers! will you not pray for medical students?

Now, let us look at two of these professional men. There stands one by your prodigal boy, who is dying in a far-distant land; he *knows* the youth *must* die, yet he is talking to him of years to come; he knows his hours are few, yet is he bidding him hope to enjoy the world's pleasure. The youth ventures to speak of the Bible, and of things heard in his childhood's home relating to eternity. The sceptical doctor curls his lip, and sneeringly says, "He does not believe in such bugbears; they are for priests, old women, and fools, to frighten the ignorant." The dying youth hopes he is right, and tries to send away all the pious recollections that will force themselves upon him. The doctor succeeds; the youth dies, wondering how he could be such a fool as to frighten himself with the thought of a judgment to come! He takes a step in the dark, and into the dark—a step he never can retrace; he waits in eternity to reprove his doctor, and curse the hour when they met—the hour when he laughed at the Christian's hope, and imbibed the infidel views of his medical man! Mothers! will you not pray for medical students?

Let us look at another last scene. That young man, fading away in the tent yonder, left his home last year for the land of gold. All his bright visions are fled, and he

lies, pale and trembling, breathing out his life among strangers. But a Dr. Hope stands by his bed; he is a skilful healer, and he plies the secrets of nature, which he has gathered up into his art, till he finds all human aid is vain—his patient *must* die! What does he now? Well—he speaks words of consolation; he points the young sufferer to the world where sickness and death cannot enter; he tells the youth of the great Physician, who alone can heal diseases of the soul; he hints, gently and tenderly, that he must make haste, and not delay to seek a guide for the dark valley, as he must soon enter there. The young man listens anxiously, till he is led to utter the publican's prayer; he asks his friend to write and tell his mother that, "although he sinks into a stranger's grave, far away from his happy home, he has a hope of meeting her in the land where all tears are dried, in the home of the righteous."

Oh! can we tell where *our* sons will wander and die? Do we not wish that some Dr. Hope may stand by them? Then, let us pray for our medical students. Do we really believe in the efficacy and power of prayer? We *think* we do, we *say* we do; but, alas! do we not often *act* as though prayer had no more to do with our happiness, or the happiness of others, than the sacrifice offered to heathen gods? And are we not *selfish* in our prayers, remembering only those who are dear to us, forgetting those with whom our children may mix in future life? Let us bear in mind our young men—those who are on the mighty waters, as well as those on land—and let us be more than ever solicitous to send our sons forth into the world good theologians, that they may be able to cope with the sceptic and the infidel; and then follow them with our prayers, that they may be useful in the daily walks of life—a blessing to society, and at length attain that high abode, where they will be the companions of angels, of the just made perfect, and of man's Redeemer. Do not forget our medical students.

A MOTHER'S REGRET COMING TOO LATE.

(Concluded from page 102.)

"Oh, Mrs. Manley, you are very kind to come in to see me," said the dying Sally, "I am sure I don't deserve any kindness from you, but oh, I am so unhappy, and they say I must die, and I am not ready. What shall I do?" A fit of coughing followed this solemn question, and the sufferer lay some time in silent anguish. "I must say to you, my poor girl," replied Mrs. Manley, "what the apostle said to the gaoler, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.'"

"Yes, yes," chimed in the mother, "do listen to our kind neighbour, I only wish you had taken her advice long ago." "Mother!" said the dying girl, gasping between every sentence, "mother! if I had gone regularly to the Sunday school, and not stayed at home to help you get Sunday's dinner, I might have been happy now, but you know you quite scolded Miss Sidney for coming to ask me to attend better. And then, mother, you remember how sweetly she told me the consequences of my being out every evening; but you only laughed and said, I must have a little pleasure. My conscience told me all the time my teacher was right, only your laugh settled me to go on in the same bad way. Ah! mother, you see I liked you to uphold me in my wrong doings, but now, mother, I must die, and I can't die—no, I can't die—I am not ready, and I can't pray nor read. Oh! what shall I do? That text I learned at school is always in my head, 'The wicked is driven away in his wickedness.' I am driven away, for I don't want to go; I *am driven*—yes, I am. Oh, it is hard to die so young, and when life looks pleasant. Oh, I am very miserable, *very, very*."

"My dear girl," said the pious neighbour, taking the thin transparent hand in hers, "I have seen, in my time, many fair young thing *glad* to go away from this world

of sin, and sorrow to the land where the bright angels and all the righteous dwell; and if you had lived and served the blessed Saviour, you would not think it so hard to die as you say. Do try to look to Jesus, who came to save sinners, and ask Him to make you ready to live with Him in Paradise." "Ah, I can't, Mrs. Manley, I can't—I don't know how." "Well, let me tell you a little prayer I used to say when a wee bit of a girl; I did not then seem to know exactly what it meant, but I could never go to sleep without saying, 'O Lord, grant me thy salvation,' and it has often been my prayer since I have known the value of that salvation; and you can pray this prayer, and the publican's prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' And I trust He will help you by His Spirit to cast yourself upon the Saviour, saying words like the beautiful hymn—

'Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.'

"I cannot, Mrs. Manley, I cannot." "Oh do try," responded the mother; "it will kill me if you don't try to pray, my poor dear Sally; and I feel too, that I helped to bring this dreadful sorrow upon you, by not training you up as the Bible tells us." "Mother! mother! don't talk so—don't cry so. Oh, my dreadful cough is coming. Oh! oh! mother! mother." The cough *did* come, and bursting one of the delicate vessels on the lungs, the unhappy girl struggled in the arms of death.

A short time before she breathed her last, calling her mother she said, in broken accents, "Mother, Mary is only six years old—don't, oh don't let her go out in the evenings when she grows up—as I did—but let her go to the Sunday school *constantly*; not now and then only, as I did. Oh, I should be glad now to be able to think I was going to be happy; but I am afraid, I am——" The last word had been spoken—the spirit had departed—eternity had opened its gates for the trembling Sally to enter.

With agony did the mother see the dust cast on her sunny brow—fearfully did she think of meeting her neglected daughter before the great white throne. Mother! think of her sorrow, and avoid the consequences of such training.

“I NEVER KEPT MY HUSBAND WAITING.”

How much of moment is conveyed in these words, “I never kept my husband waiting.” How much of life is lost by the lost minutes; how much of happiness by not being ready to enjoy it, how much of prosperity by being “five minutes too late.” We heard these words uttered by a lady whose decision of character, whose readiness for duty, and whose prompt performance of it, gave us an assurance that whatever there might be of adverse fortune in her husband’s future life, he could always rely upon the helpmeet God had given him. There was an energy in her tone of voice, a fire in her eye, a beautiful smile in her look, that told she knew a wife’s duty and would perform it.

We shall not soon forget that event; we shall bear in mind the future of that couple, and we venture to say that darkness or despair can never drive happiness from that home so long as that God-spirit reigns there, for it was the voice of a true woman’s heart that spoke, and that was a God-spirit. If every wife could but thus speak and act, how rapidly would the world advance! How many husbands have been ruined by waiting precious moments of time too in the life of a business-man, and the never ready wife has step by step broken down the characteristic promptitude of many a husband, and with it his energies, until ruin came upon his business and wretchedness entered his home. Would the wife wish peace of mind and blessings at home, flowing from the prosperity of the husband, let her constant aim be to be able to say, “I never kept my husband waiting.”

HOUSEHOLD PAGE.

ONE HAPPY HEART.

HAVE you made one happy heart to-day? How calmly you can seek your pillow; how sweetly sleep! In all this world there is nothing so sweet as giving comfort to the distressed, as getting a sun-ray into a gloomy heart. Children of sorrow meet us wherever we turn, there is not a moment that tears are not shed and sighs uttered. Yet, how many of those sighs are caused by our own thoughtlessness! How many a daughter wrings the soul of a fond mother, by acts of unkindness and ingratitude! How many husbands, by one little word, make a whole day of sad hours and unkind thoughts! How many wives estrange and embitter loving hearts! How many brothers and sisters meet but to vex and injure each other, making wounds that no human art can heal! Ah! if each one worked upon this maxim, "Day by day strive to make some heart happy," jealousy, revenge, hate, with their kindred evil associates, would for ever leave the earth

I WISH I KNEW WHAT WAS THE WILL OF GOD.—No. II.

LAST month we were afraid our paper would be too long for busy mothers, if we told what Mrs. Parker was looking for, to guide her how to act in the settlement of her little boy. But the truth was, many difficulties had come—come all at once upon her, and circumstances compelled her to decide one way or other, and she could not make up her mind; and instead of setting resolutely to work, she stood still, and began to wish she knew what was the will of God. Now, the will of God may be learned from His Providence as well as His Word. As in the case of Mrs. Parker, she had long been very anxious about her little

boy, had passed many sleepless nights on his account, (ah! how few children know the many sorrows they have given their poor mothers!) and had made it a matter of deep and fervent prayer to God that a situation might be found for him, where he would be comfortable, and preserved from the many dangers to which he would be exposed. The time was now come; a situation was offered; and the answer to her many prayers brought all this perplexity along with it. She never dreamt of all this, but vainly thought her way was to be made as plain as a pike-staff; and there is great reason to believe that many Christians would be as much perplexed at the answer of their prayers.

There has been an earnest longing and fervent prayer put forth, that God would be pleased to revive His work in our midst, and bring sinners to repentance; the prayer is answered, and one and another come inquiring their way to Zion with their faces thitherward; but we never anticipated the load of cares which would arise from the doubts and fears, the griefs and troubles, in which we are called to participate; or we have prayed earnestly for greater humility, and more holy conformity to the mind and will of God, and an answer has come by a breach upon our domestic mercies—the loved little one is taken away from our embrace. Oh! how little we thought that our humility and conformity to God was to be brought about by these deep searchings of heart; if we had, should we have prayed so fervently? How truly the language of our Saviour may be applied, “Ye know not what ye ask.”

In the case of Mrs. Parker, her first inquiry should have been, is the family into which my son is going a pious family? Will they be kind to him, and careful of his Christian character? Does the situation promise those advantages for which I have been looking? Will it in any way interfere with the sacred duties of the Sabbath? If these questions can be answered satisfactorily, the objections of the pain of separation, great distance, dangers, and the

like, ought not to be allowed to interfere; but receiving it as an answer to prayer, decide at once to let him go, and set resolutely to work.

. It is readily admitted that there is much in such a case to perplex and trouble anxious mothers, and so there is in all the great turning-points of life. These are the testing times, when firmness and decision of character are necessary. It must also be admitted that the dangers to which a youth is exposed on leaving the parental roof, and going out into the world, are many and great. Yet it seems a part of the Divine economy, and, taken as a whole, is more beneficial to the youth than always staying at home; and provided he has been properly brought up, and the great principles of religion stored in his heart, there is but little real danger. But take care, mothers, of over-indulgence—of yielding to the wishes of your children in everything. Make them acquainted with a firm and wholesome discipline. Teach them a willing, but implicit submission; they will love you more, and upon better principles, and be more fitted for the tugs and roughs of life. May the Lord give you understanding in these things. M. B.

SYMPATHY WITH CHILDREN.

If you wish to advance the happiness and welfare of your children, try to enter into their feelings and wishes. It may seem to you that they have all they need, while yet there is an unsatisfied yearning after something, or a sorrow pressing on the spirit. You may not be able to satisfy that want, but do not throw it aside as unworthy of notice; try to understand how the child feels, and sympathise with him. The cause of his sorrow may be a very trifle in your estimation, but do not deepen the wound by treating it lightly; remember that that trifle may seem to the child as important as the trial you felt so severely. Descend to trifles, in order to increase the happiness of

your children. You must not expect them to regard matters just as you do. You must compassionate their weakness, and even in frustrating their wishes show that you regard their feelings, and do not willingly give pain. This is the way to gain their confidence. You cannot expect that they will freely tell you their hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, if you do not appreciate them. You must not rudely force open the secret recesses of the heart. You should open their hearts by manifesting a tender interest in everything, however trifling, that gives them pleasure or pain.

By thus winning their confidence, you may do an incalculable amount of good. You may lighten the sorrow of the youthful heart, you may teach them to lay aside needless fears, you may deepen religious impressions, you may cherish the faint desire after good; you may remove difficulties from the awakened conscience; you may detect the evil which else might have spread to a fearful extent; you may see in what particular way the youth is likely to err, and warn accordingly, you may teach him to see the Divine goodness in every innocent enjoyment. This, too, is the way to secure the grateful affection of your children. The kindness which studies our wishes, and adapts itself to our peculiar case, is felt and valued. If we grown people cultivated this sympathy between ourselves, how much more pleasant and profitable our intercourse would be. Our very failings would become bands of union, instead of causes of estrangement. A spirit of candour and kindness would help to prevent and remove little unpleasantnesses which arise. • E.

BUSY FATHERS.—No. V.

It is early morning—a group of smiling, happy children are walking hand-in-hand to their father's study; he has been there for some time preparing for them, and now

they enter and take their seats around that godly father's study-chair. "Now, then, my dear children, what texts have you for me this morning?" "Mine is, 'Suffer little children,' papa," said Jessie. "Mine, 'Love one another,'" said Henry. "Mine, 'See that ye fall not out by the way,'" said Charles. "Very good; now, then, I must talk to you a little about each of your texts, I suppose." "Please, pa." Then the bright eyes glisten, while the busy father gives each a word of counsel for the day, taking them to the cross; then the general direction is given for the day's studies, and, commending them to the care of the Father who is in Heaven, they all begin the day happily.

This busy father has numerous engagements in his profession every day, and is obliged to portion out all its hours; but is not too busy to find time for converse with his children—not too busy to care for his servants—not too busy to aid his wife in the arrangement of family matters—not too busy to attend to the poor—not too busy to care for the world—not too busy to work in the vineyard of his Lord. His house is always in order, as he says he never feels sure at what day or hour the Master may come and call for him. He has seen many a busy father called away from the world's bustle, utterly unprepared to enter on the rest of heaven; they were too busy to give a thought to eternity while life and health were given, and when time with them came to a close, they exclaimed, "It is too late." Busy father! shall it be so with you? Busy mother! with you?

A DAY WITH THE COTTAGER'S WIFE AND HER BIBLE.—No. XII.

WIPING A DISH.

"I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down." 2 Kings xxi. 13. What an image of complete emptying; not only emptied but wiped out, not only wiped but turned upside down. Jeru-

salem was a proud, strong city, full of wickedness; but when the Lord arose against it, it was powerless as the dish you empty, wipe out, and turn upside down. Think, cottage-mother, as you wipe out your dish, is your house full of wickedness against the Lord; if it is, you are in danger of its being emptied of all things pleasant, even as the empty dish you hold in your hand, wiping it out until nothing is left therein.

THE LOST MONEY.

"Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it? And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and neighbours together, saying, 'Rejoice with me, for I have found the piece which I had lost.' Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Luke xv. Cottage-mother, this needs not application; you are poor, you know how anxiously you would search for a lost shilling, but if ever you are trembling with the anxious fear, "will Jesus receive a sinner such as me?"—take home to your heart this lesson of comfort. "Would you pick up your lost money if you saw it?" "Oh! yes, with what joy!" "Will Jesus receive you if you come to Him?" "Oh! yes, with what joy!" He has been looking for you. He came from heaven to seek and to save that which was lost. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

TALKING BEFORE CHILDREN.

LITTLE children have sharp eyes and ears, and usually pay close attention to the conversation of older persons. A lady once remarked, in the presence of a number of small children, "If Maria," (a young woman boarding in her house,) "receives another letter from Jane Gray, I mean to open it; for I believe she writes to Maria about

a person from whom I don't wish her to hear." In a few moments, little chubby "Bub," as Mrs. H.'s youngest was called, crept like a mouse up to Maria's room, and whispered softly to her, "Mother says if you have another letter from Jane Gray, she is going to open it before you get it." "Is she?" said Maria, calmly; "go and ask your mother, Bub, *how is she to know* when a letter is from Jane before she opens it? She don't know her handwriting from that of the other girls who write to me. I can't distinguish between them myself."

Away went Bub, utterly forgetting that he did not wish his mother to know that he had been tale-bearer, and, leaving every door open behind him in his haste to do his errand, he said, in tones so loud that Maria heard every word, "Mother, Maria wants to know how you are going to know when a letter comes from Jane Gray, before you open it?" "What do you say, child?" exclaimed the astonished mother. The boy repeated his message. "You naughty, good-for-nothing little fellow," cried the angry and sorely mortified woman, "how *dare* you go and tell Maria what I said?" Maria heard no more, but laughing until she almost cried, she fled to her chamber. Now, wouldn't it not be better for everybody to mind his or her own business? If there are those who cannot help prying into the matters of other people, let them take care not to tell all their plans in the presence of little children.

GOD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER.

"WHAT shall I render thee, Father supreme,
For thy rich gifts, and thus the best of all?"
Said the young mother, as she fondly watched
Her sleeping babe, There was an answering voice
That night in dreams:—

"Thou hast a tender flower
Upon thy breast, fed with the dews of love;

Lend me that flower—such flowers there are in heaven.”
 But there was silence Yea, a hush so deep,
 Breathless, and terror-stricken, that the life
 Blanched in its trance.

“Thou hast a little harp,
 How sweetly would it swell the angel's hymn!
 Yield me that harp.”

There rose a shuddering sob,
 As if the bosom by some hidden sword
 Was cleft in twain.

Morn came,—a blight had found
 The crimson velvet of the unfolding bud,
 The harp-strings rang a thrilling strain and broke;
 And the young mother lay upon the earth
 In childless agony. Again the voice
 That stirred her vision spoke. “He who asked of thee
 Loveth a cheerful giver.” So she raised
 Her gushing eyes, and ere the tear-drop dried
 Upon its fringes, smiled. And that meek smile,
 Like Abraham's faith, was counted righteousness.

L. H. S.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

CHINESE PROVERBS.

MANY of these bear a resemblance to our Scripture proverbs; for example:—“The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without trials;” see Heb. xii. 10, 11.—“What is whispered in the ear is often heard a hundred miles off;” Luke viii. 17.—“The torment of envy is like a grain of sand in the eye,” Prov. xiv. 20.—“The fish dwell in the depths of the waters, and the eagles in the sides of heaven; but the one, though high, may be reached by the arrow, and the other, though deep, by the hook; but the heart of a man at a foot distance cannot be known;” Prov. xxv. 3.—“A truly grave man never puts away the simplicity of a

child," Luke xviii. 17.—"The man who combats himself will be happier than he who contends with others," Prov. xvi 32 They reprove undue care thus. "The life of a man is not a hundred years, and yet he vexeth himself as if it were a thousand."

A BROOM.

Among the many articles
I've got to store my room,
There's one thing I've forgot to buy,
And that one thing's a broom.

I soon can hasten down the street,
The household broom to gain,
There is another sort of broom,
Would I could that obtain'

Did I possess it, then with joy
I oft would it display,—
A broom to gather friendship up,
And sweep discord away

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

To Love and to be Loved Run and Read Library London
Simpkin

♦ An instructive tale for young people.

Beatrice By Miss SINCLAIR. London Simpkin

The tale is an antidote to a fearful moral poison, a peep into dark places.

Rhoda Clifford London. Wertheim.

A nice chat with a good mother.

Christian Advice to the Young By J. KNOX. London. Nisbet

Improving both to the mind and the heart. Present it to your children.

Weeds without Flowers London Nisbet

A nice companion for an offending child

The Apostle Paul. London Freeman

A cheap, and very valuable little volume

THE FATAL MISTAKE.—No. V.

"I was going to heaven, but she hindered me."

THE DYING CHILD

THE spring was putting on her beautiful dress, and the new young leaves looked just varnished by a perfect pencil, when little Patty came bounding into her home, exclaiming, "Take me, mother! take me! I am so frightened!"—"What is the matter, child?" asked Mrs. Armstrong, with a countenance of alarm. "I was trying to gather a violet for you, when James Mountjoy threw a great stone at me for disturbing his bird's nest; but I did not do anything to the bird's nest, I did not see it. Oh dear, mother, he hurt my bad side so—I feel very sick." The mother removed the child's dress to find out the injury, and while attempting to raise her to her lap little Patty fainted. Mrs. Armstrong was greatly alarmed, and soon caused her husband and a medical man to be called. It was ascertained that the child had received some internal injury, but no danger was apprehended. In a few days the little maiden got better, but the roses left her cheek and the frail body wasted.

Day by day the mother watched her little lily fading, and listened to her words of hope, as she talked of another home and a finer and fairer country. "Is teacher come, mother?" she asked one day, as she lay on her couch of suffering. "No, dear, but she will come soon, I dare say." "Oh yes, mother, I know she will, because she said so, and she always keeps her promises. I like her to sit here by me, and tell me about heaven. I shall not have any pain there, mother. shall I? Will you and father soon come there, too, mother? Shall I tell baby you are coming when I see her? Oh! I like that hymn so, about

'That beautiful place He is gone to prepare.'

Can't you sing it, mother?" "I can," said a sweet soft

THE PASSIONATE FATHER.

"Greater is he who ruleth his spirit, than he who taketh a city."

"Come here, Sir!" said a strong, athletic man, as he seized a delicate-looking boy by the shoulder. "You've been in the water again, Sir! Hav'nt I forbidden it?" "Yes, father, but—" "No 'buts,' hav'nt I forbidden it, eh?" "Yes, Sir, I was—" "No reply, Sir," and the blows fell like a hail-storm about the child's head and shoulders. Not a tear started from Harry's eye, but his face was deadly pale, and his lips firmly compressed, as he rose and looked at his father with an unflinching eye. "Go to your room, Sir, and stay there till you are sent for. I'll master that spirit of yours before you are many days older"

Ten minutes after, Harry's door opened, and his mother glided gently in. She was a fragile, gentle woman, with mournful blue eyes, and temples startlingly transparent. Laying her hand softly on Harry's head, she stooped and kissed his forehead. The rock was touched, and the waters gushed forth. "Dear mother!" said the weeping boy "Why didn't you tell your father that you plunged into the water to save the life of a playmate?" "Did he give me a chance?" said Harry, springing to his feet with a flashing eye. "Didn't he twice bid me to be silent! Mother, he's a tyrant to you and to me!" "Harry, he's my husband and your father!" "Yes, and I'm sorry for it. What have I ever had but blows and harsh words? Look at your pale cheeks and sunken eyes, mother! It's too bad, I say! He's a tyrant, mother!" said the boy, with a clenched fist and set teeth; "and if it were not for you, I would have been leagues off long ago. And there's Nelly, too, poor sick child! What good will all her medicine do her? She trembles like a leaf when she hears his footsteps. I say 'tis brutal, mother." "Harry," and a soft hand was laid on the impetuous boy's lips, "for my sake—" "Well, 'tis only for your sake—yours and poor Nelly's—or I should be on the sea somewhere; anywhere but here."

Late that night Mary Lee stole to her boy's bedside "God be thanked, he sleeps!" she murmured, as she shaded her lamp from his face. Then kneeling at his bedside, she prayed for patience and wisdom to bear uncomplainingly the heavy cross under which her steps were faltering; and then she prayed for her husband. "No, no, not that!" said Harry, springing from his pillow, and throwing his arms about her neck. "I can forgive him what he has done to me, but I never will forgive him what he has made you suffer. Don't pray for him—at least, don't let me hear it!"

Mary Lee was too wise to expostulate. She knew her boy was spirit-sore under the sense of recent injustice; so she lay down beside him, and, resting her fearful cheek against his, repeated, in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell. "I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there." There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those angry blows on that young head. The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with the word that his boy must die! "Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head drooped on his mother's shoulder. It was a dearly-bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed his marriage vow, and now, when the hot blood of anger rises to his temples, and the hasty word springs to his lip, the pale face of the dead rises up between him and the offender, and an angel-voice whispers, "Peace, be still!"—*Fanny Fern.*

THE BOYS.—No. I.

THE BOY THAT SWORE

YOUNG RICHARD was a minister's son, and a child of many prayers. From infancy he was taught to fear God.

There was always a pleasant Sabbath air about his father's house, and one might almost as well expect to hear swearing in heaven as there. But one sad day Richard swore—one awful oath—his first and his last. The boys he was playing with swore very often, and when he heard them many times he felt a desire to swear himself. But, brought up as he had been, he could not forget that God saw him, and he trembled at taking His name in vain. Still, in the midst of bold, bad playmates, and evil passions, he yielded to temptation, and hastily spoke the profane word. Alas! he sinned knowingly and willingly, and sorely was he punished for it. I do not know that his playmates noticed it, nor whether his father heard and chastened him or not. But his conscience and God knew it, and that was enough. Could you have seen him, you would have thought he looked guilty and wretched indeed. He had lost his peace of mind: he was afraid to meet his parents; but most of all he trembled lest God, whom he had mocked, should give him over to Satan. Though he was then only seven years old, and is now a grey-haired man, he has never forgotten the shame and sorrow of that day. Often has conscience renewed the remorse and terror he then felt, and led him to cry to God for pardon. We trust his prayers will be heard; but even if so, how bitter have been the fruits of that one sin which some think so small. Great, indeed, is the guilt of one that takes God's name in vain, and fearful the risk he runs of being lost for ever with his wicked companions.

THE GOSPEL BANNER.

"His banner over me was love."

PARENTS! ponder this beautifully expressive emblem. Mother! father! does this banner float over your dwelling? Well, read it, and ascertain, if you can. How many

interesting associations arise before the mind as thought recurs to the various points it suggests!—

"*His Banner*"—This suggests an *Army*.

"One army of the living God,
At His command we bow,
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

A Captain—Jesus, the Great Captain of our salvation
This suggests *Loyalty*—"Abide in me." "He that confesseth me before men, I will confess him before my Father in heaven;" *Devotion*—"Love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all;" *Conflicts*—"Fight the good fight of faith;" "Quit you like men, be strong;" *Victory*—"In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him who loveth us;" "Clothed in white robe and palms in their hands."

This banner floats in graceful and glorious folds over each individual believer—"over me." I behold it in providential dispensations, in redeeming mercy through Christ, in gospel promises, in assured triumphs, through life, at death, in eternity.

But it is a banner of *Love*. This is its inscription, seen in every fold, as the Great Captain's developments unfold, this arrests the gaze,—"Love!" The eye may be raised with timidity—with grief—with fear—with apprehension, but nothing is distinguished. "Love" is the banner, it can express no other emotion. "Love" in its Founder, Supporter, Preserver, and glorious Conqueror! God is Love!

Pious parents! you who have rung in your child's ears beneath this banner, who have accepted Jesus as your Great Captain, enrolled your names among His volunteers, prepared to enter on the conflict, to sustain the struggle, to yield only to the conquering power of death!—remember your banner, and in the varied scenes of life make prominent this precious principle, and illustrate your motto—the motto of

your glorious leader—"Dwell in love." Oh, could it be seen pervading every family—softening, chastening, sanctifying, regulating husband and wife, parents and children, masters and servants—how cheering would be our intercourse with each other! But, alas, awfully prevalent is the contrary spirit. But the spirit of Christ is love; and this only can fit for heaven.

"This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our choicest strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss."

J. O. V.

DOES YOUR CHILD OBEY YOU, MOTHER?

IN passing a cottage-door one morning, I heard a woman, in a complaining tone of voice, say, "Take the child, then, do. Now, then, Hannah, I *wish* you'd take the child." The door was open, and I saw a girl of about eight years old standing and indolently tapping with the back of an old spoon on the seat of a wooden chair. "Hannah, then, *why* don't you take the child? I wish I could make you come and take it. I am tired to death, and all my washing's to do." The girl came to the door, and taking up an old knife, she began to cut a bit of stick. "I shall tell father of you when he comes from his work, and you'll see then!" The girl looked back into the house, and then threw down the knife and stick and walked into the road.

The action of the girl led me to imagine that she was the Hannah whom the mother from within was talking to, and, going up to her, I asked her name. "They call me Hannah Joblin." "Do you live there?" pointing to the house. "Yes." "Is your mother at home?" "Yes." "Has she a baby?" "Yes." These short answers were given without the smallest token of respect. I took the girl by the hand, and said, "Come, go in with me." She

did not seem very willing; but as I led the way, she was constrained to accompany me. "

I tapped at the door. The woman was sitting on a low stool by the fire, trying to get the baby to sleep, with a cross and fretful countenance. The breakfast-things were all scattered about on the tables and chairs, and the whole appearance indicated little management or order. She rose, and said in a fretful voice, "I'm sorry, Sir, you're come when I'm so untidy. Make haste, Hannah, *do*, and put away the things." Hannah only stood staring with the utmost indifference. "Oh, dear me, you're such a lass! Sit down on the stool, then, and take the baby." Hannah vouchsafed to sit down, and, without making any attempt to take the baby, suffered her mother to put it on her lap, and she held it without any intention to nurse it. The mother wiped a chair, and said, "Pray, Sir, be seated, if you please; do you want my husband?" "No, to tell you the truth, I had no other business than to bring your Hannah to take the baby." She looked surprised. I continued, "I should suppose you have some difficulty in managing your children. Hannah does not seem at all obedient to her mother." A continuation of the conversation next month.

SARAH LOVEJOY.—No I.

JOHN ADAMS had been married to Sarah Lovejoy twelve months. John was a sober, industrious mechanic, a carpenter by trade, and his steady habits had given him favour in the sight of his employers. They always knew where to look for him, and learned by experience they could trust him, and had therefore determined to promote him the next vacancy.

Let us here stop a bit, and notice a great mistake into which many workmen fall, who try to persuade themselves—

and it is only a trial—that little matters, as they call them, are not noticed. For instance, they are every now and then behind time—a quarter of an hour is sometimes lost ; then there is a disposition to stand still, lean upon the tool and talk—thus not only wasting their own time but that of others, which, if rightly viewed, is as much a robbery as if they took money from the pocket of their employers ; it is also a *stronger* test of moral principle. In the one case, a wholesome dread of the law of the land regulates the conduct ; but, in the other, the higher motive of doing as you would be done by leads to action. Character is the poor man's wealth, and, like all other property, it can only be attained by degrees, and to obtain it certain sacrifices must be made ; but many are unwilling to make them, and this is their language. " They have no idea of being so very particular ; they are not going to deny themselves every pleasure just for the good of others, nor are they disposed to be slaves "

Now what does all this mean ? Why this. They are too idle or too indulgent to be up in time to conform with the regulations of the workshop ; they will enjoy themselves on the race-course, they will go to the wake or the fair, to the neglect of their duties ; and laying the foundation of their future miseries is with them to be free—and a sorry freedom it is—a brutal enjoyment ; and when the natural and inevitable results follow, everybody is to blame but themselves. It is truly marvellous to see how they cast about, in order to lay the fault upon others rather than themselves. They try to fancy that their poverty and wretchedness arise from the badness of the times, and a scarcity of work ; whereas there is plenty of work, bad as the times are, for those who know how to do it well, and can be depended upon to do it,—for it must be granted that there are men willing to work, but who are such sorry workmen nobody will employ them. Such men must be left to find their own level. It will be found of character,

as of other things, that it has its price, and those who wish to possess it must pay that price—there is no other way to obtain it; nor must it be forgotten, that that which has been the growth of years may be lost by a single indiscretion. What a friend of mine once said of money may certainly be said of character, “it is sooner lost than won.”

We strongly feel that the observations we have been led thus incidentally to make are of vast importance to the labouring man. Let him only respect himself, and deserve the esteem of others, and he will most assuredly enjoy it; for the Scriptures say, “Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap, he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, he that soweth to the Spirit shall reap life everlasting.” Mother, what are you sowing? There is a day coming when it will be made manifest. Heaven and hell are in the scale, which will be your portion? You don’t know! Can that be possible?

M B.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

WHY a’ither bairnies are hushed to their hame,
By aunty or cousin, or trecky grandame,
Wha stands last and lanely, and sairly forlairn?
’Tis the poor dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn.
The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lone bed—
Nane covers his cauld back, nor haps his bare head;
His wee hackit liddlees are laid as the sun;
And lithless the lair o’ the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover there,
O’ hands that used kindly to karm his dark hair;
But morning brings clutches a’ reckless and stern,
That lo’e na the looks o’ the mitherless bairn.
The sister, who sang o’er his safely-rocked bed,
Now rests in the mools where their mammie is laid;
While the father toils sair his wee bannock to earn,
And kens na the wrangs o’ the mitherless bairn.

Her spirit, that passed in the hour of his birth,
 Still watches his lone and lorn wand'rings on earth;
 Recording in Heaven the blessings they earn,
 Wha couthiely deal with the mitherless bairn.
 (Oh! speak him na harshly, he trembles the while;
 He bends to your bidding—he bends to your smile.
 In their dark hour of anguish the heartless shall learn,
 That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn.

THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

DEAR MADAM,—I doubt not but there are many mothers who can ill afford to buy toys for their little ones. They would like to see them happily amused, but scarcely know what to give them for that purpose; I should like to help them by a few words on baby's playthings. The first and almost indispensable toy is the rattle. How delighted the infant is, as soon as it can handle, to shake it to and fro, apparently delighted with the musical noise which it makes. When it begins to move about on the floor, a soft ball made with rags will please very much. We will suppose baby is a year old; he may now have a few more things to amuse him. Save your empty reels, mother, and set them befo'e your little one; watch, and you will see the tiny fingers set them first in one place, and then in another, pleased enough at the quantity he has. Show him that they can be placed one above the other, and so form (what I used to tell my boy) a chimney; soon he will build one quite alone, and when he can talk a little will ask you to look at what he has done. They may be formed into a circle on a chair or table, and sometimes strung on a string.

But I dare say he will become tired with his reels, and then an old box, with a hole in it for the string to pass through, will make something like a cart, which he can fill with his playthings and draw after him. If you have not a box, ask your grocer to be kind enough to save an empty cigar-box, which will do very well for that purpose. A few pieces of wood saved would teach him to form many pretty things; a little house might be formed with them.

Large letters cut out of handbills, and pasted on something stiff, would teach him his letters. He will soon find round O,

P for Pudding, and M for Mother. When you have time, talk a little to your child about the things around him. Tell him his reels are made of wood; that they are round, smooth, white, or black, and maybe he will ask who made them; tell him, and then speak of the great God who made him, the sun, the sky, the flowers, and all things beautiful. This you may do without much hindrance, if any, to yourself. Thus will you gain the love of your little one, and be the means of bringing much happiness to your own bosom; your husband also will rejoice in your kind endeavours, and God himself will reward you.

M. L.

BEREAVED MOTHERS.

CHRISTIAN mother, bereaved of an infant child, one word of appeal to you. Sore was your heart in the sad hour which struck the departure to another home and bosom of your darling child. Though seasons may have come and gone, though years of vicissitude may have fled, since you kissed for the last time the infant clay in its snow-white dress, or heard the first clod fall relentlessly on the coffin which contained the pride of your heart, the tear still falls, and the lip still quivers over the name and image of your beloved infant. Sorrow not for him. He sports on the other bank of the Jordan, ready to hail you as you rise from the troubled river. He tunes his infantine harp to give you a gladsome welcome to the mansions above. Wish him not back again, for the wish is unkind as well as vain. Comfort yourself with the assurance that you shall go to him. Your child is not among strangers. The angels wait on him. The Saviour carries him in His bosom. Never was he so much at home. He has the blessed fortune to advance beneath the care and education of heaven. He is in the train of the blessed Saviour, for whose glorious appearing you daily look. Oh! let your affection be fixed on the heavenly world. The Great Spirit will not charge you with idolatry should you quicken your pace to glory.

because your departed child wearies for your coming. God smilingly looks on the re-union of sire and son.

Christless mother, bereaved of an infant child, what shall we say to you? It is well even with the spirit of your little one. This is a gratifying, gladdening truth, even to a parent bound for a dread futurity. But, then, though you are welcome to all the consolation which such a truth is fitted to impart, does not that truth flash across your benighted soul a terrible suggestion? Oh! see you not that if you die Christless, as you are living Christless, your little one and you shall never meet? Should it often watch for its mother's spirit emerging with a song of victory from the billows of the Jordan, it shall watch in vain. Should it on the morning of judgment recognize its mother's face, and hold aloft its tiny hands, it shall hold them up in vain. Ah! bereaved mother, you have drunk the bitterest of earth's cups. Death tore from you the idol of your heart. But, continue Christless, remain unsaved, and you shall see your child rising in glory while you yourself are sinking into hell. Can you stand *that prospect*? Take your infant's Saviour as your Saviour. Rend not the heart of the soul-loving and soul-saving Jesus by continuing unsaved, and constraining him to bid you "depart" far from your child and far from Himself.—*Selected for "The Mothers' Friend," by the Rev. G. G.*

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

"ANY other husband but mine," may some sighing wife exclaim, "it might be possible to submit oneself to! but to him, especially when he is in one of his cross, wayward moods, flesh and blood cannot bear it." Most true! flesh and blood cannot bear it! 'No woman, as merely woman, is able to bear willingly the yoke of the Lord's commandment. But God hath means and ways to bring believing

women to this attainment. He fills them with love to Christ, and holds up to their view the crown which is to be the reward of their subjection. Christ hath loved—loved those who scourged Him, and smote Him on the face! He loved those who loaded Him with all imaginable opprobrium and injury. Believing women have experienced in their own souls the power of the Saviour's love, and have learned how irresistible is its force! They know that it casts down every opposing barrier, and at length subdues the enmity of the stony human heart. In this love, oh! ye believing wives! lies the source of your power to love even to death—to be subject, to suffer, and to bear *God wills it*, and the Apostle holds up to your view the graciously-appointed recompence. And what is this recompence? It is this—that those who obey not the truth may, without the word, be won by the conversation of their wives when they behold their chaste conversation coupled with fear. But how is this to be brought about? *Without words!* One word begets another, and the human tongue but too readily twists itself into a serpent's tongue. No one casts fire on him he would rescue from the flames. The believing wife, then, will ever keep in mind her own chastisement as a daughter of Eve, and God's consolation in the promised reward, and she will keep silence, and wait, and act

And do you think that her soul-labour, her patient endurance, her silent suffering and meek subjection, mingled with the strivings of prayer, strong urging, and tears in secret, whilst before her husband and the world she “anoints her head and washes her face,” think you they shall remain fruitless? Oh, no! believe me, while a preaching, domineering and disputatious wife, always ambitious of having the *last* word, will unavoidably plunge herself into even *deeper* misery, she who disregards self, and tries to conform herself to her husband's peculiarities from reverence to God's commands (either by answering not at

all, or with that soft answer which turneth away wrath), will find that her silent, God-consecrated tears, her holy self-denial, her patient fulfilment of her domestic duties, and unwearying proofs of unaltered affection, will not only "come up for a memorial before God," but by His blessing have such a power to punish, to humble, to excite to shame and contrition, that the coals of fire thus heaped on the husband's head shall in the end melt the hardest and win back the most reprobate of earth's sons to the ways of God. Trust me, such a chaste conversation in fear is *marked*, *aye*, and *praised*, too, behind his wife's back—perhaps even *boasted* of, to his dissolute companions—by the most perverse son of Belial; and the heaven they themselves feel to be in and around their maltreated partners in life—women of whom they are unworthy—overpowers at last the struggling opposer, so that he is gladly willing to be saved with his wife.

Dr. H. F. K.

THE MOTHER OF A DEVIL!

A pious young man, passing along a street in a country town, observed a woman coming hastily out of an entry and calling angrily to a little boy who was playing at a short distance, "Come here, you young devil!" A person passing stopped on hearing her, and inquired, "Is that your son?" "Yes," was the reply. "Dear me," said the other, "what a dreadful thing to be the mother of a devil!" The look that mother gave on hearing this can never be forgotten. Out of her own mouth was this ungodly mother condemned. Mothers! is it even thus with you? Do you ever condemn yourselves? In a moment of irritation, have you ever uttered unholy language to recoil upon yourselves? Oh! breathe forth to God the earnest prayer, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, keep the door of my lips."

A. C.

A VERY LITTLE CHILD REMEMBERING WHAT HER MOTHER DID.

"Look here," said little Annie, holding out a piece of print, "this would make a nice duster, wouldn't it?" "Yes, love," was the reply. "I could hem it," said the little one. "Could you? well, to-morrow, perhaps I may give you a needle and set you to work." "I could do it now." "Not now, dear; to-day is Sunday—God's day, you know;" and I repeated the lines—

We must not work on Sunday,
Because it is a sin;
But we may work on Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday, and Saturday,
Till Sunday comes again.

Annie stood listening attentively, her little merry face gradually assuming a very sober look; at last she said, "Do you know, my mamma did do some work one God's day, and I said, oh! mamma, you should not work when it is God's day, but she never troubled a bit about it."

Parents! take heed that your little ones condemn you not. The prattler at your knees may receive impressions from you which may, perchance, never be erased; your example may act powerfully on them, far more powerfully than words, and in after-life, when tempted to sin or neglect a duty, they may still their consciences with the thought, "My mother or my father never troubled about it."

M. A. E.

BE TRUE WITH CHILDREN.

On one occasion, when leaving the house, I had promised to bring my little boy a bun; but some time elapsed during my absence, and I returned home, having entirely forgotten it. However, upon entering the nursery, I was speedily reminded of it by his anxiety to claim my promise, when I was obliged to tell him I had forgotten it. He

had been watching some hours for my return, and a burst of tears would have been very pardonable. I rather expected it; but not a single expression of disappointment escaped him. The earnest, perplexed gaze which met mine, was such as I had never before encountered, and made me feel almost ashamed of what I plainly saw was a falsehood in his eyes.

This feeling was but transient; for, after I had assured him that I had indeed *meant* what I had said, and explained the import of the word *forgotten*, which was so incomprehensible to him, he was quite satisfied. I set off to repair my forgetfulness, and again he took his station at the window to watch for me. When he had obtained his bun, the thought of my promise was still evidently uppermost in his mind, and in his own simple way he silenced any momentary doubt which might have arisen in his mind as to my truthfulness, by repeatedly saying, "*Mamma ony forgot.*" Had I been unmindful before of the paramount importance of speaking the truth to a child, though ever so young, this incident would have taught me that lesson. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of truth and openness in dealing with children. Once deceive, or suffer them to be deceived, and the effect on their minds will seldom be effaced. You lose your hold upon their confidence, and confidence once forfeited is most difficult to restore.

THE SLANDERER.

From Heaven's four winds collect in one
 All things most hateful 'neath the sun;
 All things that blast, and sting, and kill;
 All things that do or emblem ill:
 The frost that nips the opening bloom,
 The blight that seals the flow'ret's doom,
 The famine's hungry, spectre form,
 The spotted plague and sweeping storm,

The quicksand's deep, engulfing snare,
 The sunken rock that baffles care,
 The adder's foul and fatal sting,
 The panther's sudden, deadly spring,
 The robber's grasp and rifling hand,
 The cloaked assassin's ruthless brand.
 These fearful things collect in one,
 And yet you'll find them all outdone.
 Not by a flood's wide-sweeping tide,
 Or fields where death and carnage ride;
 Not by the lightning's scathing flash,
 Or by the earthquake's whelming crash,
 But by the slanderer's pest-like breath,
 That smites your name with worse than death,
 That, charged with poison straight from hell,
 Begs to all things than plagues more fell;
 That often dims young genius' eye,
 That severs Friendship's fondest tie,
 And often, too, has darkly spread
 A cloud around fair Virtue's head.
 Go, then, and search the world all round,
 And nought so deadly can be found
 As that vile, creeping, hateful thing,
 Whose heart is false—his tongue a sting.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

REGULARITY IN WORK.

"SOUTHEY was a most methodical worker. He systematized his time. He was never confused or in a hurry, and got through a great deal of labour with an amount of ease and comfort which your hurry-scurry kind of people can neither accomplish nor understand." Such was the testimony of his friend Wordsworth.

THE SOUL'S TELESCOPE.

Meditation is the soul's telescope, whereby, in her long remove, she discerneth God and heaven as though they were nigh at hand.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

The humble current of little kindnesses, which, though but a creeping streamlet, yet incessantly flows, although it glides in silent secrecy within the domestic walls and along the walks of private life, and makes neither appearance nor noise in the world, proves in the end a more copious tributary to the store of human comfort and felicity, than any sudden and transient flow of detached bounty, however ample, that may rush into it with a mighty sound.

CHINESE DEFINITIONS OF WOMEN.

The *curious* woman would like to turn the rainbow, to see what there was upon the other side. The *vulgar* woman is a spider attempting to spin silk. The *cautious* woman writes her promises on a slate. The *envious* woman kills herself in endeavouring to lace tighter than her neighbours. The *extravagant* woman burns a wax candle in looking for a lucifer match. The *happy* woman died in a blind, deaf, and dumb asylum, years ago.

DARKNESS.

A beautiful little blue-eyed girl, of some three years old, was nestled in her mother's arms at twilight, looking out at the stars. "Mother," said she, "it is getting dark." "And what makes it dark, Caroline?" said her mother. "Because God shuts his eyes," replied the little poet.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Suffer Little Children to come unto Me. A Series of Scripture Lessons for the Young. London: Nelson.

One of the best little books for young mothers to commence with that we have seen for a long time.

✠ *Brief Memoir of Mr. Henry Allthens, with an Address at the Grave, and Funeral Sermon.* London: Sunday School Union.

A cheap book, full of matter, merit, and piety. We cordially recommend it to our young friends.

The British Workman; and The Band of Hope Review. London: Partridge, Oakey, and Co.

Useful readings for fathers and children.

THE FATAL MISTAKE.—No. VI.

'I was going to heaven, but she hindered me'

LAST STEPS AND LAST WORDS.

Now it was Mary's turn to ask her husband to accompany her to a place of worship; but, alas! all inclination for things pertaining to eternity was gone; and he reminded her of the time when he was willing to tread a new path; but she hindered him: in vain did she tell him of what she felt for him; in vain did she remind him of poor little Patty, up in her new, pure home, and of the importance of being meetened for the holy company there; the only answer she received was, "I have only you to thank, Polly, for being shut out of heaven. I was inclined to go right, but you hindered me; I have no inclination now for such things." The sorrowful wife wept and prayed, and urged the promises and threatenings of the Bible, but a blight rested on all her efforts; her husband's heart remained unmoved and callous; he had no hope for a future world, and yet he was utterly careless of the consequences.

But while John Armstrong was thus indifferent as to eternity, the sentence had gone forth, "This year thou shalt die." The influenza, which prevailed in the neighbourhood, was the messenger sent to hurry him to the tomb. His chest and lungs, naturally delicate, now became diseased, and he passed through all the gradations of decay, panting away the life God had given him to prepare for another beyond, yet talking of death with less fear than holier and wiser men dared to do.

Poor Mrs. Armstrong entreated him to see the good clergyman, whom he once delighted to hear; but he replied, "You may send for him to please yourself; but I have no wish to see him nor hear him now." She did,

however, go to the man of God, and told him her fears and anxieties, and requested him to call and speak to her husband of his dangerous position. He did call the following morning, just as John was recovering from a severe fit of coughing. "You seem very poorly, my friend," said the good minister. "Yes, Sir, I am; and am not likely ever to get any better—worse luck!" "Do you think, then, that your illness will prove fatal?" "Yes, Sir, no doubt it will; I cannot last much longer." "And what are your hopes for another and purer state of being? Are you looking to the blessed Redeemer to be meetened for heaven?" "Why you see, Sir, 'tis just like this:—there was a time when I liked to think about another world, and when I heard you preach, Sir, with great delight; aye, and I could tell you the very text that I liked to hear explained; and sometimes, Sir, I really thought somebody must have told you all about my past life and my very thoughts. But you see, Sir, I could not take up the cross, as you used to say we must; and to please my wife (who has been a good wife to me in *worldly* things) I left off all church-going ways, and returned to my old habits. Then, Sir, we lost a dear little maid, and this trouble turned my wife right round; but she could not turn me again—the time with me was past, Sir; so you see, I WAS GOING TO HEAVEN, BUT SHE HINDERED ME!"

"This is, indeed, a sad state of things, Mr. Armstrong," said the minister; "but you know the Bible says, 'The blood of Christ cleanseth from *all* sin,' and ALL must include yours. There is no heart too hard for the Spirit of God to soften; remember the thief on the cross, and Mary Magdalene." "You are very good, Sir; but their case was not just like mine; there is no use in talking, I am not inclined for those things now!" "But, my good man, this is your fault and your sin. You should use the means God has given you—reading and prayer. If you repent and turn to the Lord, He will be gracious unto you. He is

more ready to listen to our prayers than we are to pray." "All you say may be true, Sir, but, you see, it don't move me to feel as I once did." "Shall I read and pray with you?" "Just as you please, Sir."

Thus did John Armstrong feel and act; and thus he died, leaving no hope that he had gone to be with Him whose cross he could not bear. On the evening of his death he called his wife to his side; taking her hand, and looking anxiously into her face, he said, in broken accents, "Mary, you have been a good wife to me and my children, as it regards this poor perishing world, and I hope you will try to lead our remaining little ones in the right way, since you have now, I hope, found it yourself; but oh, Mary! I never expect to meet you or them again, if you go to heaven, for I have no hope of ever reaching that place." "Oh, John! John!" exclaimed the sorrowful wife, "Jesus can wash you yet in His blood!" "Don't interrupt me, Mary—I have only a few moments to speak. Do all the good you can, Mary, and warn everybody to turn to God in health, but especially warn wives and mothers of the danger of hindering those around them from going to heaven when they feel inclined. You will try to hope, Mary, I am gone to be happy, but a doubt must rest over my grave, as I die without a hope of going to heaven. I was going that way, but I was hindered."

These were his last words—eternity will reveal the rest. Poor Mary Armstrong is near the end of her journey too, now, but the one fatal mistake of her life clouds all her days, and she is often heard to exclaim in bitterness, "My husband was inclined to walk in the way to heaven, but I hindered him!" Mother! wife! this is no imaginative tale, but gathered from truth's living lips, to be used as a warning in "*The Mothers' Friend*."

Always do what conscience tells you to be your duty, and leave the consequences to God.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Letter from a Teacher

MY DEAR L.,—Knowing your deep interest in Sabbath schools, I think you will be interested in an account of one of my scholars, who was out and in health one Sabbath, and the next was a corpse, and as the school was assembling her little coffin passed through the street. On Friday at noon she fell into a pot of boiling water, and the next morning at ten she died. She was about two and a half years old when she commenced attending the Sunday school, and was three years and two months when she died. It was her own desire to attend the Sabbath school. Hearing an elder sister repeat hymns she had learned, she said to her mother, "I want to go to Sunday school." But her mother said, "My darling, you are too young." Her memory was wonderful, and she very soon learned a hymn from hearing her sister repeat it, and went to her mother, saying, "I have learned the hymn, now let me go to Sunday school." Her mother was surprised when she repeated it, and sent word to me by her sister of the fact, and the child's great desire to attend school, and with my permission would attend next Sunday. I returned for answer, "Let her come by all means, she is not too young;" and she was a regular attendant from that time to her death. She had learned several very pretty hymns, and the catechism, with Scripture lessons; and if the hymns she learned had been selected in reference to her early death and preparation for heaven, they could not have been more appropriate. One was, "I think when I read that sweet story of old," another, "There is beyond the sky;" and "There is a happy land;" and "We infants sing to Christ our King," &c.

I heard of the sad accident too late in the evening to go and see the child that day, but went as early as I could the next morning. When I inquired at the door how little Fanny was, the servant replied, "She is dead." I went up into the room where sat the mother and grandmother by the bedside, where lay my dear little scholar sleeping sweetly in death. As I took my seat with this stricken family, the grandmother said, "The seed you have sown is soon ripened." "Yes," I replied, "of

such is the kingdom of heaven." She told me she was singing one of the hymns she had learned at the Sabbath school, not half an hour before the sad accident occurred. She came to her and sang, "The ocean crossed, no wanderer lost," and clasping the child in her arms, she said, "You precious lamb, I hope you'll not be lost." The child then sang the whole of the hymn to her grandmother, and wished her grandmother to sing with her, which she did; and half an hour afterwards the grandmother lifted her from the hot water, and she never spoke again. It seemed like the dying child's farewell, and oh, how little did that parent think that her prayer for the child's safety in heaven would be so soon answered!

Here is encouragement for Sabbath-school teachers; and never let any say that a child is too young to be taught to hear the praises of a Saviour. Some persons say, "Oh! they cannot understand. Why teach children what they cannot comprehend?" But let those who are faithless on this subject hear what the mother of this child told me. I called, not long after the funeral, to see her, and to hear more particularly of the child, for it was one I had taken a very deep interest in, and marked her for a very uncommon child. She said, "I have been wanting to see you, to tell you how grateful I feel to you, for you prepared my child for heaven." I replied, "I do not wish you to feel so towards me, for it was a great pleasure to have her under my instruction." Said she, "I never taught my child hymns, I thought her too young to understand them. She had previously learned little songs, and such other things as I thought more adapted to her age; but when she came here to live, and heard her sister repeat her hymns, she soon learned them, and wanted to go to the Sunday school, and after that she never repeated the things she had learned before. She seemed at once to forget them, and had no relish for them, and apparently no remembrance of them."

She said, one day she took her up in her lap, and sang to her one of those, and the child looked up in her face, as if it was something she had heard a great while ago, but she showed no pleasure at recalling it, and jumped down, and commenced singing one of her Sunday-school hymns. She dwelt upon the lovely character of the child, and told me many interesting things respecting her. The morning of the day the sad accident occurred, while she was dressing her, she repeated

“ Then I will praise and pray,
While I have life and breath ;
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent to eternal death.”

I said to this mother, “ Can you not feel consoled in your loss by reflecting you have trained a soul for glory ? ” She replied, “ Not I—I never taught her anything—you have done it ; if she had not come here, she would not have learned the songs of heaven ! ” Sunday-school teachers do often here in this world meet with a rich reward.

EARLY LESSONS FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

No. IV.

In passing on, we would just mention the mode of arranging an infant for the night in Norway. A young mother was observed to bring her infant of about four months old out of a hut, and seating herself on the sunny side of it she proceeded, in the most deliberate way imaginable, to *pack* up the child for the night in its little wooden cradle. This cradle was cut out of the solid wood, and covered with leather, flaps of which were so arranged as to lace across the top with leather thongs. The inside, and the little pillow, were rendered tolerably soft with reindeer moss, and the infant fitted the space so exactly, that it could stir neither hand nor foot, yet made little resistance to the operation. A band protected the head, while it admitted the air freely. When the packing was finished, the little creature was speedily rocked asleep.

We English mothers do not believe in this sort of *packing*, but we may learn from the quietude of the dear babe under this treatment, that a mother may very early form the lasting habits of her young charge. The education of the heart must begin in the cradle. The principles which are to guide the life may be implanted in life's early years ; if reserved to be taught in the later years of childhood,

the mother will find much to correct, alter, and undo, ere she can commence her first work; equanimity and GENTLE cheerfulness are delightful to infants from the first dawn of apprehension.

The effects of the disposition of the young mother and the nurse on the child's future temper have often been observed—mildness, patience, truth, and self-denial, are all necessary to the proper management of infancy—the temper may equally be spoiled by neglect, severity, or a timid, slavish indulgence. The real wants of an infant should be satisfied the moment they are known—to supply them before they are announced by tears and cries, will often wholly prevent those whimpering and noisy habits so injurious to children, and so distressing to young mothers.

SARAH LOVEJOY, OR, EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYED.—No II.

We were led, last month, to make a digression which we deemed sufficiently important to warrant it; and, sure we are, no subject can be considered trivial in which the well-being of the majority consists, and they are our working men. Having been once a workman ourselves, we confess to being a little jealous for the character of our order. We were going to say there is as intimate a connexion between the employer and his people, as between the several parts of the body, but it is more so; for the head can do without the hand or the foot, but the employer and his people cannot do without each other. They are mutually dependant, and although we are free to confess there are many employers who as little understand their position as the men themselves, yet we are quite sure that a little forbearance on both sides would soon establish a respect not to be shaken by every wind that blows, or by what any set of unprincipled men may say.

Just reflect a moment, and you will perceive that it is not easy for the employer to enter into the social cares and anxieties of the men, or for the men to sympathize in those anxieties and vexations which so much harass him, and tend so powerfully to sour his temper and make him what they call "so abominably touchy." They each move in their own order, but as different as light from dark; can it be wondered at, then, that there is sometimes a collision? We are fully persuaded, if the men would only respect themselves and honour their position, by taking heed to the apostolic injunction,—“For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, *this* is acceptable to God,”—there would be soon a perfect understanding amongst them all. “Give and take” must be the general rule. If in nature there are hills, there are also valleys; and in the large drama of human life there is a greater equality than appears on the surface.

There is one other observation we should like to make. The Apostle, in another place, concludes an apt exhortation with this important phrase, “answering not again.” Now this is a most beautiful and important command, to which men—yea, and women too—pay but little attention. There is a universal inclination to run counter to it, and have the last word; it is equally true, that full two-thirds of the troubles which occur between the employers and the employed arise from this very source. We well remember a reproof administered to ourselves by a mate, when yielding to this temptation, in these words, uttered with an expression of feeling and a look we shall never forget, “Keep your tongue within your teeth.” We think we may safely say that, in every case, silence is the better way.

Now it so happened that our friend, Sarah Lovejoy, was the daughter of a workman who could hold his tongue. He had been many years in the workshop, much respected, and

was then a foreman. He had a large family, and Sarah was in her first and last place when she married. But we are aware that the readers of *The Mothers' Friend* have not time for long papers, and we know the Editor likes short ones. We will therefore conclude this with a stanza descriptive of a pattern wife.

Show me the wife that's on the watch
For every little rent or scratch,
And cures it timely with a patch
Before you know it ;
She is a woman fit to match
A Lord or Poet.

M. B.

DOES YOUR CHILD OBEY YOU, MOTHER?

No. II.

THE mother of Hannah, wishing, like many other foolish mothers, to conceal the true state of her child's conduct, began to gloss over matters by saying, "Why, Sir, you see she is but a child yet. I make excuses for her, she's very good sometimes, but when she is a bit stupid she wants to have her own way." "I heard you threaten you'd tell her father; I fancy you really did not intend to tell him." "Why, Sir, you see I'm obliged to threaten her, but I don't like to tell her father, he's so very angry with her. Then he beats her, and men beat so hard" "Then you do tell, sometimes?" "Why, yes; but then, you see, if he is about to beat her, I get between them, and sometimes I get the stick out of his hand." "Then she never obeys you?" "Oh! yes, sometimes she does." "I think I could with certainty say she never does; for when she happens to do the thing you want, it is not because you want it, but because she herself likes to do it." "Well, Sir, it's all the same, if she does it." "By no means the same thing—for if she did it to please you, and because it was her duty, she would always do it; but it

is to please herself. Do you teach her her duty to God?" "Her father does *that* part, and he takes pains to instruct her though he is not learned."

I then turned to the girl, who stood near me, and said, "Has your father taught you the fifth commandment, Hannah, 'Honour thy father and mother?' Did he ever teach you the word of God which says, 'Children, obey your parents?'" She did not answer. "From your mother's account I suppose he has. Do you know," I said to the mother, "that you have a right, given you by God, to command obedience of your children?" "I suppose so, Sir, but how hard you make it for a sinful child to obey." "When you don't claim obedience, but only speak to her as if it was for her to choose whether she will or will not obey you, you should keep her in the right way by commanding what God commands, and not say, 'I wish you would,' or ask it as a favour, 'Do, Hannah.' She cares not for your saying 'come' and 'do,' because she knows, however you may wish it, you will not enforce it." "Why, Sir, I can't help thinking you make a serious matter of a very little thing—it was but about nursing a baby." "You will feel the consequences of this method if you do not change it." "Oh! Sir, when she's not a bit stupid she'll be better." "Foolish woman, remember the word of God, 'A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame.' I should like to see your husband, when will he be at home?" More about the husband next month.

THE BOYS.—No. II.

THE DISOBLIGING BOY.

SOME folks who are very disobliging are not aware of it. Now there was Sam Hobbs, as pleasant a fellow as any in the school. He was a good scholar, diligent and studious, and always ready to join a friend in an excursion of pleasure. He was not naturally disobliging, but he acquired the bad habit in this way. I've heard a boy say, many times, "Lend

me your knife, Sam, will you?" "I can't, for I haven't any, and besides, I want to use it myself," he would reply; or if they said, "Let me see your knife, Sam, will you?" he would take it out and show it to them, and say, "There, you have seen it," and then back he would put it into his pocket. He always refused in such a pleasant way that they were rarely if ever offended; and it was a long time before they discovered how often he disobliged them.

One day, when Sam was absent from school, the boys had a public meeting, and agreed unanimously that they would convince him how disobliging he was, and in such a way that he could have no excuse for being angry. The next day, when he came, one of the first things he said was, "Where is the lesson to-day?" "I can't, for I haven't any; and besides, I want to use it myself," was the reply. He asked another, who holding the book open at such a distance that he could not read it, said, "There, you have seen it." Every question that he asked was answered with one of his old answers. At length he began to grow angry, but when he got to his seat and thought of it, he was surprised to think how often he had disobliged his friends. The fact was, he had never thought of it before; but now his eyes were opened, and he felt really sorry that he had disobliged persons so much, and he determined not to be angry with his schoolmates, let them disoblige him as they would. He tried not to ask them any questions, but he constantly forgot it, and received in answer to all his inquiries, "I can't, for I haven't any; and besides, I want to use it myself."

He came to school in the afternoon in great tribulation; he was at the head of his class in arithmetic, and he felt very anxious to remain there; but in his lesson of this day there was a sum he could not understand. In vain he applied to one after another to explain all; the only answer he got was, "I can't, for I haven't any; besides, I want to use it myself." There was one scholar who came late; to

him he applied, and, to his great joy and surprise, his friend did the same; but, O provoking, just as he reached out his hand for the slate, it was withdrawn, and the old saying, "There, you have seen it," was the answer. He could bear it no longer, but burst into tears. His school-mates really liked him, and when they saw how badly he felt, they were sorry they had carried the joke so far. After school they all came and shook hands with him, and told him why they did it. He acknowledged that he had done wrong, and after that he seldom refused to oblige a person when it was proper. If he did, we had but to say, "I can't, for I haven't any; besides, I want to use it myself," and he would instantly oblige us.

FAMILY BEREAVEMENTS.

"How is the strong staff broken!"

WE follow the father beyond his public walks, into more sacred and hallowed scenes, endeared by nearer and sweeter ties. Look upon him in the family. Another may fill his office in the State, but *who* can fill the place of the husband, and the father? The strong man of the house, the tower of protection, and the arm of defence—the head of the family, the guide of their affairs, and the staff of their support—who can fill his place there? The central tree in the garden of domestic bliss, on which the family vine was hanging, and where the tendrils of pure affection were twining closer and sweeter every year; the firm and faithful arm on which the confiding wife leaned, and rested her all; the knee upon which the children climbed to share a loving father's kiss—oh! a father gone—a father's empty seat! One, indeed, is left—the mother—most sacred name! And the finer feelings, the most sensitive emotions, and the softer voice of woman, these truly are the highest embellishments and choicest adornings of the family scene;

but, like the delicate colouring and sunny tints on the painting, they must rest upon the deeper and staid groundwork of a father's presence to perfect the picture.

When the father dies, the bright light of hope in the family firmament is put out, and the soft rays of a mother's smile grow dim, as the rainbow fades when the sun goes down. The sweet music of her voice becomes tremulous and sad, the main chord in the harp of her soul is broken. The charm of a mother's influence, when the husband—the background of her hope and dependance—is removed, becomes like an exquisite painting floating off from the canvas; a sweet vision trembling in empty air—bright and beautiful indeed—but with nothing to sustain and reflect its loveliness. The substantial bond of domestic bliss is broken, and the strong pillar of support to the family is shivered down into the grave of the father. The main prop is gone, the tower of safety crushed, the star of hope quenched. The wife's right hand is withered, the children's guide and provider snatched away from their arms and their kisses! The parental care and responsibility that was shared by two, now rests its heavy burden on one—the weaker one—the stronger is gone. Under such a stroke the bereaved family cry, “How is the strong staff broken!”

The picture that we have been drawing is no fancy sketch. In it many a stricken household will recognise a true delineation of their own mournful lot. And many a *happy* family, too, there now is, where it would require but one stroke from the hand of death to take away that husband and father, and then they might hang up this picture in their darkened home, as a vivid and living portrait of their own blasted prospects, crushed hopes, and gloomy future. Oh! what a sad change and melancholy reverse does it bring to the family when the father is taken away! Then “How is the strong staff broken!” But how sweet is the voice of God to the dying father in that hardest

conflict, the giving up of his companion and children to the cold charities of the world, to such a father, in that bitterest struggle, oh! how sweet the Divine promise—
 “Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive ;
 and let thy widows trust in me ”

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—No. II.

ALAS! for thee, poor believing wife, who art tried and burthened with a cursing, blustering, harassing husband—a second Nabal!—a harsh, overbearing, domestic tyrant. How shalt thou demean thyself, when thy husband treats thee as the mere creature of his will? How, I ask, shouldst thou demean thyself, in order to keep thy soul clear of his *blood*, when thou art called to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ? Or, still more, how shouldst thou act, with a view to rescuing his soul from the ruin to which it is fast hastening? Nothing, let me impress on you, can be gained in such a case by proving yourself in the right—nothing gained by setting up your will in opposition to his. Nothing by complaining of him to others. Nothing by declaiming or preaching either to or at him. Nothing by angry expostulations and bitter reproaches, however just—or by moping melancholy and sullen silence in his presence. Least of all, by holding aloof from his presence, or by repelling him from you when in a relenting humour. Sin can never be expelled by sin. Satan casteth not out Satan. Begin, therefore, with the conquest of your own headstrong *will*; subdue your own spirit; root out your own besetting sins and prevalent failings—which may after all have much to do with increasing, if they do not *originate* your causes of complaint—do this, unhappy wife, *first*, if you desire to see things go more smoothly in your household.

DR. H. F. K.

A DAY WITH THE COTTAGER'S WIFE AND HER BIBLE.—No. XIII

THE CHILD'S CRY.

A CHILD has fallen and cries. How quickly its mother runs to pick it up. It is not much hurt; she is not frightened, but the little one is, and how tenderly she quiets it—what gentle kisses smooth the smart. A mother has comforted, and the child has run off happily to his play again. Perhaps the hurt was severe. Now how prompt is the mother's skill—how anxiously she binds the wound—everything else gives way till the suffering child is relieved. Perhaps the child has lost some of his treasures. They were precious to him, of however little value, and he runs to his mother, he is sure of her sympathy. Perhaps she will show him how to make up his loss—at least, she will be sorry for him. Perhaps there is a deeper cause for grief. The child has done wrong, the little heart is weighed down with a sense of guilt, and longs for the relief of confession. He will hide his head on his mother's shoulder, and whisper all to her, and she will forgive him, and he will be happy again. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, saith the Lord." (Isa lvi. 13.)

Perhaps it is some little thing that troubles us; if we were wiser and stronger we should not mind it; yet it does press on us, and make us feel sad. God's comfort is mother-comfort, it is measured more by the fear and sorrow of the child than by the greatness of its cause. But perhaps our trouble is really great, our need very urgent. How prompt then, even as a mother's, God's help comes. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble;" while, unlike the mother, His skill and wisdom are always equal to His willingness to aid. We have lost some cherished pos-

session we weep over; let the tears be shed upon our knees—the mother-comfort of our God will not be failing. Perhaps He will show how we can do without the thing we thought so needful. At least we shall be soothed with thinking He shares our sorrow; we shall hear His words of love. “In all their afflictions He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them.”

Does our grief spring from that deepest of all sources, a sense of guilt? If we keep silence, there is no relief; like the Psalmist, we shall have to say, “When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.” Let us take up his resolution: “I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord;” no earthly parent will prove more ready to pardon; at once the answer will be, “And thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.”

GOOD NATURE AND SCANDAL.

Oh! did you not hear in your nursery
 The tale that gossips tell,
 Of two young girls that came to drink
 At a certain fairy well?
 The words of the youngest were as sweet
 As the smile on her ruby lip,
 But the tongue of the eldest seemed to move
 As if venom were on its tip.
 At the well a beggar accosted them,
 (A sprite in mean disguise,)
 The eldest spoke with a scornful brow,
 The youngest with tearful eyes.
 “Whene’er you speak, sweet girl,” said he,
 “Pure gems from your lips shall fall;
 But whene’er you utter a word, proud maid,
 From your tongue shall a serpent crawl.”
 And have you not met with the sisters oft,
 In the haunts of the old and young?
 The first with her pure and unsullied lip,
 The last with her serpent tongue?

Yes ; the first is Good Nature—diamonds bright
 On the darkest theme she throws ;
 And the last is Slander—leaving the slime
 Of the snake wherever she goes ! T. H. B.

OBEDIENCE, DILIGENCE, AND TRUTH.

It is said, when the mother of Washington was asked how she had formed the character of her son, she replied that she had early endeavoured to teach him three things—obedience, diligence, and truth. No better advice can be given by any parent. Teach your children to obey ; let it be the first lesson. You can hardly begin too soon. It requires constant care to keep up the habit of obedience, and especially to do it in such a way as not to break down the strength of the child's character. Teach your children to be diligent. The habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of almost every virtue. Nothing can be more foolish than an idea which parents have, that it is not respectable to set their children to work. Play is a good thing—innocent recreation is an employment, and a child may learn to be diligent in that as well as other things ; but let them learn to be useful. As to truth, it is the one, essential thing. Let anything else be sacrificed rather than that. Without it, what dependance can you place in your child ? And be sure to do nothing yourself to give the lie to your precepts.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE MATERNAL MEETING.

MY DEAR FRIEND, * * * I was greatly encouraged at our last Maternal Meeting by observing one mother present who had not joined us before. I expressed my pleasure at seeing her, when she replied, " My little girl had hard work, ma'am,

to make me come!" "Indeed!" "Yes, ma'am, you know she comes to your Bible class, and she said, 'Do go, mother, the lady will tell you about Jesus, and sing 'gentle Jesus' to you' I said, 'No,' and went out to chat with a neighbour; the little thing followed me, saying, 'Do you go, mother, and take me with you;' so I am come" Being sadly out of health, I had thought of giving up my Bible class, but this circumstance made me say to the mothers, send your children again. * * *

R. B. S.

THE MOTHER'S BLESSING.

WHAT bringeth a joy o'er thy pallid mien,
More deep than the prime of thy youth had seen?
What kindleth a beam in thy thoughtful eye,
Like the vestal flame from a purer sky?
Sweet were her tones—as the wind-harp free—
"The smile of the babe that is born to me."

What maketh thy home, with its noiseless shade,
More dear than the haunts where thy beauty strayed?
Than the dance where thy form was the zephyr's wing?
Than the crowded hall or the charmed ring?
Than the flatterer's wile, with its syren strain?
"The voice of the babe that with care I train."

What lendeth the landscape a brighter hue?
A clearer spark to the diamond dew?
What giveth the song of the bird its zest,
As straw by straw it doth build its nest?
What sweeteneth the flowers on their budding stalks?
"The kiss of the child by my side that walks."

What quickeneth thy prayer when it seeks the throne
With a fervour it never before had known?
What girdeth thy life in its daily scope
For the labour of love and the patience of hope,
The freedom from self, and the high intent?
"The soul of the child that my God hath lent."

L. H. S.

A WISE MOTHER.

THE mother of a family was married to an infidel who made a jest of religion in the presence of his own children; yet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord. I one day asked her how she had preserved them from the influence of a father whose sentiments were so openly opposed to her own. This was her answer:—“Because to the authority of a father I did not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years my children have always seen the Bible upon my table. This holy book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. I was silent, that it might speak. Did they propose a question? did they commit any fault? did they perform any good actions? I opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, reproved, or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scriptures has alone wrought the prodigy which surprises you.”

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS. .

YOUTHFUL NEGLECT.

If it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these lines, let him remember that it is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance; and I would this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if by doing so I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

A CHILD'S LOGIC.

"How many brothers have you?" said a gentleman to a little boy. The child mentioned the number, adding, "And one in heaven." "No, my son," interposed the mother, "you have no brother in heaven." "Yes, I have," persisted the young reasoner. "Didn't you tell me that God was my Father, and that Jesus Christ is the Son of God? Then *He must be my brother in heaven.*" "And Jesus called a little child unto him and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

PREFACE SMALL.

"Mother," said a little girl, seven years old, "I could not understand our minister to-day, he said so many hard words. I wish he would preach so that little girls could understand him. Won't he, mother?" "Yes, I think so, if we ask him." Soon after her father saw her going to the minister's. "Where are you going, Emma?" said he. "I am going over to Mr. ——'s, to ask him to preach small."

SPARE THE TRUTH

"When my son was scarcely three years old," says a lady, "I was one day under the necessity of correcting him for falsehood. I then took him up in my arms and affectionately reasoned with him on the sin and shame of his conduct. Encouraged by my kindness the little fellow to my astonishment spoke out. 'Ma, you whip me because I tell story, and you tell story too.' 'My son, when did I tell you story?' 'Yesterday, Ma. You told me to quit pushing the chair across the room, or you would whip me. I didn't quit, and you didn't whip me, ma.' Then I learned that children observe our inconsistencies much sooner than I had expected. From that day I was far more circumspect."

LITTLE BRIGHT-EYED TOMMY, THE SABBATH-SCHOOL BOY.

MANY a Sabbath morning might have been seen a beautiful boy, of some eight summers, trudging along the dusty road to the village Sabbath school, and so very interesting-looking was dear little Tommy—in our view—that an artist, we think, would have been arrested in his walk to gaze on his sunny face; and we should not have felt surprised if he had earnestly begged for a “sitting,” that a portrait of the cherub-looking boy might have graced his studio.

Dear little Tommy was called, by those of us who knew and loved him —“the bright-eyed boy;” and no marvel, for seldom have we looked upon such a pair of brilliant, laughing eyes. The contour of the face too was perfect, and the shining auburn hair curled luxuriantly above and around it. In his figure, little Tommy was a perfect man in miniature; so much so, that when on one occasion the little fellow was visiting a fashionable watering-place, strangers constantly halted before him to gaze and admire the unique “little man.” But the dimpled, sunny face has a dark shade on it now, and the bright eye is closed in a long, last sleep. Step softly! it is a solemn place—how marble-like the lovely form has become! The little chubby feet tread life’s path no more—they are stretched out in a narrow bed, and the little round fat hands are meekly folded on the quiet breast. The hand of disease has stamped its impress on the face of the once beautiful boy, and the grave-robes are folded around the perfect little form so admired in life; but the bud of beauty is gone to bloom in a more congenial climate—it was not allowed to unfold here—perhaps our sin-stained country was too cold!

We would not recall thee from glory and bliss,
Sweet spirit, to sorrow and sadness like this!

We would not recall thee ; no, take thy glad flight
 Still onward 'mid worlds of mysterious light.
 Strike louder your harp-strings, ye spirits of love !
 Oh, sweet be his welcome to regions above ;
 His soft voice of music the strain shall prolong,
 While answering angels repeat the glad song.

In the Sabbath school to which little Tommy belonged, there was what was called "a little prayer-meeting;" once a month, the female teachers gathered the girls around them to sing and pray in private, and exceedingly interesting was the sight, to behold the concentric circles of very little ones kneeling around their teachers, who asked for blessings on their young heads. Two little boys were admitted among them, to aid in leading the singing, and dear little Tommy was one of them. The last hymn he joined in singing there, seemed like a shadow cast before to tell of the coming event—it was this :—

Who are they whose little feet,
 Pacing life's dark journey through,
 Now have reached that heavenly seat
 They had ever kept in view ?
 I, from Greenland's frozen land,
 I, from India's sultry plain ;
 I, from Afric's burning sand,
 I, from islands of the main.

All our earthly journey past,
 Every tear and pain gone by ;
 Here together met at last,
 At the portal of the sky.
 Each the welcome "Come" awaits,
 Conquerors over death and sin ;
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
 Let the little travellers in !

The nature of the disease sent to hurry little Tommy to the tomb, precluded any of his friends from holding conversation with him—the little mind often wandered, and so great was his weakness, when consciousness returned, he could only speak in monosyllables, and even these he could

not repeat; but most patient and quiet lay the dear little fellow on his bed of death, now and then giving sign of pain or thirst by saying, in a gentle voice, "Oh dear!" Thus he lay, till the dark-winged angel came, and then so gently he passed from earth to the spirit-land, it seemed like the natural sleep of a lovely infant; but as the day was breaking, the anxious watchers could only say, "Dear Tommy is gone!"

One night, during the early part of his illness, there was a fearful thunder-storm, but young, dying Tommy felt no fear—he requested the window-curtain to be drawn back, and the candle to be extinguished, that he might the better see the vivid lightning. Ah, dear little boy! thou art far above the thunder-cloud now; may we meet thee in the uncorrupted, undefiled land, where fear, and sin, and death, are for ever excluded. May the tears that are falling over the little grave of this beautiful Sabbath-school boy be submissive tears—remembering that he is folded safely in the great Shepherd's arms. He who gave him has taken him, to induce us to tread the heavenward path, while we think and feel that "God is love," our load of affliction is lightened.

"LET ME GO, FOR THE DAY BREAKETH."

The morning dawn,—dark shades are flying—
 Some are sleeping, and some are dying;
 Angels are hovering round a bed,
 Where peacefully rests a bright young head.
 On his listening ear sweet music fell,
 As they bent their message of love to tell.
 "Little pilgrim, come, 'tis the dawn of day,
 We must lead you a bright, a shining way,
 To a glorious home in yonder sky,
 Where no tear can fall, and no heart can sigh.
 Thy pilgrimage has been short, bright boy—
 Come quickly from earth to share our joy;
 We will hold you high o'er Jordan's wave,
 'Tis the last sorrow that thou must brave.

Come, the day breaketh—thy harp is strung—
 To our home where the praise of the Lamb is sung.
 Thou shalt rest on our dear Master's breast,
 And with the redeemed be for ever blest."

Their mission done—with angelic joy,
 In triumph they bear the bright-eyed boy,
 The world awakes to the opening day,
 Young Tommy's bright spirit is far away

September 5th, 1855.

FRUITS OF A MOTHER'S EARLY TEACHING AND PRAYERS.

WE have read with much interest the "Memoir of Mr. Henry Althans, with the Address at the Grave, and the Funeral Service," and for the encouragement of mothers will give a few extracts. From the birth of this good man, his pious mother felt and expressed the deepest concern for his salvation. Often, in her approaches to a throne of grace, she dedicated little Henry to Jesus, and at the same time offered up the most earnest prayers that he might live to be useful. His history proves how literally and extensively these prayers were answered.

Henry was only five years old when his mother died, but her spiritual care for him had made a deep impression upon his young heart. It was, therefore, in heaven she received the joyful intelligence of the conversion of her son. Glorious truth! "There is joy among the angels in heaven over *one* sinner that repenteth," and the conversion of Henry Althans increased their joy and the melody of their praise.

On the birth of her little Henry, Mrs. Althans thus writes.—"May songs of praise resound from my heart and tongue, for the great deliverance the Lord has vouchsafed to me. I have dedicated my child, body and soul, to His service. When the poor infant was laid by my side I could not help weeping over it, while I prayed that

the Lord would take it under His protection, and give me grace to bring it up for Him." During an illness, she writes:—"I have taken my dear Henry into the country for change of air; the lovely bloom which adorned his cheeks is changed into a languid paleness. I have been for some weeks in what Young calls the post of observation—darker every hour. Lord! may it please thee to bless the means used for his recovery, and grant me the happy privilege of bringing him up for thee. *I do not desire to see him great, but I earnestly desire to see him good*" God gave Henry the requested goodness, and goodness in him expanded into *greatness*. Thousands were fed by his productions, and in stature he became exalted above the cedars of Lebanon.

The mother of Henry Althaus did not rest her hope on labour without prayer, nor on prayer without exertion. She combined them both. A letter which Mrs. Althaus wrote to her children from her death-bed, appears to have formed Henry's character; and, under God, the life of Henry Althaus, whenever it is exhibited in its true peculiarity, will serve above all other things to show the importance of a prayerful and diligent performance of a mother's duty. A very few extracts from the dying mother's letter must end our paper:—

"When you are capable of reading these lines," says the departing mother, "the hand that wrote them will be mouldering into dust. Had God prolonged my life, it would have been my delight to have instructed you in His fear. I cannot leave this world without bequeathing to my beloved children a few instructions—my dying advice. I entreat you, *yea*, I charge you, as you shall answer it at the dreadful day of judgment, that you love and serve your God in sincerity and truth. I admonish you to love the Bible, to read it with attention, and pray that God may enlighten your understanding. The Prince of Peace was the sinner's only Friend. Oh, reject Him not, but give up yourselves willingly to His service. Be lowly in heart—love retirement—love the house and public worship of God."

We cannot give more of this good mother's dying advice, but refer our friends to the little work; just remarking, that her early training was remembered, her prayers answered, and her son Henry became not only "good" but *great*. He lived a long life—honouring his mother's God, and doing good to the children of men; and, doubtless, the mother and son are now rejoicing together in that better home where love is perfect. Mothers! be encouraged to *work and pray*, and PRAY AND WORK, as did Henry Althaus' mother. Ye shall reap, if ye faint not.

SARAH LOVEJOY, AND HER PERPLEXITY.

No. III.

We have already said that Sarah Lovejoy was one of a large family; she had a kind father, and an active and industrious managing woman for a mother. Under his influence, and with such an example, Sarah soon became very useful at home, and well prepared to take the situation which was offered in the family of her father's employer. Here her quiet, active habits soon made her a favourite. Whatever she did, she did well; she never left the dust in the corners; for she thought of her mother's observation, "Whenever you slight anything, Sarah, do it where it may be seen; take care of deceit and trickery in any shape."

In sickness Sarah was a kind and affectionate nurse, moving about with the stillness of a mouse, opening and shutting the doors so gently as not to disturb the suffering invalid; watching with the kindest attention their every want, and, if possible, anticipating them. Sarah was never known to say, when told to do a thing, "it is not my work," and refuse to do it. With such a disposition there were few difficulties, and the time passed not only quickly but pleasantly; mistress and maid were both

satisfied, and neither thought of change. But one day the current of events was most unexpectedly thrown out of order. Sarah had been out upon an errand, and accidentally met a young man whom she had long known. They walked a little way together, and just as they parted he said something to her (we did not hear what it was), which seemed deeply to affect her. She blushed, and walked hurriedly away; but the impression seemed to be deep, for she sighed, and was unusually thoughtful.

One morning a gentle tap was heard at the drawing-room door. Sarah entered, and approaching with a pensive air, said she should be glad of her mistress's advice, if she would kindly help her in a case of great perplexity. "Well, Sarah, what is the matter? what is it all about?" With some hesitation, and much stammering, she at last said she had an offer of marriage. "Well, and pray who is the favoured one?" "I hope you will not be angry, ma'am." "Oh! no, but you have taken me a little by surprise. Who is it?" The name was rather hard to pronounce—at least, Sarah found it so—and with difficulty got it out. "You ask my advice, Sarah, but let me first ask you this, and tell me honestly—is it all settled?" "No, indeed it is not." "Well, Sarah, I have never known you to speak anything but the truth, and therefore I believe you now." "Indeed you may, ma'am." "I certainly shall be sorry to part with you, for you suit me very well, and have always conducted yourself with great propriety; yet I am not so selfish as to consider myself alone, but should be glad to see you well and comfortably settled. I know something of the young man, and believe him to be very respectable. I will make inquiries, and let you know."

Sarah thanked her mistress, and withdrew, much relieved. Now this was all just as it should be,—a confidence by the servant, and a kind sympathy on the part of the mistress; would that it prevailed in every family! It

would go far to prevent many unhappy marriages ; nevertheless, it must be confessed there is much difficulty in the way, while poor human nature is what it is. In due time Sarah was happily married, her mistress making her a present of five pounds as a token of respect and esteem. Twelve months happily ran their round, when the first baby came to cement and increase their mutual love ; and walking in the fear of God, and the comfort of the Holy Ghost, they enjoyed peace and contentment. M. B

COMING HOME.

COMING HOME ! Glad words ! The waters dash upon the prow of the gallant vessel. *She* stands upon the deck, and while the winds woo her ringlets looks anxiously for the headlands of home. In thought there are warm kisses on her lips, soft hands on her temples, manly arms press her to a throbbing heart, and one voice, sweeter than all the rest, whispers, " My child ! " Coming home ! Full to bursting is her young heart, and she seeks the cabin to give her joy vent in blessed tears.

* * * * *

Coming home ! The best room is set apart for *his* chamber. Again and again have loving hands folded away the curtains, and shaken ont the snowy drapery. The vases are filled every day with fresh flowers, and every evening tremulous, loving voices whisper, " He will be here to-morrow, perhaps." At each meal the table is set with superfluous care. The newly-embroidered slippers, the rich dressing-gown, the study-cap that he will like so well, are prepared to meet his eye. That student brother ! He could leap the waters, and fly like a bird home. Though he has seen all the splendour of olden cities, there is but one spot that fills his heart, and that spot he will soon reach. " Sweet home."

* * * * *

Coming home! What sees the sun-browned sailor, in the darkling waters? He smiles! There are pictures there of a blue-eyed babe and its mother. He knows that even now his young wife sings the sweet cradle-song—

“For I know that the angels will bring him to me.”

He sees her watching from her cottage door, he feels the beat of her heart in the pulse of his own, when a familiar footfall touches only the threshold of memory. The bronzed sailor loves his home, as an eagle whose wing seeks oftenest the tracks of the air, loves best his mountain eyry. His treasures are there.

* * * *

Coming home! Sadly the worn Californian folds his arms and sinks back upon his fevered pillow. What to him is his yellow gold? Oh! for one sweet smile of kindred! But that may not be. Lightly they tread by his bedside, watch the dim eye, moisten the parched lips. A pleasant face bends o’er him, a rough palm gently pushes back the moist hair, and a familiar voice whispers, “Cheer up, my friend, we are in port; you are going home.” The film falls from the sick man’s eye. Home is near! Can he be almost there? A thrill sends the blood circling through his limbs. What! shall he see those dear eyes before the night of darkness settles down for ever? Will his babes fold their arms about him, and press their cherry lips to his? What wonder if new vigour gathers in that manly chest? He feels strength in every nerve—strength to reach home—strength to bear the overwhelming joy of meeting those dear ones.

* * * *

Coming home! The very words are rapturous—bear import of everything sweet and holy in the domestic life; nay, more, they are stamped with the seal of heaven; for angels say of the dying saint, “He is coming home.”

THE BOYS.—No. III.

THE HONEST BOY.

“THAT is right, my boy,” said the merchant, smiling approvingly upon the bright face of his shop-boy. He had brought him a dollar that lay among the dust and paper of the sweepings. “That is right,” he said again; “always be honest; it is the best policy.” “Should you say that?” asked the lad, timidly. “Should I say what? that honesty is the best policy? Why, it is a time-honoured old saying; I don’t know about the elevating tendency of the thing; the spirit is rather narrow, I’ll allow.” “So grandmother taught me,” replied the boy. “She said, we should do right because God approved it, without thinking what man would say.” The merchant turned abruptly towards the desk, and the thoughtful-faced little lad resumed his duties.

In the course of the morning a rich and influential citizen called at the shop. While conversing he said, “I have no children of my own, and I fear to adopt one. My experience is, that a boy of twelve (the age I should prefer) is fixed in his habits, and if they are bad——” “Stop!” said the merchant, “do you see that lad yonder?” “With that noble brow? Yes; what of him?” “He is remarkable——” “Yes, yes;—that’s what everybody tells me who has boys to dispose of. No doubt he’ll do very well before your face. I’ve tried a good many, and have been deceived more than once.” “I was going to say,” remarked the merchant, calmly, “that he is remarkable for principle. Never have I known him to deviate from the right, Sir—never. He would restore a pin; indeed (and the merchant coloured) he’s a little too honest for my employ. He points out flaws in goods, and I cannot teach him prudence in that respect. Common prudence, you know, is—is—common—common prudence—ahem!”

The stranger made no assent, and the merchant hurried on to say, "He was a parish orphan—taken by an old woman out of pity, when yet a babe. Poverty has been his lot. No doubt he has suffered from hunger and cold uncounted times; his hands have been frozen, so have his feet. Sir, that boy would have died rather than been dishonest. I can't account for it, upon my word I can't." "Have you any claim upon him?" "Not the least in the world, except what common benevolence offers. Indeed, the boy is entirely too good for me." "Then I will adopt him, and if I have found one really honest boy, thank God!"

The little fellow rode away in a carriage, and was ushered into a luxurious home; and he who had sat shivering in a cold corner, listening to the words of a poor old pious creature who had been taught of the Spirit, became one of the best and greatest divines England ever produced. "They that honour me, I will honour."

A DAY WITH THE COTTAGER'S WIFE AND HER BIBLE.—No. XIV.

THE CHILD CHASTENED.

A CHILD has rebelled, and must be corrected; the father, who would so lovingly shield his child from every pain, must now himself inflict pain, for he believes the words of the wise man, "Whoso spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." This chastening is another picture of God's dealings with His children. "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him: for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the Father chasteneth not? But if ye be without

chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons. Furthermore, we have had fathers of our flesh, which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but He for our profit, that we might be partakers of His holiness."—Heb. xii. 5—10.

THE THORNS UNDER THE POT.

A little brushwood is put on the fire to make the kettle boil quickly. The flame burns briskly, the whole cottage looks bright and cheerful, but in a few minutes it is gone, and the hearth is as dull as it was before. "As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool; this also is vanity."—Eccles. vii. 6. The fool has his pleasure—the Bible never denies that—but of what sort is it? Noisy, boisterous, soon gone; it is only the crackling of thorns under the pot.

— — —

IS THIS SUNDAY MORNING, MOTHER?

THIS was the weekly question of my dear Sarah Ann, as soon as her eyes opened from their night's repose, and met the morning light. And, mothers, I think there was something delightful in the question. Have you not, mothers, had your ears arrested by a similar question on the Lord's-day morning, by some little one that you loved as dearly as your own soul, and did you not think that there was something very delightful in the voice that spoke, as well as the question put? "Is this Sunday morning, mother, and shall I go to Sunday school with my brother?" And although that little voice is now silent, and the body resting in the cold, cold grave, still the question rings in the ears; still the voice seems to speak; and although those little feet

rest beneath the clod, still they appear to be running side by side with that brother whom she loved,

Ah! oft have I, in my lonely hours, thought it to be but a dream, a vision of the night, which will pass away with the opening dawn. But ah! alas! it is no dream, it is an experimental fact, that my dear little one, so lovely, so blooming, so promising, should in two days and two hours be cut down like a flower—for in two hours after asking the above question, typhus fever set in, and on the following Tuesday her Saviour gathered His little lamb to Himself, at the age of five years and seven months. The last address she heard was from her own minister, when he addressed the Sunday-school children; the text was, “Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

My dear child loved the house of God, her minister, her teacher, her brother, and her parents, and was always delighted with hearing pieces of *The Mothers' Friend* read to her, therefore, the sudden loss of such a child is all the more felt. But it is all right—she cannot return to me, but I shall go to her. Mothers! train your children up in the way that they should go.

M. A. C.

THE ANGELS OF THE CHILDREN.

“For I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.”—Matt. xviii. 10.

SMILE on, ye happy ones! smile on, in spotless innocence, over the graves, it may be, of some who loved you dearly! Emblems of all that is bright and joyous in this world of ours; emblems chosen by Him, who also once lived a child and dwelt among men, for the illustration of the purest and most heavenly of His truths. He who, when He would teach a lesson of His own divine humility, took a child, and set him in the midst of His disci-

ples, will receive, in His infinite condescension, even you, oh, little children! He, who mid the toils of His wanderings, the weight of His mission, and the shadow of His approaching passion, received the infant treasures of those Jewish mothers, will lay His hands of blessing on your heads.

Oh, ye treasured ones! He who, an example of tranquillity in mortal peril, slept the untroubled sleep of a child while the storm rose, and the angry waves threatened to engulf the trembling vessel, will guide with His comforting presence your little barks o'er life's weary ocean; that so, having safely stemmed the waves of this troublesome world, you may find a good anchorage in that distant haven, and prove to your everlasting joy that "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Peace be with the little children! To how many hearts are they the messengers of mercy? To how many weary souls do they bring glad tidings of good things? How often do they prove little evangelists of hope, telling of a world beyond this sordid planet, of an existence beyond our present toilsome state, to enter which we must, ere we can hope to do so, imitate the undoubting trust, the humility and love of these little ones, and like them "enter the kingdom of heaven"

(To be concluded next month)

EARLY TEACHING.

ONE of those events which pass silently within the bosom of Christian families, but which re-appear, in the life of their members, in blessed and memorable fruit, is thus described:—

He was about nine years of age, when one day, in passing his mother's door, he heard her engaged in earnest prayer for her family, and for himself by name. He

thought, "My mother is more earnest that I should be saved, than I am for my own salvation." In that hour he became decided to serve God, and the impression then made was never effaced.

Happy that son, whose heart is daily moved towards the ways of God by a mother's holy walk, and whose salvation is the daily burden of a mother's fervent prayer! And happy that mother, whose son does not steel his heart against her solicitude! "It was early," many a mother would perhaps think, "to be concerned about the conversion of a good, well-conducted boy, when he was only nine." Perhaps, had you been as much concerned for the conversion of your boy when he was good and well-conducted, he might have been good and well-conducted still. "It is early," many a son will probably think, "to be anxious about a future life, while I am yet so young." Perhaps, if you defer now because it is too early, you will in a few years abandon the thought altogether, "because it is too late."

On his peaceful death-bed, after a useful and prosperous life, Samuel Budgett could say, "I feel as if I was a poor sinner saved through my dear mother's prayers, the prayers of my friends, and my own poor feeble prayers, offered through Christ.—From *"The Successful Merchant."*

THE SPOILED CHILD.

I KNOW a little boy, of four years of age, who, although an interesting child, I am sorry to relate is very passionate. I have been an eye-witness to some outbursts of passion, and manifestations of a stiff-necked obstinacy in him, which have quite shocked me; the more so, because I discovered that these lamentable faults are the results of a defective exercise of parental authority. I have seen his little face distorted with passion, because his mother at the tea-table

filled his small cup too full. I have also heard him scream frantically, because the butter on his bread was not thick enough, and he was not allowed to help himself to more. I attribute the blame to the parents, because they did not on such occasions make him submit, and because I have seen the little fellow act good-humouredly and submissively when his parents were not present. If any mother reads this who has such a child, let her remember that, as he grows older, his insubordination and ungoverned passion may deprive her of much comfort and repose, and perhaps result in the utter ruin of both body and soul of the unfortunate youth. "Chasten thy son while there is yet hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying."—Prov. xix. 18.

A FRIEND TO CHILDREN.

THE CHILD AT PLAY.

A LITTLE child was running about in the room, making for itself many a childish sport and pleasure. It coined for itself money out of fragments of earthenware; of some wood chips it built a house; it made a horse of a broom, and a child of a painted doll. The father sat at the table, and had many a weighty affair to think of, which he was examining and bringing into order—affairs which should one day be of great importance to that sporting child. The child often ran to him, put many a childish question to him, or asked him for this and that object, which it needed for its play. The father answered but little, but proceeded meanwhile in his work, keeping always a watchful eye over his boy, lest he should fall and get some serious hurt. And Gotthold saw all this, and thought, "Here is a very pretty emblem of the Fatherly providence of God. We old children run about in the world, and play oft-times more foolishly than the little ones: we plant and pluck up, we ride and drive, we eat and drink, we sing and play, and do great things, over which God must

keep special watch. Meanwhile He, the All-knowing, sits and writes our day in His book, and orders everything that is to befall us. He arranges all for our good, and at the same time keeps always a vigilant eye on us and on our child's play, that we may receive no fatal injury. My God, such knowledge is too wonderful for me, and too high; I cannot attain to it: but I will still praise thee for it. Leave me never, O my Father, out of thy care and oversight, more especially when, like such a thoughtless child, I am ready to behave foolishly."

DOES YOUR CHILD OBEY YOU, MOTHER?

No. III.

I ARRIVED at John's cottage just as he had finished his dinner. Hannah was nursing the baby attentively, and the mother was putting away. "I will lose no time, my friend, in telling my errand; it is to talk with you on the bringing up of your children, and to press the necessity of training them according to God's Word." "Sir, it is all my desire; if they are but the children of God, I'm happy about all else." "May I ask, do you endeavour to do it, as well as desire it?" "I do, Sir; I've a sad hindrance—I've my work to mind; and when I'm away I'm forced to leave them to their mother; and she grieves me sore in this,—that we are not of one mind, and she don't see, and I can't make her see, how needful it is that we be agreed; so as fast as I get a hold of the children she undoes it all again. It's hard to think of bringing children into the world to see them run headlong to destruction." "It is, indeed; but what's the reason your wife doesn't see what is best?" "I don't know," he said, with a sigh, "she frets and teases; the children can never please her—either they do nought, or nothing *right*. She scolds from morning to night, and yet *never* makes them

do ought as she'd have them. If they're to be thrashed, I'm to thrash them, and then, when I'd *make* them do, she won't have them touched, and though the children would do ought I told them she never gets them to mind her."

On hearing this, I turned to the woman and said, "Do endeavour to be of the same mind with your husband, and resolutely bring up your children in the fear and love of God." "I wish I could make them obedient—John knows that's all I want." "I tell you what, I suspect, first, that you never think of God in this matter—you neither desire to make your children serve Him, nor do so yourself. And next, that you are exceedingly indolent, and do not like the trouble of training them in the right way." "I don't know, Sir; but I'm sure I beat them oft, and tell them what to do." "What makes Hannah nurse the baby so well now?" "Oh! because her father is here. She knows *he will* have it done as he says." "But Hannah," I said, "how much happier it would be, if you always obeyed both father and mother because the Lord has ordered you to do so. Will you try?" She whispered "Yes."

EXAMPLE IS BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

THE parent who would train up a child in the way he should go, must go in the way that he would train up the child. Aye, an ounce of example is worth whole tons of precept—and there would be a great saving of scoldings and whippings, if people could learn to govern themselves before they undertook to govern others. Be a living lesson in your own proper person, and there is little fear but that those who look up to you will follow in your footsteps; but if you undertake to bully and thump children into the practice of virtues which with you are only matters of theory, the success of the experiment is very doubtful, to say the least of it.

Children are much more likely to act as you act, than to act as you say; and you will often find them as a mirror, in which your own faults are reflected, and it may be, exaggerated. Go, therefore, in the way in which you would train up a child, leading with all due consideration for the weakness and inexperience of the feeble ones who are thus called upon to follow—not expecting too much from untried limbs, or rebuking too harshly the mis-steps and stumblings of those who are so much weaker than yourself

M. B.

HINTS ON EDUCATION.—No. II.

It should be especially inculcated, that the dictate of conscience is never to be sacrificed; that, whatever may be the consequences of conforming to it, they are to be ventured. Obedience is to be unconditional. It is important so to regulate the understanding and imagination of the young, that they may be prepared to obey even where they do not see the reasons of the commands of God. We should certainly endeavour, where we can, to show them the reasons of the Divine commands, and this more and more as their understandings gain strength; but let it be obvious to them, that we do ourselves consider it as quite sufficient if God has commanded us to do or avoid anything

BEANS IN BLOSSOM.

When the beans are in blossom they give forth a very sweet and lovely odour, which the wind wafts to, us often from afar; and as Gotthold once smelt this sweet perfume, he recollected how he had read somewhere that the islands of Ceylon, Madagascar, and others, on which costly spices grow in abundance, send forth such a powerful fragrance that people can frequently sooner smell these islands than see them. Thereupon, with a hearty cheerfulness he said,

"My God, if these earthly fruits can yield me such a charin, what can I expect from the heavenly? Ah! how many fragrant airs do thy faithful ones enjoy, brought out of the land of life by the heavenly Pentecostal wind, thy gracious Spirit! Therein they have a sample and a foretaste of blessedness, and were it not for that, how might they endure so great tribulation?"

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

IMPORTANCE OF A FIRM RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVA, who was no recluse, no fanatic, but a man eminent as a scholar and a philosopher, said, "I envy no qualities of the mind or intellect in others, nor genius, nor power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a *firm religious belief to every other blessing*: —for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of lights; awakens life in death; and calls out from corruption and decay, beauty and everlasting glory."

MOTHERS.

I think it must somewhere be written, that the virtues of mothers shall occasionally be visited on their children, as well as the sins of fathers.—*Dickens*.

A GREAT MAN'S OPINION

The glorified spirit of an infant is the star to guide the mother to its own blissful home. The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother —*Napoleon I.*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Long Look Ahead. By ARTHUR S. ROE. London Simpkin and Co

One of the "Run and Read Library" books, and as interesting and instructive as any we have seen of them. It is a very useful book to present to young people.

EVERY HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN BITTERNESS.—No. III.

LET us look at another scene of deep affliction. The good Leigh Richmond tells us a tale of woe in the home of his childhood—"My mother," he says, "had six children, three of whom died in infancy. A very affecting circumstance accompanied the death of one of them, and was a severe trial to her. The youngest child, a sweet little boy, just two years old, was, through the carelessness of his nurse, precipitated from a bed-room window upon the pavement beneath. I was at that time six years of age, and happened to be walking on the very spot when the distressing event occurred. I was, therefore, the first to take up, and deliver into our agonized mother's arms, the little sufferer—the head was fractured, and he only survived a few hours.

"I have a very distinct remembrance of the struggle between the *natural* feelings of the *mother* and the *spiritual* resignation of the *Christian*—she passed the sad interval of suspense in almost continual prayer, and found God a present help in time of trouble. Frequently during that day did she retire with me, and, as I knelt by her side, she uttered the feelings and desires of her heart to God. I remember her saying, 'If I cease praying five minutes I am ready to sink under this unlooked-for distress; but, when I pray, God comforts me—His will, not mine, be done.' Once she said; 'Help me to pray, my child—Christ suffers little children to come to Him, and forbids them not—say something.' 'What shall I say, mamma? Shall I fetch a book?' 'Not now,' she replied; 'speak from your heart, and ask God that we may be reconciled to His will, and bear the trial with patience.'

"The day after the infant's death, she took me to the bed on which my little brother lay, and kneeling down, she

wept for a few minutes in silence, and then taking his cold hand in one of hers, and mine in the other, she said, 'Lord, if it had not been thy good pleasure it had not been thus; thy will be done! I needed this heavy trial to show me more of myself, and to wean me from the world; forgive my sins, O God! and let me not murmur!' Then looking at the cherub countenance of her babe, she added, 'Thou art not lost, but gone before!' She then put his little hand into mine, and said, 'If you live, my child, never forget this, and may I meet you both one day in heaven.' To the end of her life she wore a little locket attached to her watch, containing a lock of her poor little Henry's hair, and she often looked at it and spoke of it as a remembrance of God's goodness to her at a most trying season."

We see, in the case of this excellent woman, how easily God can hold us above the deepest waters of affliction; but I hear another mother say, "Ah, Mrs. Richmond had a husband left to comfort and cheer her by his presence and counsel, but *I* was left ALONE to meet the dreadful storm." Aye, every heart knows its own bitterness.

"My case," says the youthful widow, "was more trying still; I lost the guide of my youth just as life looked bright and beautiful—when least expected, a dense dark cloud came over my new and happy home, and earth became to me a dreary and barren wilderness." "Nay," says another, "your sorrow was less heavy than mine, for I was left to struggle on alone with six fatherless children, amidst deep sorrow and deep poverty." "Ah, but I was left a hoary-headed widow," says another, "when I most needed a companion to lean upon in descending the hill of life; but I stood alone in the heartless world, mourning over the graves of husband, children, and all my near relatives, not one dear one left to close my weary, weeping eyes." Well; every heart knows its own bitterness.

Listen to the history of one who had experienced some of life's bitterest trials. "I entered a cottage," says a

lady, "to pay a visit to an aged Christian. . After some little chat I remarked, 'You are near the end of your journey—how does the prospect appear to you?' 'I have nothing,' said she, 'to speak of, but goodness and mercy in reviewing the past, and only gratitude and praise for the present. *I have not now a wish in the world, and I do not want to wish.*' 'Not a wish! and do not want to wish!' I looked round upon the neat cottage; not a carpet—not a sofa. All was plain, neat, comfortable. 'Your life has been one of great trial and sorrow,' said I, 'how is it that you have arrived at this truly singular and enviable condition?' 'It has, indeed, been a life of severe discipline,' she replied; 'but oh, how merciful! When I was left widow, and the account came to me that my husband was dead, on a foreign shore, and all our property at once swept away, my heart rebelled—it was more than I could bear, to look at my seven orphans, some of them mere infants, and think that their father was gone, and I wished then *that I was dead.* I knew not Him who has since proved Himself the God of the widow; but in that dark night He drew near and called me first to Himself, and then bade me drink of the living waters which flow from His blessed Word, that I might thirst no more. But this was not enough; He opened a way for me to feed and clothe my children, and keep them all with me. Year after year He sustained me, and I have seen my children grow up and fill useful situations in society; and some of them He has still better provided for—they are where they hunger no more, and thirst no more, but are with the Lamb before the throne;—and now why should I wish? I dare not, lest I desire something which might not please my heavenly Father. I can think of no place in the wide universe where I should not be happy, if *His* hand led me there. I desire Him to do just as He pleases with me—I would go to Him now cheerfully; and I often think, as I turn into my little room, I should like to die all alone with God, if it is His

will; but if He pleases, I can live on for years longer.' Well, thought I, such strains sound like heavenly music, she cannot long be separated from her kindred spirits—and so the event proved. A few weeks more passed away, when an injury received from a fall laid her upon her bed to rise no more. During her few days of suffering, she met every one who called with a radiant smile, telling them that the Master had sent the joyful summons, and she was hastening away! Ready to depart. She caught up the louder, sweeter song to Him who loved her as she passed through death's portals; and if heaven rejoiced to receive her, earth might well have wept to lose so much effectual prayer."

STEPMOTHERS.—No. V.

"JANET, dear, I have something to say to you," said Miss B. to a little motherless girl. Janet obeyed, and followed the lady into the dining parlour with a smiling face. Miss B. was the cousin of Janet's mother, and she had taken that mother's place in the hearts of Janet and her sister Laura ever since that mother's death. "Sit down, dear; you must not be in a hurry." "Oh! cousin dear, what has happened? You look so pale; are you ill?" "No, dear, I am a little agitated, that is all. I want to tell you that I am going away to-morrow morning." "No, no, dear cousin, I hope not," and poor Janet fell on Miss B.'s neck, weeping. "Stop, dear, you would not allow me to finish my speech. I am coming back again in a week or two, to stay, I hope, a long, long time." "Oh! then I am glad!" and Janet danced and laughed. "Would you like to call me mamma, Janet?" asked Miss B., while a tear stole down her pale cheek. "Oh! that I should, dear darling cousin! now I think I can guess the rest!" Papa is going to be married to you—is that the funny secret?" "Yes, even so, my dear girl; now run and call Laura, and we will talk all the matter over."

Away bounded Janet, calling, "Laura, Laura!" Having found her, she threw her arms round her neck, saying, "Come, come to dear cousin; she will tell you something that will make you cry, and then she will tell you something more to make you laugh—come quickly." The two young sisters were soon at Miss B.'s side, and she began talking to Laura as she had done to her elder sister, and as Janet had prophesied, Laura wept at the thought of Miss B. going away; then came the laugh, and both girls jumped round the table in an ecstasy of delight. Miss B. then led them to a wardrobe, where appeared two little white silk bonnets by the side of one of larger dimensions. "Oh! Laura, look there!—I know, I know we are going to be the two little bridesmaids, are we not, dear cousin?" "Yes, it is even so intended by your dear papa and myself, if you like the plan." "Like it! Oh! yes; joy, joy. Oh! I will dance and sing all day."

The next morning gave these dear children a step-mother, and for a few years there was never seen a more happy family, but, like all the light scenes of earth, this happy state of things could not last. A cloud came over the home sunshine, the kind stepmother was stricken by the hand of death, and after a painful and lingering illness, she went up to join the assembly of the "just made perfect," leaving the home again very desolate. These dear girls are women now, and one is a mother; but they delight to talk of the dear cousin who was almost adored by them, while she was allowed to be a comfort to them as a stepmother.

EARLY LESSONS FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

No. V.

AN infant should ever be addressed with mild cheerfulness, and treated with that uniform kindness of which it is conscious at a very early age, as those of us who have observed

infancy know full well. 'Then again, young mother, you must accustom even infants to *resign* immediately whatever you do not wish them to retain, and to be refused whatever is unfit for you to grant. At the same time we ought not to seek occasions for practising this rule; there are more than enough in the natural course of things.

It is wise sometimes to turn the attention of a very little child from an object of earnest desire, to something else of interest. If the little creature is old enough to understand a little story, this mode of amusement will often be more acceptable than any other. Are you at a loss, young mother, for a *true* story? Tell your little one of young Samuel living in the temple; of Joseph and his brethren; of the holy babe sleeping in the manger, gather up fragments from your own early history, and tell also of dear little ones whom you may have known.

If your child fall into a passion of tears because a storm prevents a walk or a game, there is reason to fear you have either taught him to use tears as weapons of conquest, or to consider your denials as sometimes the fruits of harshness or caprice. A mother's conduct should always be unalterable as the law of necessity, and gentle as the law of kindness, then will the little ones feel love and respect for her.

SARAH LOVEJOY, OR, THE FIRST BABY.

No IV

THE introduction of a little helpless stranger made a great alteration in the quiet, but well-regulated home of Sarah Lovejoy. A host of new cares and anxieties sprang up; if before she found she had plenty to do, and that it required some management to keep all things straight, now it became doubly difficult; for the common duties of the household must be still performed, and with the same regularity, whilst the many wants of the first-born must be

all cared for, and who but a young mother can do more than give a feeble guess at the amount of those cares? There is the new-born love for the first time awakened, the tender solicitude, the ever-wakeful anxiety; see how silently she goes about her work, how noiselessly she passes to and fro from the little back-yard. No slamming of doors, shaking the house from the top to the bottom; yea, the street-door is carefully shut, lest the noise on the outside should disturb the precious slumberer.

Her hands are busy preparing to receive her husband, and with what new delight does she anticipate his coming! not now simply my dear husband, but the father of my precious baby. Her bosom swells with delight as she hears his footsteps; and the anxiety appears to be sympathetic, for the door opens gently, and his inquiring eye seems to say, "Well, how is baby?" And there is a tenderness of feeling which shows his love for his wife. "Baby is asleep, dear." There is the same air of comfort about everything, and they sit down to their pleasant meal with thankful hearts and joys they never knew before.

"What a mercy it is, Sarah, that you are so well, and able to get about so soon," said the kind husband. "Indeed it is, my dear, I find I am wanted more than ever. There's baby crying." Her quick ear caught the gentle sound, and up she rushed to tend the wants of the helpless stranger; pressing him to her bosom, she brings him down with all a mother's pride to show him to his father. There he is, a little embryo man; his bright eyes open and shut, but there is little intelligence in them yet; his tiny arms move feebly, but who will undertake to read the destinies of that child, or say whercunto he shall grow? That body and that mind may take a stand-point in the history of the world, and thrill to its extremities for good or for evil.

"Dear little fellow," said the father, "we have a solemn and important charge committed to our trust, Sarah."

"Indeed we have, my dear; may God give us grace to bring him up in His fear." "Ah! we need help from above. I have often thought what helpless mortals we are when first brought into the world; how entirely dependent, and how long it is before we can do anything for ourselves. We are by far the slowest of all animals. Why that sparrow there, that is fluttering his wings and hopping after his mother on the tiles, is but a few weeks old, and will soon be sent to get his own living, while this little baby will take months of tender nursing, and years of care and anxiety. But my time is up, and I have never yet been shut out or lost a quarter, and I am sure it won't do now I have a wife and child to work for, so I must be off. Good-bye, wife, may the Lord bless and keep both you and baby." "Good-bye, my dear, I shall long for your return." M. B.

CARING FOR THE OUTCASTS.

RESCUE FROM A VICIOUS LIFE.

STANDING on the steps of a house one evening, I was struck with the countenance of a young woman who was passing. She was in company with several females, who, it was easy to see, were of a vicious class, and yet her countenance was not wholly despoiled of its natural modesty. It evinced a good disposition, and I could not but feel that such a woman, in her heart, must loathe a life of vice. Instantly there flashed through my mind a strong desire to save her from her wretched course, and I ventured to speak to her.

"Do you prefer this kind of life?" I asked. "Not by any means," was her answer. "Would you rather live a decent, honest life?" "Yes, I had much rather." "How long have you followed this course?" "Three months and a half." She remembered the evil day. It was the first of April; a dark, rainy day, fit beginning for a life of

such gloom and misery. She had been betrayed, and as soon as she awoke to a consciousness of her situation, she plunged into this course in a fit of despair. She spoke freely of her dreadful fall, and I was convinced that she was honest in her story, and sincere in her wish to be reformed. I looked at her with unutterable sadness and pity. She was "so young and so fair." Only nineteen years of age, and already on the road to death and hell! She felt all the horrors of her situation. She was not without religious feeling, for she belonged to a good family, and had been religiously educated; and she trembled at the thought that her soul would be lost if she kept on her present course.

Until the one wrong step, a few months before, she had led a virtuous life, and now she detested and abhorred the course into which she had been ensnared. But how to escape from it was the difficulty. I proposed to her to go to a House of Industry, as a place of refuge, until we could find her a home in the country. To this she gladly assented, and I promised to call for her the next evening.

At the hour appointed I went, but could not find her. Three times I called, but each time was deceived by the vile woman who kept the den of infamy. At last I left word, so that it should get to her, and the next evening I succeeded in finding her. I took her to the House. I then wrote a request for her clothes, which she signed. As it seemed best to obtain her effects as quickly as possible, I hurried to the Police Station, and at once made known my errand; a police-officer was ordered to accompany me. At the house, we procured the baggage very readily by presenting the paper, going to her former room, and unlocking it with a key which she had furnished us. The trunk was a heavy one, and no porter to be had; so I took it on my own shoulders and carried it away.

In the street I found a boy to help me with the burden; and we did not stop till we had placed it in

safety. A week after, I called to see this young woman. She manifested the greatest joy at her rescue, and was happy in her present home. She took delight in the exercises of the school, and especially in the services of the Sabbath, and expressed her firm resolve to live hereafter a Christian life. I impressed upon her the importance of aiming, not only at a life of purity and virtue, but also of piety and prayer. Soon after this interview we procured for her an excellent situation, and she now removed to the country. No one will ever know anything of her former history, only that she was destitute, and obliged to seek for some means of support.

I would not be too sanguine of the permanency of such a reformation, but there is every thing to hope. Her natural disposition is not vicious, and she is now surrounded by a circle of refined and Christian influences which will keep her in the right way. I believe that *she is saved*, and instead of being a poor, blighted, lost creature, passing through a swift decline into an early grave, she will ripen into a virtuous, noble, Christian woman,—only the more humble, and patient, and meek, from her first sad experience. Are there not hundreds of such young women, who might be saved by kindness and perseverance, but now float by us to ruin without one arm being stretched out for their rescue? H.

THE ANGELS OF THE CHILDREN.—No. II.

“THEIR angels do always behold the face of their Father which is in heaven.” Precious words! But how doubly comforting this assurance to those mourning hearts, from whom death has snatched their dearest treasures! Their tears are, perchance, still watering those fair, early-withered flowers which, happily escaped from our ungenial clime, are already blooming in the new Eden,

fair, fadeless blossoms of immortality. The prayer, scarcely lisped by those infantine lips on earth, is changed for ever into ceaseless praise; and the little hands which, had we kept them here, would have felt toil and weariness, would have been often clasped in sadness, or wrung in hopeless grief, now grasp the victorious palm, or strike to seraph voices those golden harps once displayed to the enraptured gaze of the disciple "whom Jesus loved."

I knew a mother blest with these dear and too often idolized possessions. One, a sweet child who, like that infant priest of old, seemed consecrated even from his birth—among many other treasured stories that memory fondly retains of his infant years—was wont, led by his own sweet inspiration, to kneel by that mother's side and join the prayers of infancy to her maturer and maternal pleadings. Once, when the hour was passed, and his pure orisons had not ascended in that double prayer—when the mother had interceded alone for the child, and his earnest eye had not gazed into hers, as with the rosy lips moving in unison his infant supplications were wont to follow hers—that lovely babe, incapable of comprehending the cause, lisped with inquiring earnestness the words, "You pray God 'fore you go." That little evangelist was spared to gild with the sunshine of his infant presence that mother's world, but her first-born was called, in the early morning of his young life, into a day which shall never know any night. Heaven called for its little citizen, and the summer flowers that hailed his birth bloomed, in their return, on his new-made grave. In the quiver of death are many arrows for the little children, but none that are ever shot at a venture. The one that struck this dear one contained no poison; and though her choicest treasure was laid low, that mother could say, with the resignation of the pious Shunamite, "It is well with the child."

"'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flower away."

As he lay before her, looking so cold in his long sleep, with a smile playing on those pale lips like a sunbeam on a bank of snow, what thought could prove so healing to the wounds in that maternal heart, as that the precious infant soul was for ever removed from the woes of earth, and that his angel-spirit would always behold the "face of his Father." Oh! mother, who readest these words, be thus thy faith and the faith of thy little ones. Such duties as thine are indeed responsible, but thy privileges equal them in weight. Though ceaseless thy cares, yet there is grace sufficient for thee. Lead them, then, in those fair fields of infant piety where they, the precious lambs of Christ's fold, may go in and out and find pasture, so that living they may brighten thy path and quicken the souls of their earthly parents—and that dying thou mayest say, while the flowers wave over the little graves, "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

WRAPER.

A WORD TO BEREAVED MOTHERS.

"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." I have ever found it so; and one visit especially, which I made at no distant period to a bereaved mother, was the means of most important instruction. I cannot forget the lesson, and would record it for the benefit of mothers "refusing to be comforted." This mother was 'mourning' the death of a sweet, fair-haired girl of six, "who," as she said, "had been sent to her as a ray of joy and light in a dark hour." She had died but a few weeks before my youngest son, a lovely child of the same age, was called away. We were both mourners. While bowed down by sorrow myself, my heart was drawn out in sympathy with another similarly afflicted.

When I entered this house of mourning, I saw that the arrow had fixed itself in the soul of that mother, and I

perceived in her, as it were, a picture of myself, and was startled. This mother, by refusing to acquiesce in the will of God, was bringing herself to an untimely grave. It was evident, from the effects apparent, that Nature was taking revenge on the outward frame for the disorder within. I put to myself the question, "Am I not following in her footsteps? While God has left me other duties to discharge, can I be right in giving way to grief, which must unfit me for their performance, by undermining health, while it cannot restore to me the beloved one?" The impression was salutary. I determined, by God's help, to make an effort to moderate sorrow, and the help sought was obtained.

A few months after that visit, I stood by the dying bed of that sorrowing mother. While still refusing to be comforted, another blow had fallen upon her; her husband was cut down in a moment. Then, with sorrow, her want of submission under her former trial was acknowledged. But disease was rapidly doing its work on the mourner, and within a few months, child, husband, and mother, were all slumbering beneath the same turf. Mothers! beware of cherishing a rebellious, unsubmitive spirit. Our children are blessings only lent, and when recalled, though with bleeding hearts, let us meekly breathe forth the prayer, "Father, not my will but thine be done."

A A..C. C

A DAY WITH THE COTTAGER'S WIFE AND HER BIBLE. — No. XV

WATERING THE FLOWERS.

A FEW gay geraniums and fuchsias make the cottage window very cheerful and pleasant; but they need care, and must be often watered. Let the cottage-mother, as she

pours the water over them, and observes how it freshens the thirsty leaves, recall the promise made by God to our thirsting souls:—"I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."—Isaiah xxvii. 3. The plant can fetch no water for itself, yet you do not leave it to perish; you cannot supply the needs of your soul, but the Lord knows them, and promises to supply them all.

DRAWING WATER FROM THE WELL.

The well is deep, there is much labour in pulling up the heavy bucket, but the water is refreshing, nay more, it is absolutely necessary; therefore the cottager cheerfully puts forth her strength to draw it up. "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."—Isaiah xii. 3. There is no refreshment like God's salvation; nay, it is a matter of life and death: salvation is the one thing we cannot do without. It is offered freely, without money and price. Oh! cottage-mother, draw with joy from this ever-flowing well. You will find labour and toil: none ever reached heaven asleep and with folded hands, but you shall be amply repaid. You drink earthly water and thirst again, but whoso drinks of the water Jesus gives, "shall never thirst, but it shall be in him as a well of water springing up into everlasting life."—John iv. 14.

IRRITABILITY IN ILLNESS.

Those who are blessed with health can never know, till they are in their turn called upon to suffer, what heroic strength of spirit lies hidden under the mask of silent, uncomplaining suffering. How strong the temptations are to be unreasonable, pettish, or repining—how difficult it is to be grateful, and still more so to be amiable—when the irritation of every nerve renders the most skilful attendance irksome, and the dearest presence importune—when the irritated frame loathes the sunshine of a smile, and dreads

the tear and the cloud—where all is pain, and weariness, and bitterness.

Let the healthy lay these things ever to heart, and while they scrupulously perform their duty, while they reverence and almost adore the fortitude and patience of the gentle and resigned, let them have pity upon many a poor and querulous sufferer, upon their side, let the sick not forget that the reverence, adoration, and love, thus excited, are as the elixir of life to their often wearied and overtaxed attendants; quickening them to exertion by the sweetest of influences, instead of exhausting them with the struggle to perform an ungrateful duty.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

We stand among the fallen leaves,
 Young children at our play,
 And laugh to see the yellow things
 Go rustling on their way;
 Right merrily we hunt them down—
 The autumn winds and we—
 Nor pause to gaze where snow-drifts lie,
 Or sunbeams gild the tree.
 With dancing feet we leap along
 Where withered boughs are strewn,
 Nor past nor future checks our song,
 The present is our own.

We stand among the fallen leaves,
 In youth's enchanting spring;
 When Hope (who wearies at the last)
 First spreads her eagle wing.
 We tread with steps of conscious strength
 Beneath the leafless trees;
 And the colour kindles on our cheek,
 As blows the winter breeze.
 While gazing toward the cold grey sky,
 Clouded with snow and rain,
 We wish the old year all passed by,
 And the young spring come again.

We stand among the fallen leaves,
 In manhood's haughty prime—
 When first our panting hearts begin
 To love "the olden time;"
 And as we gaze, we sigh to think
 How many years have passed,
 Since 'neath those cold and faded trees
 Our footsteps wandered last;
 And old companions—now perchance
 Estranged, forgot, or dead—
 Come round us as those autumn leaves
 Are crushed beneath our tread

We stand beneath the fallen leaves,
 In our own autumn day,
 And tott'ring on our feeble steps,
 Pursue our cheerless way.
 We look not back—too long ago
 Hath all we loved been lost;
 Nor forward—for we may not live
 To see our new hope crossed;
 But on we go—the sun's faint beam
 A feeble warmth imparts;
 Childhood, without its joy, returns—
 The present fills our hearts.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

HINTS ON EDUCATION.—No. III.

THE subjugation of the will to the dictates of a higher law must be endeavoured, if we would succeed, almost in infancy, and in very little things. Children must first obey their parents and those who have the care of them. The habit of sacrificing the will to another's judgment being thus acquired, the mind is prepared to sacrifice the will to the judgment pronounced within itself. Show, in every practicable case, *why* you cross the inclinations of a child. Let obedience be as little blind as may be. It is a great failing of some parents that they will not descend from the

imperative mood ; that they seem to think it a derogation from their authority to place their orders upon any other foundation than their wills. But if the child sees—and children are wonderfully quick-sighted in such things—if the child sees that the *will* is that which governs his parent, how should he efficiently learn that the *will* should *not* govern himself ? The internal law carries with it the voucher of its own reasonableness. A person does not need to be told that it is proper and right to obey that law : the perception of this rectitude and propriety is coincident with the dictates themselves. Let the parent, then, very frequently refer his son and his daughter to their own minds ; let him teach them to seek for instruction there. There are dangers on every hand, and dangers even here. The parent must refer them, if possible, not merely to conscience, but to enlightened conscience. He must unite the two branches of moral education, and communicate the knowledge while he endeavours to induce the practice of morality. Without this, his children may obey their conscience and yet be in error, perhaps in fanaticism. With it he may hope that their conduct may be both conscientious, pure, and right. Nevertheless, an habitual reference to the internal law is the great, the primary concern, for the great majority of a man's moral perceptions are in accordance with truth.

A HOME SCENE.

THE CRITICAL MOMENT.

SIX-AND-TWENTY years have passed away since the circumstances took place to which I now refer, and even then I had not entered on my "teens ;" but they are as vivid at this moment as they were on the day after they happened. The review of this scene has frequently done

me good, and the object of publishing it is, that it may prove beneficial to others.

My father's master dealt extensively in cattle, and, being expert, I was often engaged to attend the markets far and near. My companions were an old man whose conversation was anything but profitable, and an unprincipled youth who was my superior in years. In this school I was much indebted to preventing and restraining grace. I was remunerated according to the distance I had to walk, receiving one shilling, fifteen-pence, or eighteen-pence, which was always most cheerfully deposited in my mother's hand on my return home. On the day in which was the critical moment, I received the highest remuneration.

In those days "raffics" were common, almost all parties attended them, but at home the evils of these things were clearly pointed out and before I could be found in one of those unhallowed scenes, many strong prejudices had to be overcome. At the period referred to, however, by the taunts and persuasions of my companions I was made to yield,—and I stood, an unhappy and condemned culprit, in the midst of a motley group, eagerly trying my fortune. Every copper I staked was lost, so that I obtained none of the beautiful and tempting apples. Through disappointment and remorse I left the company, and hastened homewards. Never before, to such an extent, had I felt the pangs of an accusing conscience. It was early on a winter's eve, when the silvery moon and the twinkling stars shone bright, and when the piercing frost had firmly bound a thin sprinkling of snow which covered the ground. The road I had to travel stretched along the side of a plantation. Heaven and earth now seemed to frown upon me, and the sound of my own feet and the rustling of the leaves filled me with fear and dread,—apprehensive that some unwelcome object would overtake me. And still the question was uppermost, "How can I visit home?" Sequel next month

A BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.

A TRAVELLER, who spent some of his time in Turkey, relates a beautiful parable, which was told him by a dervish, and which seemed even more beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of the Accusing Spirit and Recording Angel. "Every man," says the dervish, "has two angels—one on his right shoulder and another on the left. When he does anything good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down, and seals it, because what is done is done for ever. When he has done evil, the angel on his left shoulder writes it down. He waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows down his head, and exclaims, 'Gracious Allah! I have sinned, forgive me!' the angel rubs it out; and if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel upon the right shoulder weeps."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

PRAY MUCH, PRAY WELL.

FELIX NEFF once made the following comparison:—"When a pump is frequently used, but little pains are necessary to have water; the water pours out at the first stroke, because it is high. But if the pump has not been used for a time, the water gets low; and when you want it you must pump a long while, and the water comes only after great efforts. It is so with prayer; if we are instant in prayer, every little circumstance awakens the disposition to pray, and desires and works are always ready. But if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray, for the water in the well gets low."

THE MIND AND THE DARK LANTERN.

What surrounds us, reflects more or less that which is within us. The mind is like one of those dark lanterns which, in spite of everything, throw some light around. If

our tastes did not reveal our character, they would be no longer tastes but instincts.

LITTLE THINGS.

Drops make the boundless ocean, and particles lift the everlasting hills. Little kindnesses and attentions are the sugar of life.

THE LIFE OF A MAN.

As the rose-tree is composed of the sweetest flowers and the sharpest thorns—as the heavens are sometimes overcast and sometimes fair, alternately tempestuous and serene—so is the life of man intermingled with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows, with pleasures and pains.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Early Choice; a Book for Daughters. By the Rev. W. E. TWEEDIE, D.D. London: Nelson.

A valuable book for our daughters, illustrated by extracts from various interesting memoirs.

The Happy Life; and The Starting in Life. London: Nelson.

Two gift-books for our Sunday-school lads and lasses who are going into the wide, wide world. This class of young people demand our attention.

Short Prayers for Every Day in the Week. By the Rev. R. SHEPHERD. London: Wertheim and Co.

We are often asked for a little work of this kind by poor mothers, and we cordially recommend this as a help for them.

Friendly Advice on the Lord's Supper. By Rev. R. SHEPHERD. London: Hatchard.

A useful little tract, that may do good to any and all denominations.

Verses and Hymns for Little Children. London: Ward and Co.

A pretty little book for pretty little people.

The Memorial of Jesus. By Rev. J. R. LEIFCHILD. *With Remarks on Sacramental Communion.* By the Rev. Dr. LEIFCHILD. London: Ward and Co.

A cheap and valuable little work, pressing home the duty of remembering the best of all departed friends.

Little Mary Ann. London: Society for Promoting Religious Knowledge.

LIFE A VOYAGE.

WE like to contemplate this life, this world, and all our passage through it, and to compare it to the ocean, and to the mariner urging his way across its troubled and ever-varying waters; and then to consider heaven as being faintly shadowed by the port or haven, where reside the dearest friends and kindred of the voyager, and where his heart and best affections are continually flying, and where he fain would himself be. Now and then,

“ By faith we see that land,
That port of endless rest ;”

and every glimpse we are enabled to catch through the mists and clouds of frail mortality only serves to endear that land to our souls, and to make us still more desirous to be gone. And can it be that we shall fall short of it? Oh! no; for it is God the Holy Ghost who hath given us a desire to depart from sin, and from a sinful world, to be with Christ, which is far better. Let us then endeavour to expand the wings of faith, and to urge on our course homeward, still trusting—

“ That we shall reach the heavenly shore,
Where sins and pains distress no more.”

Mother! the voyage of life will soon be over with you, and your children; are you all prepared to meet at the right-hand of the Judge, ready to go into the haven of eternal rest? Another year of your short life is nearly gone. The recording angel will soon close his book for 1855. What is written there, of our omissions and commissions, of our neglected or remembered and earnestly-directed efforts, the day will declare. Will it be said of each of us—“ She has done what she could?”

LIFE'S VOYAGE COMMENCED IN A STORM.

THERE are few mothers, rich or poor, who have no experienced pain and sorrow. Yet there are fewer who will not also feel that in the most desolate circumstances their lot has been a happy one, compared with that of the poor woman whose story we are about to give.

Last July, the brig "Enterprise" was on her way home to England from South America, when she became so injured by a heavy gale that she was fast sinking, and after much trouble the long-boat, which had also been much hurt, was got into the water, and a few provisions hastily thrown into her. The captain's wife, who had been taken in labour after the storm began, was then obliged to rise from her bed; and while the sea was running so high as to make it a work of great danger to keep the boat alongside of the ship at all, she had to stand and watch her opportunity to jump down into it, which she did. This boat was twenty-two feet long, her sails could not be found, and an old one was substituted instead; and seventeen human beings packed themselves into her, thankful for that frail separation between them and present death.

Consigning themselves to His care who ordereth all things, they abandoned the sinking ship, to steer for Monte Video, eight hundred miles distant. The boat leaked so badly, as to keep one man constantly employed in baling out the water. On the third day, another gale sprung up, and towards morning the child was born. Every hour threatened them with destruction, but the wind abated awhile. On the sixth day, their water began to run short, another gale sprung up, and blew their sail to atoms, washing their compass overboard at the same time. However, it also died away, leaving them still afloat; but, alas! discipline was gone. The men persisted in drinking salt-water, and three died raving mad.

Blankets and sheets were stitched together (they had formed a sort of screen round the poor woman, who was stretched out in the bottom of the boat), and another sail was at last set. On the tenth day, a third gale sprung up, their hearts died within them, and despair took possession of all. Yet the feeble wail of the new-born babe was still heard, amid the angry roar of the huge waves, and the still more savage yells of the maddened seamen, who had indulged their craving thirst with constant draughts of salt-water. On the twelfth day a ship was seen, she appeared to be steering towards them, suddenly the wind shifted, and the ship's head was wider; it turned from them—they were not seen. Frantically did the remainder of this enfeebled crew exert their powerless arms to pull after her; but the distance increased, and an agonising burst of tears spoke their anguish. But for those tears, perhaps, all would have died; but the relief was immense.

By wringing their blanket-sail, after several showers, they had collected enough water to keep life in their bodies. On the fourteenth day another ship was seen; and after a few hours of intense expectation, the certainty that they were seen came over them like a blessed vision of forgiveness to a contrite sinner. They were still four hundred miles off Monte Video when rescued. One lad died a few hours after they were taken on board, and a fifth afterwards. The mother and child (adds the writer, from whose letter these extracts were taken, and who afterwards was their fellow-voyager) are now (September 11th) strong and hearty. *

Let every being that hath breath praise the Lord for His goodness! The survivors of this wonderful shipwreck all returned public thanksgiving at Monte Video. This frail, unconscious babe lived through hardships which destroyed, in that brief fourteen days, five human lives. But remember, mothers, in all that time it breathed the free, pure air of God's giving. Babies cannot live, and do not live,

in the stifling air of close rooms, or where the whole atmosphere around reeks with untold and unsuspected, yet still deadly poison. Like little birds they droop and die; yet, strange to say, men *know* they cannot keep a bird alive, where yet they try to keep a child. Think of this, mothers, and you may yet keep the young lives which God has given you, which were never meant thus to perish, to bring up for His honour, His service, and His work in the world.

OPPORTUNITY.

A cherub watcher studied, from the outskirts of Paradise, the ways and works of men; and, behold, one of his own race flitted perpetually hither and thither, with motions so fleet that even his quick eye could scarcely keep his track. He visited the old man with grey hairs, and the little child rejoicing in the vigour of its young life; the matron and the maiden; the king in the pomp of power, and the outcast perishing in want; the pride of the whole country, and the condemned criminal in his cell. He whispered an instant in the ear of each, and then, within one or the other of the volumes he bore, he wrote the answer, inaudible to all but him. And the cherub saw that one of them blazed with light, and the few characters traced within it were more dazzling than the summer's sun; but the other was full of a story, black with the hue of the nether world, and it cast over all surrounding objects the gloom of evening shadows.

Now and then the angel opened the volumes, and showed their contents to those he visited. Some jested loudly, but with a feigned and hollow glee; some put them sternly aside; some cursed them with shut teeth, and hands clenched in the convulsive movements of despair; and some wept in penitence till their tears washed out long sentences from the ebon book, leaving blank its accusing pages. And

hand in hand with Death came the angel ever with his strange chronicles, before which the bravest in spirit quailed and shuddered, and even the pure trembled and grew pale. Then the cherub sped back to his teacher, and asked what was the name of that minister, who so inflexibly held his course, neither daunted nor turped aside, nor bribed into silence or untruth. The archangel looked kindly on the sweet earnest face upturned to his, and answered, "His name is Opportunity, and by his records shall all men be judged in the latter day."

A HOME SCENE.

THE CRITICAL MOMENT.—NO. II.

NEVER before had I felt reluctant to visit home, but sin is an evil and a bitter thing, not only alienating God and man, but also separating chief friends. All seemed happy as they surrounded a comfortable fireside, cheerfully waiting my return. But all were astonished at my confused and self-condemned appearance, especially as I did not give to my mother the wages of the day. I was asked if I was well? if I had been at the raffle? and if I had obtained the accustomed fee? Then I was chargeable with indifference, prevarication, and falsehood. I was willingly drawn into a combination of evils.

The smallness of the sum mentioned as the reward for my day's work excited suspicion. Alas! the bitterness of that moment! I had never before so grieved my parents; hitherto my father placed in me implicit confidence. Led captive by the tempter, and carried away by a deceitful heart, I became sullen and reckless. No remonstrance moved me; melting appeals hardened my wicked heart. The delightful exercise of family worship was commenced, but I could not, and did not, conduct, as usual, the psalmody. A suitable portion of Scripture was read, but

my heart was steeled against all impressions. Whilst all the members of the family cheerfully bowed before the throne of grace, I, with great reluctance, bent my knees before God. But as soon as my father began to pray, and to pray for me—when I listened to his earnest entreaties, uttered with a half-stifled voice—and when I heard the sighs of my mother, and the sobs of my sisters, my heart was moved, and before I had opportunity to confess my folly, it was ready to break.

I rose from my knees a humble sinner, and frankly confessed all that I had done. This awful struggle brought on a fit of sickness, which confined me to bed the following day. I contemplate this critical moment, even now, with peculiar and mingled emotions. It was the turning point in my history. It led me to the Divine Saviour, whose blood cleanseth from all sin. Heavenly wisdom was granted to my parents, and they were enabled to pursue a safe course. “Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth’s sake.”

The lessons which parents may learn from the above in the management of their children, in peculiar circumstances, are tenderness, firmness, faithfulness and prayer.

D.

AN UNEXPECTED SUMMONS.

THE young person, on whom the following lines were written, met a melancholy death; she was filling a tea-pot by the fire when her thin dress caught the flame, causing her almost sudden departure to the world of spirits. “Be ye also ready.”

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER WHILE ABSENT FROM HOME.

Sweet sister, is it so? And shall I see
 Thy face on earth no more? And didst thou breathe
 Thy last sad pang of agonising life
 Upon a stranger’s pillow? No kind hand

Of parent or of sister near to press
Thy throbbing temples, when the shuddering dew
Started upon them?

Would that it had been thy lot for me
With one weeping prayer to gird thy soul
For its last struggle! Would that I had seen
That peaceful smile which death did leave, the day
After his conquest o'er it!

But the turf

O'er thy lone grave was trodden while I deemed
That thou wert musing o'er domestic duty,
Loving and loved, amid the serving band,
As erst we left thee.

Sister, toils and ills

Henceforth are past; for knowledge without pain—
A free, translucent, everlasting tide—

Doth fill thy spirit Thou no more hast need
Of man's protecting arm; for thou mayst lean
On His unchanging throne who was thy trust
E'en from thy early days. 'Tis well! 'Tis well!
Saviour of souls! I thank thee for her bliss!

Brighton, Sept. 12, 1855.

J. H. H.

PAGE FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

INFANT PRAYLR.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

"Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try."

BEING a constant reader of your excellent little magazine, and feeling the importance of early training infant lips to lisp their little wants at a throne of grace, I venture to relate the following circumstance, which came under my own observation; trusting (if you think it worthy insertion) it may encourage young mothers in their happy task, and stimulate to increased prayerfulness.

When Bessie was only two years of age, her favourite nurse was taken ill, and being confined to her bed for some days, the child missed her playful companion, and begged her mamma to permit her to go up stairs and see her. Her request

was at first refused, but as she asked again so imploringly, permission was given, if she would return quickly. Promising to do so, she was soon by the bedside of her servant, and inquiring if she wanted anything. "No, love," was her nurse's reply, "only to get well and come down stairs again." It was enough.

Little Bessie crept upon her knees by the bedside, and prayed, "Pray, God, make Mary well again;" and rising, she said affectionately, "There, Mary, you will soon be well; for I have asked God to make you well, and I *know* He will." Had a mother seen that little child of two years thus exercising faith and prayer, would it not have caused the maternal tears to flow? The servant soon recovered, and may we not believe it was in answer to that simple prayer—because of that simple faith? Oh, yes! God's ears are open to the feeblest utterance.

"And *infant* voices e'en may raise
Their tiny notes of *prayer* and praise."

Mothers, take encouragement, and still persevere in leading your babes to Christ, and point them to His throne of grace. "Be not weary in well doing," though you may not just now see the fruits of your labour, yet the promise is on record—"Ye shall reap, if ye faint not." "*In due season*;" be not impatient and cease, because of your little success; remember the promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days!"

BESSIE'S AUNTIE.

November 13th, 1855.

THE BOYS.—No. IV.

THE MERCHANT'S SONS.

SEVERAL years ago, the son of a merchant graduated at one of the grammar schools, with the highest honours of his class, and received a medal. Two years later, the same merchant had another son graduated at the same school and with the same literary distinction, receiving the medal as his brother had done before him. In this second class there was an Irish boy, of very poor parentage, but who was distinguished for his good behaviour and fine attain-

ments as a scholar, and who for a long time had been the rival of the merchant's son. Several times it was believed that he would outstrip his associate in study, and obtain the prize. These boys, though widely separated in their worldly condition and prospects, and though they were competitors for the highest reward conferred in the school, yet were fast friends.

A few days after the public examination, and the award of the medal, the master of the school received a joint note from the two sons of the merchant, enclosing a large sum of money, which they desired him to appropriate to the benefit of their Irish friend and rival, in such manner as he should deem most suitable. Thus, this poor boy, though not very likely to be much connected in future life with his richer associates, will have a perpetual remembrance of the kind and delicate attention of his school-companions and friends.

“THOU'RT AWA, AWA.”

In the spring of 1839, a sad bereavement darkened my household, and for a time left me little heart to pursue my wonted amusements, literary or scientific. We had been visited ten months after our marriage by a little girl, whose presence had added not a little to our happiness; home became more emphatically such from the presence of the child, who in a few months had learned so well to know its mother; and in a few more to take its stand in the nurse's arms, at an upper window that commanded the street, and to recognise and make signs to its father as he approached the house. Its few little words, too, had a fascinating interest to our ears; our own names, lisped in a language of its own every time we approached, and the simple Scotch vocable, “Awa, awa,” which it knew how to employ in such plaintive tones as we retired, and that used

to come back upon us in recollection like an echo from the grave, when (its brief visit over) it had left us for ever, and its fair face and silken hair lay in darkness amid the clods of the churchyard. In how short a time had it laid hold of our affections ! Two brief years before, and we knew it not ; and now it seemed as if the whole world could not fill the void which it left in our hearts.

We buried it beside the old chapel of St. Regulus, with the deep rich woods all around, save where an opening in front commands the distant land and the blue sea, and where the daisies, which it had learned to love, mottle, star-like, the mossy mounds ; and where birds, whose songs its ear had become skilful enough to distinguish, pour their notes over its grave. The following simple, but truthful stanzas, which I found among its mother's papers, seem to have been written in this place—sweetest of burying-grounds—a few weeks after its burial, when a chill and backward spring, that had scowled upon its lingering illness, broke out at once into genial summer :—

Thou'rt "awa, awa" from thy mother's side,
 And "awa, awa" from thy father's knee ;
 Thou'rt "awa" from our blessing, our care, our caressing,
 But "awa" from our hearts thou'lt never be.

All things, dear child, that were wont to please thee,
 Are round thee here in beauty bright ;
 There's music rare in the cloudless air,
 And the earth is teeming with living delight.

Thou'rt "awa" from the bursting spring-time,
 Though o'er thy head its green boughs wave ;
 The lambs are leaving their little foot-prints,
 Upon the turf of thy new-made grave.

And art thou "awa," and "awa" for ever ?
 That little face, that tender frame ;
 That voice which first, in sweetest accents,
 Called me the mother's thrilling name.

That head, of nature's finest moulding,
 Those eyes, the deep night's ether blue,
 Where sensibility its shadows
 Of ever-changing meaning threw :

'Thy sweetness, patience under suffering,
 All promised us an opening day
 Most fair, and told that to subdue thee
 Would need but love's most gentle sway.

Ah me ! 'twas here I thought to lead thee,
 And tell thee what are life and death,
 And raise thy serious thought's first waking
 To Him who holds our every breath.

And does my selfish heart then grudge thee,
 That angels are thy teachers now ;
 That glory, from thy Saviour's presence,
 Kindles the crown about thy brow ?

O no ! to me earth must be lonelier,
 Wanting thy voice, thy hand, thy love ;
 Yet dost thou dawn a star of promise,
 Mild beacon to the world above.

HUGH MILLER.

A DAY WITH THE COTTAGER'S WIFE AND HER BIBLE. — No. XVI.

THE RETURN OF THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE.

THE husband and father's return at evening is one of the pleasantest circumstances of daily cottage-life. An affectionate wife is preparing for it through the day ; she arranges her work that she may get through, during his absence, anything that would make the house uncomfortable. She watches the clock to know when to expect him, that a clean hearth and cheerful blaze may greet him ; his children listen for his footsteps, and each is eager to open the door. He whom they are expecting is very dear, and he has been toiling all day ; he cannot be greeted with too much love on his return. There is one who condescends to call himself the husband of His people. He is absent

now, but He has sent word that He will return. "Surely I come 'quickly.'" Rev. xxii. 2. He has commanded all in His house to watch for Him. Mark xiii. 32—37. Cottage-mother, you watch for the return of your husband, do you ever think of the return of Jesus? Are you preparing for His coming? Do you ever long for Him? Is your heart as a house prepared for Him? Is disorder and defilement cleared away, and a bright flame of love burning to welcome Him? Do you talk to your children of Him as you do of their absent father, striving to awaken love and gratitude in their young hearts towards Him? You know not when He will return. Behold, He says, "I come as a thief; blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments." Rev. xvi. 15.

LIGHTING A CANDLE.

The darkness of evening comes on, the cottage-mother takes down her candlestick, and sets up a candle. She then places it where it will give most light through the room. "Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but in a candlestick, and it giveth light to all that are in the house." Matt. v. 15. Christians are God's candles; he means them to give light in a dark world; he means them to show to ungodly men what a lovely thing religion is, what a happy thing religion is. Christian cottage-mother, how does your light shine? There are different kinds of candles; some very large candles that can give much light, some little farthing rushlights. Never mind how small your candle is, only let it shine brightly.

MEMORY.

MANY are discouraged from reading the Scriptures, because, as they say, their memories are so treacherous and unfaithful they can retain nothing. More pains will

supply this defect. Memory is the soul's steward, and if thou findest it unfaithful, call it the oftener to account. A vessel set under the fall of a spring cannot leak faster than it is supplied. A constant dropping of this heavenly doctrine into the memory will keep it, that though it be leaky yet it never shall be empty. If Scripture truths do not enrich the memory, yet they may purify the heart. We must not measure the benefit we receive from the Word according to what of it remains, but according to what effect it leaves behind. Lightning, you know, than which nothing sooner vanishes away, often breaks and melts the hardest bodies, and most firm bodies, in its sudden passage. Such is the irresistible force of the Word; the Spirit often darts it through us, it seems like a flash and gone, and yet it may break and melt down our hard hearts before it, when it leaves no impression at all upon our memories. I have heard of one, who returning from an affecting sermon, highly commended it to some, and being demanded what he remembered of it, answered, "Truly I remember nothing at all, but only while I heard it, it made me resolve to live better, and so, by God's grace, I will." To the same purpose I have, somewhere, read a story of one who complained to an aged holy man that he was much discouraged from reading the Scriptures, because he could fasten nothing upon his memory that he read. The old hermit (for so I remember he was described) bade him take an earthen pitcher, and fill it with water; when he had done it he bade him empty it again, and wipe it out clean, that nothing should remain in it, which, when the other had done and wondered to what this tended, "Now," said he, "though there be nothing of the water remaining in it, yet the pitcher is cleaner than it was before; so, though thy memory retain nothing of the Word thou readest, yet thy heart is the cleaner for its very passage through."—*Bishop Hopkins.*

THE THREE CALLS.

THIRD HOUR

"O SLUMBERER, rouse thee! despise not the truth
 Give, give thy Creator the days of thy youth!
 Why standest thou idle? the day breaketh, see!
 The Lord of the vineyard is waiting for thee!"

"Sweet Spirit, by thy power,
 Grant me yet another hour,
 Early pleasures I would prove,
 Earthly joy and earthly love,
 Scarcely yet has dawned the day,
 Sweetest Spirit wait, I pray."

SIXTH AND NINTH HOURS.

"O loiterer, cease thee! the morn wears apace!
 Then squander no longer thy remnant of grace,
 But haste while there's time, with thy Master agree,
 The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting for thee."

"Gentle Spirit, pithèe stay,
 Brightly beams the early day,
 Let me linger in these bowers,
 God shall have my noon-tide hours,
 Chide me not for my delay,
 Gentle Spirit, wait, I pray."

ELEVENTH HOUR

"O sinner, rouse thee! thy morning is past!
 Already the shadows are lengthening fast;
 Escape for thy life! from the dark mountains flake
 The Lord of the vineyard yet waiteth for thee!"

"Spirit, cease thy mournful lay,
 Leave me to myself, I pray!
 Earth hath flung her spell around me,
 Pleasure's silken chain hath bound me.
 When the sun his path hath trod,
 Spirit, then I'll turn to God."

Hark! borne on the wind is the bell's solemn toll,
 'Tis mournfully pealing the knell of a soul—
 Of a soul that despised the kind teachings of truth,
 And gave to the world the best hours of his youth,
 The Spirit's sweet pleadings and strivings are o'er,
 The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting no more.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

CHILDREN.

I REMEMBER a great man coming to my house at Waltham, and seeing all my children standing in the order of their age and stature, he said, "These are they that make rich men poor;" but he straight received this answer: "Nay, my lord, these are they that make a poor man rich; for there is not one of these whom we would part with for all your wealth."—*Bishop Hall's Life*.

THE EFFECT OF COLD WORDS.

Cold words will break a fine heart, as winter's frost does a crystal vase.

HOW TO WEIGH A FRIEND.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh a friend.

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

Call not a man wretched who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted or pleasures denied, has a child for whom he hopes, and on whom he doats. Poverty may grand him to the dust, obscurity may cast its darkest mantle over him, the song of the gay may be far from his dwelling, his face may be unknown to his neighbours, and his voice be unheard by those among whom he dwells; even pain may rack his joints and sleep may flee his pillow, but he has a gem with which he would not part for wealth defying computation, for fame filling a world's ears, for the luxury of the highest health, or for the sweetest sleep that ever sat upon a mortal's eyelid.

THE BIBLE.

There is no book upon which we can rest in a dying moment but the Bible.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The British Workman—The Band of Hope Review—The Band of Hope Almanack. London: Partridge and Oakley.

These little works are deserving the attention of all classes.

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